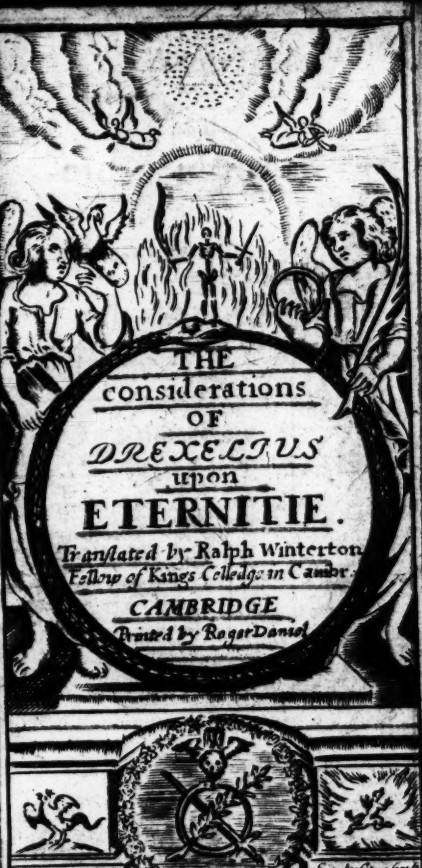

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street.

The Considerations OF DREXELIUS UPON *ETERNITY.*

Translated by
R. WINTERTON,
Fellow of *Kings Colledge*
in CAMBRIDGE,
1632.

CAMBRIDGE.
Printed by *Roger Daniel*,
Printer to the *Universitie*
1646.

TO

The Right Worshipfull
and truly religious
Esquire,
M. E. BENLOWES
of *Brent-Hall* in *Essex*

R. W.
wisheth Internall, Externall, and
Eternall happinesse.

IT was well answered by him, who being asked *What this life was*, said thus, *It is nothing else but the Meditation of Death.* If a man should ask me, *what Time is*, I think I might fitly answer thus, *It is nothing else but the Meditations of Eternitie.* Our *Life* is but a *Posting unto death*; and our *Time*, *a short dayes sail unto Eternitie.* In this *Time* of *life* we are, as *Pilgrims* and *Strangers*, travelling towards our *celestiall Countrey.* We are as *Sai-*

lers, bound for the *Haven* of *Eternitie*. But we must *run* through many *troubles* before we can come to our *journeyes end*; We must *sail* through *salt* and *bitter waters*, and *passe* through the *Gulf* of *Death*, before we can come to *Land*. There is a Land which is called *The land of the living*; and there is a Land which is called *The Land of Horrour and Despair*: There is a *two-fold Eternitie*; either of the *Blessed*, or of the *Cursed*: There is a *two-fold Life* after *Death*; either in *Eternall joyes*, or *Eternall punishments*. It is good therefore in this *short Life*, to think upon *that Life which never shall have end*: It is good whilest we are on the way to think upon our *Journeyes end*: It is good in *Time*, whilest we are sailing, to have an eye still upon our *Compasse*, and think upon *Eternitie*. To think upon *Eternitie*, is a *Soveraigne Preservative* to keep us from falling into *Sinne*: To think upon *Eternall joyes*, sweetens the *salt* and *bitter waters* of *Sorrows* and *Afflictions*: To think upon

upon *Eternall punishments*, make us not to set our hearts upon *Temporall Delights* and *Pleasures*. *Heaven* is even here on *Earth* in part *enjoyed*, whilst we *raise* up our *thoughts* to *meditate* upon it: And *Hell* may for ever be escaped, if by serious and frequent *thoughts* thereof, here in this life, we *descend* into it. Such *thoughts* as these moved *Drexelius* to write these *CONSIDERATIONS*, and me also to translate them. He wrote upon a *Generall subject*; And every man may challenge *a part* in it. What he wrote, he intended for a publick benefit; And so did I in the translation of it. I hope *He* and *His* shall find never the worse entertainment, because *He* is a *Stranger*, and come from beyond seas. It is the honour of our Nation, to be kind and courteous unto *Strangers*. He was commended unto me by a Traveller, a most religious and learned Gentleman (Be not angrie with me, Mr *Benlowes*, if I say, He was as like you as can be in every respect; For indeed he was) bred

and brought up in the *Romish Religion*, and sent beyond seas to be confirmed in it, but yet brought home again by divine providence and restored to his *Mother* the *Church of England*, for the *Conversion*, I hope, of many, singled out of all his kindred to be a most *zealous Protestant*, born to good *Fortunes*, and yet not given to *Pleasures*, wedded to his *Books* and *Devotion*, spending what some call idle time in the best companie for the edifying himself or others; counting nothing good which he possesseth but onely that which he doth good withall; taking more care to lay out his money for the good of others, then others, in laying up money for themselves. To conclude, A Gentleman of whom I may most truly say. That his *Conversation is in heaven*, his *Discourse on things above*, and his *thoughts* upon *Eternitie*. Upon such a mans commendation as this, I could not but take a liking to the party commended, and the more I grew acquainted with him, the more

more I liked him. It is the counsel of *Horace*,

Tu quem commendes etiam atque etiam aspice: nè mox
Incutiant aliena tibi commissa pudorem.

Believe me, Mr. *Benlowes*, I have had such experience of this party, whom here I commend unto you, that I dare confidently say, If you entertain him into your service, you shall never repent you of it. *Philip* of *Macedon* appointed one every Morning to salute him with a *Memento* of *Mortalitie*: *Drexelius* his office shall be, if you please, To be your *Remembrancer*, and every Morning, Noon, and Evening, to round you in the eare with a *Memento* of *Eternitie*. But, I know That is so often in your thoughts, that you need not any to put you in Remembrance of it. Neither yet do I intend here, though I have a fair occasion, to run over the *catalogue* of your *Christian Virtues*, specially that pair of Christian twins,

your *Pietie* and *Temperance*, with your *Charity* and *Bounty*. For the first, they that daily converse with you cannot but see how you converse with them. The other pair go along with you whersoever you go, and though you desire to hide them, cannot be concealed: in speciall many poore Scholars, *godly* and *devout Ministers* in the *Universitie* and *abroad*, of severall *Colledges*, have had a feeling themselves of them, and cannot but make them conspicuous nay palpable to others. These shall praise you in your absence: for my part, I do not love to praise a man to his face. But if the *living* hold their peace, the *dead* shall rise up and praise you, I mean those *many* and *excellent books* together with other *rare monuments* purchased at a great price, which without any solicitation at all, out of mere affection you bore to Saint *Johns Colledge* in *Cambridge*, where you were sometimes a *Student*, you have bestowed on their *Librarie*: Their *Librarie*, but the most magnificent work, and

and *Eternall Monument* of the *Mecænas* of our age, *John Lord Bishop of Lincoln*, and true lover of learning, and Patron of Scholars. And now it appears, *Mr. Benlowes*, that you have lesse need of *Drexelius* his service, then before. But howsoever, I pray you, I entertain him: Let him have but the honour to weare your *Cognizance*. And both *He* and *I* will put it upon the file of *Thankfull Remembrance*, and register it for a singular act of your *Beneficence*. Pardon my boldnesse in this: And command me in what liberall service you please.

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.

The Epiſte to the Reader.

IF any man more curiom in cenſuring what is done for a common good, rather then ſtudious himſelf to promote it, ſhould queſtion me for meddling in another mans profeſſion, I might anſwer him in his own kind by way of queſtion, as Menedemus in Terence anſwered Chremes finding fault with him, Tantúmne abs re tua eſt otii tibi, Aliena ut cures, eáque nihil quæ ad te attinent? Haſt thou ſo much leiſure as to meddle with that, which nothing concerns thee?

But to ſatisfie thee (Courteous Reader) who intendeſt, I know, with the Bee to gather Hony out of this Garden of Eternitie, and not Poyſon with the Spider, I hold it fit to acquaint thee with the true occaſion that moved me to tranſlate this Book. No Divine I am indeed, neither

neither yet can I be if I would never so fain; I would I were but worthy the name of a Physician. But how-soever, being destinated by the statutes of my private Colledge to the study of Physick, in the first place I thought good to spend some time in Arithmetick, as being a necessarie instrument and help in my Profession: In which I made some progresse, passing from Numeration, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, Division, Reduction, To the Golden Rule, or the Rule of Three, The Rule of Falshood, The Rules of Proportion, and the Rules of Society, and the rest. But the knowledge of this cost me so deare, that I was forced to leave the study of it; For many nights together I was constrained against my will to practise Numeration oftener then I would, telling the clock, and could take but little rest, whereupon I resolved with my self to leave the Arithmetick School, and so I went unto the Physick and Musick Schools, imploring at once and the same time the help of Hippocrates

and

and the Muſes. For at that time I turned the firſt book of Hippocrates his Aphoriſmes into Greek verſes, hoping to procure reſt by Phyſick and the Muſick of Poeticall Numbers; by which I found ſome reſt indeed (And therefore ſince I have well nigh finiſhed at ſpare houres the other ſix books, which, if God permit, may ere long ſee light.) But though I found ſome reſt, yet I did not ſleep ſo ſoundly as at other times. So I left the Temple of Hippocrates and the Muſes, and betook my ſelf unto the Sanctuarie to learn of David divine Arithmetick, which conſiſteth in the due numbring of the dayes of this ſhort life, by comparing them with the years of Eternitie: And ſo I fell upon tranſlating this book of Eternitie. And this I found by dayly experience to be the beſt Hypnoticon that ever I uſed; for it brought me to my reſt better then if I had taken Diacodion. Thus I found the old ſaying true, Where Philoſophie ends, there Phyſick begins: and where Phyſick ends, there Divinitie

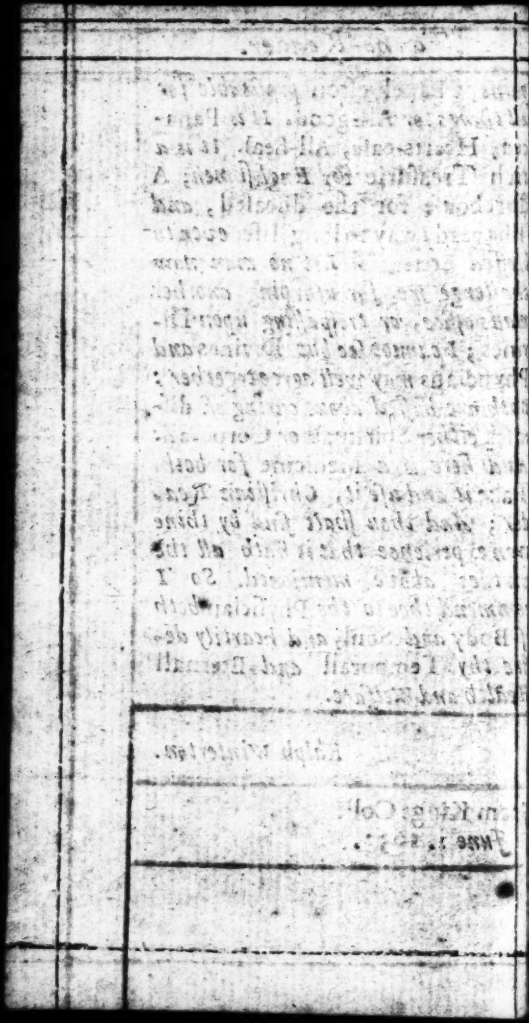
tle begins; *which I interpret thus (as I found it true by experience)* When Philosophie by accident had done me harm, and Physick could do me little good, I found perfect help in Divinity. *And having found so much good by this book my self, I could not be so envious as not impart it unto others for a* Soveraigne Medicine, *to procure quiet sleep. Neither is it good for that onely, (but farre unlike to other medicines, which are onely good for some one disease, and falling into unskilfull hands oftentimes do more harm then good (it is a* Medicine *fitting* All Ages, Complexions, Conditions, Places, Parts, Diseases Spirituall and Corporall *whatsoever: It is a* Medicine Preservative, Curative, Restaurative: *It is an* Antidote *against the* poyson *of sinne: It is* Dictamnum *to drive out the fierie* darts *of* Satan: *It is* Catholicon *to purge out all ill humours. It is better then* Exhilarans Galeni, *to chear the Heart oppressed with* Melancholy: *It is an* Acopon *for all wearinesse, an* Anodynon *for all*

pains,

pains, a Panchreſton *profitable for all things, or* All-good. *It is* Panacea, Hearts-eaſe, All-heal. *It is a* rich Treaſurie for *Engliſhmen*, A ſtorehouſe for the diſeaſed, *and* The ready way to long life, *even to bleſſed* Eternitie. *Let no man now challenge me for uſurping another mans office, or treſpaſſing upon* Divines; *I cannot ſee but* Divines *and* Phyſicians *may well agree together: Both are buſied about curing of* diſeaſes *either* Spirituall *or* Corporall: *And here is a* Medicine *for both.* Take *it and uſe it, Chriſtian Reader; And thou ſhalt find by thine own experience that it hath all the virtues above mentioned. So I commend thee to the* Phyſician *both of* Body *and* Soul, *and heartily deſire thy* Temporall *and* Eternall *Health and Welfare.*

Ralph Winterton.

From Kings Coll.
June 1. 1632.



Upon this Book of Eternitie.

TO reach *Eternitie* our thoughts first climbe
On the succesive steps and stairs of *Time*.
And, What *is Time?* It is by *Poets* call'd,
And by most Painters represented bald:
But *Poets* and the *Painters* are too bold,
For *Time* was never yet a *Minute* old:
Nor yet God *Saturn*-like doth it devoure
The issue which it breeds; For every houre
Were then a Murderer. But while we strain,
And all created natures for to gain
Time to their inch of *Being*; in the strife
They quite burn out the *Taper* of their life.
But what's *Eternitie?* Good Reader look,
Not on my *verses*, but upon this *Book*:
Which I do wish (and yet no harm) may be
To all *e'relasting*, Stationer, but to thee.

Richard Williams.

LOok on the *Glasse* of mans *Mortalitie*;
Behold the *Mirrour* of *Eternitie*.
This *Book* is both; Herein behold thy face;
It waxeth old; thy *Glasse* doth run apace.
It is appointed all men once to die;
And after *death* succeeds *Eternitie*.
This *Life's* no *Life*, which *Time* doth comprehend,
But that's true Life indeed, which knows no end.
This *Book* will teach thee so to *live* and *die*,
That thou maist *live* unto *Eternitie*.

Thomas Gouge.

THis *Book's* a *Nautick chard*: which kept in *Eye*
Doth *point* at th' *Haven* of blest *Eternitie*.
(O blessed *Haven!*) At which if thou wouldst land
Let not this *chard* depart out of thine hand.

S. I.

UMI

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The word of God most high, is the fountain of wisedome, & her wayes are everlasting commandements: Ecc: 1.6

The infant playes with Fate & Nature, the fool with ETERNITIE: but the wise man shall have dominion over the starres.

Considerations upon ETERNITIE.

The first Consideration.

What Eternitie is.

Cicero lib. 1. de Nat. Deor.

Simonides being asked by *Hiero* King of *Sicile*, *What God was*, desired one day to consider upon it: And after one day past, having not yet found it out, desired yet two dayes more to consider further upon it: And after two dayes, he desired three: And to conclude, at length he had no answer to return unto the King but this, That the more he thought upon it, the more still he might: For the further he busied himself in the search thereof, the further he was from finding it. The

think that we are here now to consider upon, is *Eternity:* And the first question that offers it self unto our consideration, is, *What Eternitie is.* *Boetius* saith, that it is altogether and at once the intire and perfect possession of a life that never shall have an end. And let no man take it ill, if we say, that it cannot be known, and that the more we search into it, the more we lose our selves in the search of it. For how can that be defined which hath no bounds, or limits? If any man urge us further, and desire us to shadow it out at least by some, though obscure, description: Our answer is, That it may easier be done by declaring what it is not, rather then what it is; so doth *Plato* concerning God. *What God is,* saith he, *that I know not: what he is not, that I know.* So *Augustine* Bishop of *Hippo* in his sixty fourth sermon upon the words of our Lord, describeth that true beatitude which is in Heaven, by removing from it the very thought of all evil. *We may more easily find,* saith he, *what is not there, then what*

Lib. 5. de Cons.

In Ti-mæo.

what is. *In heaven there is neither grief nor sorrow, nor penurie, nor defect, nor disease, nor death, nor any evil.* So may we say concerning *Eternitie*. For whatsoever in this life we either see with our eyes, or let in by our other outward senses, this is not *Eternall*. *For the things that are seen,* saith S. Paul, *are temporall, but the things which are not seen, are Eternall.* Hence every man may say, this my joy, these my pleasures and delights, this treasure, this honour, this stately buildings, this life of mine, all is *Transitory*, nothing *Eternall*. A man can point at nothing which shall not perish and have an end. Indeed the ignorant multitude use to speak after this manner, This structure is for *Eternitie*, this monument is everlasting. And the impatient man is wont to complain that his pains are without end. But these *Eternities* are very short, & a man may easily in words comprehend them: Say what thou canst of the true *Eternity*, thou must needs come farre short of it: So saith *Augustine*; *Thou sayest of Eternitie*

2. cor. 4. 18.

In Psalm 63.

whatsoever thou will: But therefore thou sayest whatsoever thou will, because thou canst not say all, say what thou wilt: But therefore thou must needs say something, that still thou mayest have something to think which thou canst not say.

In Asclepio. *Trismegistus* saith, *That the soul,* is the *Horizon* of *Time* and *Eternitie:* For, in that it is immortall, it is partaker of *Eternitie:* and in that it is infused by God into the body, it is partaker of *time.* But before we proceed any further, for orders sake let us see what men of former times *Romanes, Gretians, Egyptians,* & others have thought of *Eternity.* For they acknowledged it for certain, and represented it divers wayes.

CHAP. I.

What men of former times have thought of Eternitie, and how they have represented it.

FIrst of all, they have represented *Eternitie* by a *Ring,* or a *Circle,* which hath neither beginning nor ending,

ending, which is proper onely to *Gods Eternitie*. Seeing therefore that God *is Eternall*, and his duration is properly called *Eternitie*, the *Egyptians* used to signifie *God* by a *Circle*. And the *Persians* thought they honoured *God* most, when going up to the top of the highest tower, they called him the *Circle of heaven*. And it was a custome amongst the Turks (as *Pierius* teacheth at large) to cry out every morning from an high tower, *God alwayes was, and alwayes will be*; and then to salute their *Mahomet*. The *Saracens* also used to call *God* a *Circle*. *Mercurius Trismegistus*, whom I named before, the most memorable amongst Philosophers, (who wrote more books then any mortall man beside, if we may believe *Selencus*, and *Menecens*) said, that God was an intellectual *sphere* whose *centre* is every where, and *circumference* no where: because Gods Majestie and immensitie are terminated no where. For this cause the Ancients built unto their gods, Temples for figure *round*. So *Numa*

Pompilius is said to have consecrated to *Vesta* a *round Temple* at *Rome*. So *Augustus Cesar* in the name of *Agrippa* dedicated to all the gods a *round Temple*, and called it *Pantheon*. Hereupon *Pythagoras*, to shew *Gods Eternitie*, teached his scholars to worship him, turning their bodies round about. And there was a statute made by *Numa*, (as *Brissonius* witnesseth) That they which were about to worship God, should turn themselves round. Therfore *God* is, according to the Ancients, a *Circle*, but a *Circle* without a *Peripherie* or *circumference*, whose *Centre* is every where: because God is the beginning and end of all things. Whereupon *Job* most justly cries out, *Behold God is great, and we know him not, neither can the number of his years be searched out.* Job. 36. 26.

Again, they have represented *Eternitie* by a *Sphere* and a *Globe*. Therefore *Faustina* the Empresse had money stampt after this figure and superscription; There was a *Globe* on which the Empresse sat stretching forth one hand, & holding

ing

ing in the other a *sceptre* with this inscription, ETERNITIE. Hence it was that many of the Ancients thought the world to be *Eternall*, because it was *Round*: whom S. *Basil* answers very fitly, *Let the world be a Circle; but the beginning of the Circle, is the Centre.*

In the third place they have represented *Eternitie* by a *Seat*: by which is signified *Eternall rest*. The *Nasamones*, a certain people of *Africa*, for the most part did not onely breathe out their last, sitting upon a seat, but also desired to be buried after that position, as having then attained to *Eternitie*, and a long cessation from all their labours: As in many places at this day Kings & Emperours are found sitting in vaults under earth, in silence and mournfull majesty. And it was usuall with the *Romanes* to support with such like the molten statutes of their deceased Emperours, as having then the fruition of *Eternitie*. Some there are that thus reason with themselves oftentimes. Behold I have been a long time held and op-

pressed with cares and labours: But now why do I not take some respite? why do I not make some pause? why do I not rest from my labours? I have laboured long enough: let others labour as much as I have done; for my part I'll rest now, and take mine ease. So they set up their seats, and promise unto themselves dayes of rest. But (alas!) they are of no long continuance. They set up their seats, and embrace their ease; but neither in due time nor place. Oh! how truly and devoutly doth that golden book of the imitation of Christ, give us a pull by the ear, in these words, *Kempis lib. 1. cap. 12.* *Dispose and order all things according to thine own will, and the desire of thine own eyes, and yet thou shalt never find, but thou shalt always suffer one thing or other, either willingly or by constraint, and so thou shalt always find a crosse.* The whole life of Christ was a Crosse, and Martyrdome: and dost thou seek rest and pleasure? Therefore we must set up our seat in heaven, and not here, for here amongst so many

many troubles it can never ſtand quiet; and though all other things ſhould ſpare it, yet death at length will overturn it. There is no true reſt to be hoped for, but that which is *Eternall*. But if there be any reſt in this life, this is it, For a man to commit himſelf, and all that is his to the will of God, to put his whole truſt and confidence in him, and to account all other things beſide, but vain. So are we taught in *Ecclesiasticus*; *Truſt in God, and abide in thy place.* Without this reſt of the ſoul all other things are mere troubles, a mere ſea of tempeſtuous waves, and the very preſence of hell. But I return to the Ancients. Eccles. 11. 21.

In the fourth place they have repreſented *Eternitie* by the *Sun* and the *Moon*. The *Sunne* reviveth every day, although it ſeemes every day to die, and to be buried. It alwayes riſeth again, although every night it ſetteth. The *Moon* alſo hath her increaſe after every wane. *Catullus* hath pretty verſes to this purpoſe. In Hendecaſyll.

The Sunne *doth set; the* Sunne *doth rise again.*
The day *doth close; the* day *doth break again.*
Once set our Sunne, *again it riseth never:*
Once close our day *of life, it's* night *for ever.*

In hell there is *Eternall night* but without sleep: There they sleep not, because they slept here, where they should have watched: there they watch, because here they slept in their sinnes; indeed not long, but longer they would if they could, yea *Eternally*. But it is farre otherwise with those that are in Heaven: For a perpetuall light shall shine forth to the Saints, and Eternitie of time: there, is rest; there, is pleasure after long labours and watchings.

In the fifth place they have represented *Eternitie* by the *Basilisk*. The *Basilisk* is the most venimous of all creatures, and it alone of all others (as *Herus Niliacus* saith) cannot be killed by humane force; yea it is so virulent, that it killeth herbs with the very breath of it, that

that it puts to flight all other creatures with the hissing of it, & that it makes all birds suddenly silent, upon the first presence of it. *Elianus* reports that in the desart of *Africa* a certain beast fell down being tired, and that the Serpents came together as it were to a feast, to devour the carcase, and that they presently ran all away and hid themselves in the sand upon the sight of the *Basilisk*. *Eternitie*, whether of joy or of torment, cannot be shortned or diminished, much lesse taken away or avoyded. Neither is it strange, if it affright all that are in their right wits, with the very thought of it. Infinite are the windings of this *Basilisk*; unmeasurable, and untwinable are the *Orbs* and *Circuits* of it. Oh Dragon to be trembled at! Let us divert a little to our selves. It comes to passe sometimes when a man descends into himself, and rips up his conscience by confession, that he finds many Serpents nests, and whole broods of vipers, and thereupon much marvelleth in himself, saying, Whence is

is there so much venime in my breast? Whence are so many fat Snakes, so many grievous & deadly stinges? Whence is there so great an host of Lisards? whence so many filthy and lustfull cogitations? I am afraid my self at such a numerous and pestilent brood. But marvell not; we shall easily shew thee the cause thereof. A moyst and a rude place is very apt to breed Serpents. Lo then, there is a double cause, The moysture of the place, and the negligence of them that should look to it. So it is in the soul of man: If we spend all our care upon our body, handling it delicately, feeding it daintily, pampering it with feasts, and effeminating it with pleasures: it must needs be confessed that the soul the inhabitant thereof hath her dwelling in a moist place. Adde hither slothfulnesse, and neglect of divine duties: Let no care be had at all of salvation; so the body be sound; and it goeth well with it, let no regard be had what happens to the soul: Let confession of sinnes be seldome made unto God, and

when

when it is, but in a negligent manner: what marvel then, if a multitude of Serpents, and poysonous vermine breed there? But (O good Christian brother,) Let the *Basilisk* enter into thy breast, that is, the cogitation of *Eternitie*, and thou shalt presently perceive that these venimous beasts shall soon vanish away. Thou confessest that thy heart doth abound with these snakes: It is a signe therefore thou seldome thinkest upon *Eternitie*. Amend therefore, and now at length begin to think upon this with thy self, *That which delighteth is but Momentany, but that which tormenteth is Eternall.*

In the sixth place, they have represented *Eternity* after this manner. There is a *vast den*, full of horrour; round about which a *Serpent* winds it self, and in the winding bites it self by the tail. At the right hand of the den stands *a young man* of a beautifull and pleasant countenance, holding in his right hand a *bow* and *two arrows*, and in his left hand an *Harp*: In the very entrance

trance of the den sits an *Old man* opposite, and having his eyes very intent upon his *Table-book*; according as the celestiall globe by its motion, or the young man standing by, dictates unto him, so he writes. At the left hand of the denne sits a *grave matrone*, gray-headed, & having her eyes alwayes bufied. At the mouth of the den there are *foure staires*, each higher then other: The first is of *Iron*, the second of *Brasse*, the third of *Silver*, and the fourth of *Gold*. On these are little children running up and down & playing, and never fear the danger of falling. This is the *Picture*: The meaning is this: The *Den* signifies the incomprehensibilitie of *Eternitie*: The *Serpent* that twines it self about it, *Time*: The *Young man God*; in whose hand is *Heaven*, *Earth*, and *Hell*. On *Earth* and in *Hell* are the *Arrows* of the Lord fastened; but in *Heaven* there is nothing but *Joy* and the sounding of the *Harp*. The *Old man* is *Fate*, or rather, That which God hath *decreed* from all *Eternitie*: The *Matrone*,

trone, *Nature*. The *Stairs*, distinct *Times* and *Ages*: The *Children* running up and down the stairs, do signifie things created, especially *Man*, who is sporting in matters of Salvation, and playing and jesting in the very entrance of *Eternitie*. Alack! Alack! O mortall men, we have played too long amiddest these dangers: we are very near unto *Eternitie*, even in the very entrance of it, whilest we live: Let but death lightly touch us, & we are presently swallowed up of *Eternitie*. Death need not use any great power, or fight long against us: we are thrown down headlong in a moment, and tumble down these stairs into the *Ocean* of *Eternitie*. Bethink your selves well, you that play upon these stairs, and think upon any thing rather then upon *Eternitie*; It may be *to day* or *to morrow* you may be translated from *Time* to *Eternitie*.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The secret sence and meaning of Scripture is unfolded.

AFter the Chapter of the *Type* and *Picture* of *Eternitie*, the holy Scripture of divine truth shall not unduly follow. When *Nebuchadnezzar*, King of *Babylon*, had cast the three Hebrew children into the fiery furnace for refusing to obey his impious command, the flame is said to have ascended nine and forty cubits above the furnace. A strange thing: But not without a Mystery. What? Did any man accurately measure the height thereof? Did any man ascend and apply unto it a rule, to take the just measure of it? was it just nine and forty cubits, neither more nor lesse? Why not fifty? For we use to number thus. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, though the number be somewhat more or lesse. Here in this place there wants but one of fifty. Surely there is a Mystery in it, and some secret meaning. The number of fifty was wont to signifie the year of *Jubilee*.

Jubilee. But the flames in the fiery furnace of hell, although they rage both against body and soul, and infinitely exceed all the torments of this life, yet they shall never extend so farre as the year of grace and *Jubilee*. In hell there is no year of *Jubilee*, no pardon, no end of torments. *Now*, *now* is the time of *Jubilee*, not every hundred or fiftie years, but every houre, and every moment. *Now* one part of an houre may obtain pardon here, which all *Eternitie* cannot hereafter. *Now* is the time, that in one little and short day we may have more debts forgiven us, then in the fire of hell in all years and times to come hereafter.

Let us adde hither another explication of divine Scripture. When the people of God did passe over *Jordan*, *the waters which came downe* toward the sea of the plain (which is now called the dead sea) failed, untill there was none left. And in *Ecclesiastes*, it is said, *There is that hideth much for a time*. These two testimonies of Scripture

Josh. 3. 16. *Eccles.* 20. 12.

true *Galfrid* joyneth together, and thereupon discourseth thus: If *Eternall* bitternesse be due unto thee, and thou maist escape it by tasting of *Temporall*, certainly thou hast redeemed *much for a little*. I confesse, It is a sea indeed in which thou sailest, but yet a *dead sea*: And how much art thou bound to give thanks unto God, who, whereas thou hast deserved to be overwhelmed in the salt, roaring, and unnavigable sea, hath of his great mercy towards thee suffered thee rather to sail in the *dead sea*, (O blessed change!) that so by the *dead sea* thou mayst passe into the *land* of the *living*! This writer compares all the *adversities* of this life to the *dead sea*, and *Eternall* punishments to the *salt*, and *unnavigable sea*. No man can escape both. He must needs sayl in the one, or in the other. What dost thou, O man? (cryes out S. *Chrysostome*) Art thou about to ascend up to heaven, and dost thou ask me whether there be any difficulties by the way? Whatsoever we do, this dead sea we must

must passe ouer: we may, if we will, arrive at the haven of Tranquillitie, and *Eternall* happinesse. *The word of God most high, is the fountain of wisdome, and her wayes are everlasting commandments.* Through this dead sea there is no other way into the region of the living, but the way of Gods commandments. We have a most clear place of Scripture for it: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments:* This is the onely way to *Eternitie*. If a man shall ask a Divine of our time this question, *What is Eternitie?* His answer will be, It is a *Circle* running back into it self, whose *Centre* is *Always*, and *Circumference Nowhere*, that is, which never shall have end. *What is Eternitie?* It is an *Orb* every way round, and like it self, in which there is neither beginning nor end. *What is Eternitie?* It is a wheel,

Ecclus. 1. 5.

Matth. 19. 17.

Cornelius à Lapide.

A wheel that turns, a wheel that turned ever:
A wheel that turns, and will leave turning never.

Volvitur, & volvetur in omne volubilis ævum.

What is Eternitie? It is a *yeare* con-

continually wheeling about, which returns again to the same point from whence it began, and still wheels about again. *What is Eternitie?* It is an *ever running fountain*, whither the waters after many turnings flow back again, that they may alwayes flow. *What is Eternitie?* It is an *ever-living spring*, from whence waters continually flow, either the most sweet waters of *Benediction* and blessing, or the most bitter waters of *Malediction* and cursing. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *Labyrinth* which hath innumerable turnings and windings, which alwayes leads them round that enter in, carrying them from turning to turning and so losing them. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *pit without bottome*, whose turnings and revolutions are endlesse. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *Spirall Line*, but without beginning; which hath circles and windings one within another, but without ending. *What is Eternitie?* It is a *Snake bowed back unto it self* orbicularly, holding the tail in the mouth, which in its end doth

again

again begin, and never ceaseth to begin. *What is Eternitie*? It is a *duration alwayes present*, it is *one perpetuall day*, which is not divided into that which is past, and that which is to come. *What is Eternitie*! It is an *age of ages*, as *Dionysius* saith, never expiring, but alwayes like it self, without changing. *What is Eternitie*? It is a beginning without beginning middle, or end. It is a beginning continuing, never ending, alwayes beginning: In which the blessed alwayes begin a blessed life, and alwayes abound with new pleasures: in which the damned alwayes die, and after all death and struggling with death, alwayes begin again to die, and struggle with death. As long as God shall be God, so long shall the blessed be blessed, so long shall they reigne & triumph: so long shall the damned also fry in hell, and yelling cry, *we are tormented in this flame*, being still to be tormented and tortured for ever.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Why the place of Eternitie is called a Mansion.

JOHN, *Patriarch* of *Alexandria*, a very devout & godly man, was often wont to go to visit the sick, & took with him for his companion *Troilus* a Bishop, which had more care of his money, then of the sick. The *Patriarch* whispered him in the ear and said, I pray thee, brother, let us help the friends of Christ: whereupon *Troilus* like a crafty companion concealing the disease of his mind, to wit, his covetousnes, bad his servants give to the poore, all the money which at that time he had about him to buy other things withall. Not long after it happened that he fell into a Fever which his covetousnesse had caused: whereof the *Patriarch* of *Alexandria* hearing, and easily guessing at the cause of his disease, went to visit him, and carried with him as much silver, as he had not long before given to the sick: and after a little conference had with him, he said thus,

thus, I did but jeſt with thee the other day, when I wiſhed thee to beſtow ſomething to the relief of the ſick; and it was becauſe my ſervant had no money about him. But behold here in good earneſt, I reſtore unto thee the money which thou laidſt out for my ſake, and I thank thee for it. When *Troilus* ſaw the money told, his fever began to leave him, and his heat to abate, and in every part he found himſelf much better: whereupon finding himſelf gather ſtrength, he roſe up to dinner, and ſat down at Table. About noon-tide when dinner was ended, and the Table removed, he went to ſleep, and ſweetly took his eaſe, and dreamed that he ſaw a very ſtately edifice, and the *frontiſpice* thereof over the gate, this inſcription, *Manſio Æterna & Requies Troili Epiſcopi*: In Engliſh thus, *The Eternall Manſion and Reſting-place of Biſhop Troilus*. He was very much delighted with this dream. But not long after he had another viſion that troubled him. For there came one with a company

party of workmen, and gave them a strict charge, saying, Take away that inscription, and put this in the place thereof, *Mansio Æterna & Requies Joannis Archiepiscopi Alexandriæ, empta libris triginta argenti*: In English thus, *The Eternall Mansion and Resting-place of John Archbishop of Alexandria, which is bought for thirty pounds.* With this vision he was very much affrighted: but he made a very good use of it. For presently, of an hard and covetous man, he became liberall and charitable, especially to such as were in need. So much did the very dream of an *Eternall Mansion* prevail with him.

But oh ye rather blessed mansions, and therefore blessed, because *Eternall*! Oh! how exceedingly doth Christ desire that we should loath and forsake these our tabernacles, and ruinous houses, and with earnest desire make haste unto those *Eternall Mansions*! *In my Father's house*, saith he, *are many Mansions.* No man is kept back from thence but by himself. The

place

place excludes no man: for it is exceeding large. Time shuts out no man: for there is a Mansion, and that *Mansion* is *Eternall*.

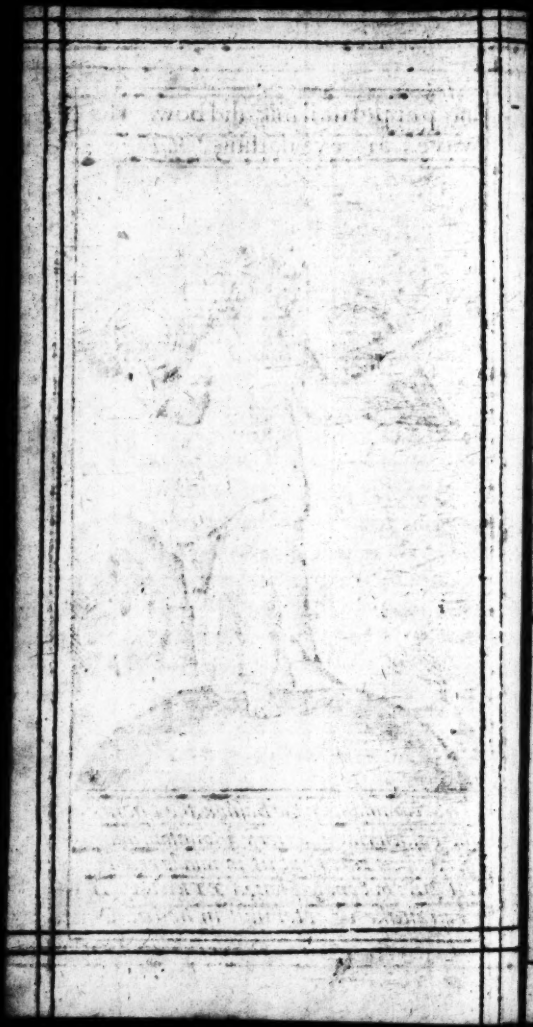
A prayer.

O Eternall and mercifull God, O Eternall Truth, O *true Love*, O *beloved Eternity*; *So cure our blindnesse, that by these present and short sorrows we may be brought to know, and to escape the future, horrible, and* Eternall *punishments. Direct us and teach us so to possesse things perishing and* Temporall, *that finally we lose not the things which are* Eternall. *Teach us so to lament for our sinnes committed, that we may escape* Eternall *punishments. Teach us so to behave our selves in the house of our pilgrimage, that we be not shut out of the* Eternall Mansions. *Teach us so to make our* progresse *in the way, that at length we may be received into our* Countrey.

UMI

The perpetuall hills did bowe, His wayes are everlasting. *Habac: 3.6.*

The Salamander, the Basilisk, the Phenix, the golden ring, the fiery mountain, may here upon earth put us in minde of ETERNITIE: *but onely blessed* ETERNITIE, *can make us eternall in heaven.*



THE SECOND CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

In what things Nature representeth Eternitie.

THE Idolaters themselves therefore have acknowledged an *Eternitie*, such as it was, and have described it also by certain signes: For God hath manifested it unto them, *so that they are without excuse.* How much clearer therefore, and in what greater measure ought the consideration thereof to be amongst all Christians, to whom Eternitie is better represented, and in a more lively manner! *Therefore thou art inexcusable, O man, whosoever thou art,* that being often put in mind of Eternitie, dost as often let it slip

Rom. 1. 20.

Rom. 2. 1.

out of thy memory. Thou hast often in thy sight and before thine eyes *Rings* and *Circles*, *Spheres* and *Globes*, *Sunne* and *Moon*: If thou lookest upon any of these, they will put thee in mind of *Eternities*. Nature her self like a good mother hath exposed them to publick view, that when we see them, or heare of them, we might be invited to meditate upon *Eternity*.

Solinus reports that there is a stone in *Arcadia* called *Asbestos*, which being once set on fire doth continually burn: wherefore in times past they were wont in Temples and Sepulchres to make lamps of it: of which S. *Augustine* maketh mention. I adde, that *Plinie*, *Volaterranus*, *Dioscorides*, and many others tell strange wonders of a certain kind of *Line*, or *Flax*, which is called by divers names. For some call it *Linum Asbestinum*, others *Carystium*, others *Indicum*, and others *Linum vivum*. This is not only not consumed by fire, but also is purged and cleansed: wherefore the dead bodies of kings heretofore,

Lib. 22. De Civit. cap. 5.

heretofore, when they were to be put into the fire and to be burned, used to be wrapped about with a Linen cloth made thereof, to keep their ashes from confusion, and to distinguish them from others. Of such Flax *Nero* had a Towel, which he esteemed of more price then gold and precious stones. Behold! *Nature* her self like a *Mistris* and Guide leadeth thee by the hand, and pointeth thee to a thing which the fire hath no power to consume. So shall all the damned burn, but never shall burn out: They shall alwayes burn, but never be consumed: They shall seek for death in the flames, but shall not find it. Therefore justly doth one cry out, *Oh wo Eternall, that never shall have end! Oh end without end! Oh death more grievous then all death, Alwayes to die and never to be quite dead!* So saith divine *Isaiah, Their fire never shall be quenched*: And the Angel in the *Revelation, They shall desire to die: and death shall flee from them.* That the *Salamander* for a little

In Horolog. sapien.

Isai. 66. 24.

Revel. 9. 6.

time can indure, & live in the fire, beside *Aristotle*, *Plinie*, *Galen*, *Ælian*, *Dioscorides*, S. *Augustine* also himself believed. This creature is very cold, and is generated of showers: The sunne and drought are death to it: Therefore, according to *Plinie*, it indures in the flame like ice. Of the skin thereof lights are made for perpetuall burning lamps. God, who made the *Salamander* of Earth and Clay, hath of his goodnesse formed man, though of the same matter, yet of a more excellent and noble nature. He hath *made him a little lower than the Angels*. He hath assigned unto him after this life the fellowship of the same Kingdome with the Angels. *But man being in honour had no understanding and was compared unto the beasts that perish*. By his own malice he made himself such a *Salamander*, that must alwayes live or alwayes die in *Eternall* flames. In those fiery prisons of Hell all *things are Eternall*; but these *six things especially*.

Psal. 8. 5.

Psal. 49. 20.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

What things are Eternall in Hell.

THe *damned* himself is *Eternall*, and dieth not. No man can make an end of himself, or another. *They shall seek death, and shall not find it.* Yea the very desire of death, inasmuch as their desire cannot be satisfied, shall greatly increase their torment. 1. Revel. 9. 6.

The prison it self is *Eternall*: It can never fall to ruine, it can never be broken down, it can never be digged through. It is barred up with rocks and mountains: The locks and barres are so firm and strong, that none can get out. If any of the damned should by Gods permission before the day of judgement come out from thence, yet still he should carry an Hell about him, and never be free from torment. 2.

The fire there is *Eternall*. Christ himself in *Matthew* saith as much expressely; *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire*, or *fire* 3. Matth. 25. 41.

Eternall, Dost thou heare this word, *Eternall*? The anger of the Lord doth kindle this fire, and it shall never be put out. To this beareth *Isaiah* witnesse, saying, *The breath of the Lord like a stream of brimstone doth kindle it*, it shall burn night and day, and *shall not be quenched*, *the smoke* thereof *shall ascend up for ever and ever*. *Eternall punishment* and *Eternall life* are *Relates*, as S. *Augustine* speaketh; and *Relates* are of like continuance: To say therefore, That *Eternall life* shall be without end, and *Eternall punishment* shall have an end, is very absurd. Who therefore will deferre his conversion.

Isai. 30. 33. *Isai.* 66. 24. *Revel.* 14. 11.

Lib. 12. *De Civit. cap.* 23.

4. As the things mentioned before are *Eternall*, so is the *Worm*, and conscience tormented with deep despair for the life past. *Their worm shall not die*: So propheseith *Isaiah*. The Poets of old translated this out of Holy writ into their fables. For what is that *Tityus* of whom *Virgil* feigneth, That a flying *Vultur* every day gnaws and tears his *Liver*, which is every night

Isai. 66. 24.

night again repaired and made up, that every day the *Vultur* may have more pray to gnaw upon? What is the *Vultur*, but the *Worm* we speak of? And what is the *Liver*, but the *conscience* alwayes gnawen and tormented?

To this *Eternitie* of Hell be- 5.
longeth also the *last sentence*, and the *last decree* pronounced by Christ the Judge, A decree (Alas!) irrevocable, immutable, *Eternall*. There is no *Appealing* from it; If the sentence be once pronounced by the mouth of this Iudge, it stands irrevocable for all *Eternity*. In Hell there is no redemption, not any, no not any; but *Eternall* desperation. The bloud of Christ when it was newly poured out on the mount of *Golgotha*, though of infinite efficacy for satisfaction, yet reached not unto the damned. *The yoke of the Lord*, saith Saint *Bernard*, *be a yoke of Repentance, we think that in it self it is not sweet: But this you must know, that it is most sweet, if it be compared with that fire of which it is* Bernard.

Matth. 25. 41. said, Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire.

6. The *Punishment* or *Pain of losse* also, as they call it, is *Eternall*, being the privation of the sight of God for ever, which together with all the other torments of the damned shall never have end: because there can be no place for satisfaction. For although these torments shall continue infinite millions of years, yet there shall not one day, no nor one houre, no nor so much as a moment of rest and respite be granted. There shall be vicissitude and variety of torments, but to their greater pain and grief. Christ often foretold it by *Matthew* in plain words, *The children of the kingdome shall be cast out into utter darknesse; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth*: weeping for heat; and *gnashing of teeth* for cold. How then can man be so forgetfull of himself and God? How can he so degenerate into a beast? Yea rather how can he become like a rock, or a stone, so senseleſſe, as, when he shall think upon

Matth. 8. 12.

upon the unsufferable and unutteable torments of Hell, which never shall have end, then not to fear, and tremble, and say with himself thus? I am for certain in the way to *Eternitie*, and I know not how soon I may come to my journeyes end: I sit on the stairs of *Eternitie*, and every little thrust is ready to plunge me into the bottomlesse pit. But if it seem so grievous and intolerable for a man to lye, though but for one night, on a soft feather-bed, and never sleep or close his eyes, but to sigh and grone for pain in his head, or any other member, for the tooth-ach or for the stone: If the night seems long, and the day a great way off, and the sunne to slack his coming? And yet, as I said, he lyes upon a good feather-bed, and if he will have but a little patience, he may hope to find ease in the day, and help from the Physician: Alack! Alack! How intolerable shall it be, to lye night and day in the fire, for a thousand and a thousand and again, I say, a thousand years!

How

How intolerable shall it be, there to watch, to hunger, to thirst, to burn, to be tormented extremely in every part, and not to hope for any rest, or so much as a drop of cold water; but to be alwayes in despair, and so to fry and to be tortured for infinite millions of ages, and to be so farre from finding any end, as never to be able to hope for any end! There, saith *Thomas* one houres punishment shall be more grievous, then an hundred years here in the most bitter punishment that can be. There is no rest, no consolation to the damned. *O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. Remember not the sinnes of my youth, nor my transgressions:* Unlesse thou wilt have mercy, O God I must needs perish.

De Christ. imitat. lib. 1. cap. 24.

Psal. 6. 1.

Psal. 25. 7.

CAHP.

CHAP. II.

Why Hell is Eternall.

HEre ariseth a question which is worthy to be known of all men, How it can be, that God, who is good and mercifull, and whose mercy is over all his works, should notwithstanding punish even one mortall sinne, committed, it may be, in a moment, and in thought onely; how he should punish such a sinne, I say, for all *Eternitie*, and so punish it, that it shall deserve still alwayes to be punished, and though millions of years be passed, yet it shall never be said, This sinne hath been sufficiently punished, it is enough, he hath made satisfaction for the wicked thought by which he hath offended God.

What then? hath God for one sinne, and that in thought onely, decreed the punishment of everlasting fire? What equalitie is there in this, For a *momentany* sinne, to appoint an *Eternall* punishment? Why doth blessed *David* crie out? *Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for* *Psal.* 106. 1. 107. 1. 118. 1. 136. 1.

he

he is good, and his mercy endure for ever. And why doth he repeat twentie seven times, if God be severe? To this S. *Augustine*, Gregory, *Thomas Aquinas*, and other answer, That in every mortall sinne the offence of its own nature is infinite, because it is an injury against the infinite majesty of God. Again He that dieth guiltie of a mortall sinne without repentance, doth as much as if he should sin *Eternally*. For if he might live *Eternally*, he would sinne *Eternally*: He hath not lost the will to sinne, but life in which to sinne, still being ready to sinne, if he might live still: So he doth not cease to sinne, but doth cease to live. Further it is to be considered, That a damned person can never make satisfaction, though he should pay never so much. For being an enemy, and not in favour with God, his payment is not worthy acceptation; seeing that he himself is not accepted with him. Neither indeed, to speak truly, can he be said to pay any thing; because he doth nothing, but suffers onely punish-

punishments, and that against his will. We will make the matter yet more plain by a familiar example. Suppose a man should borrow of his neighbour a thousand crowns, and for the use thereof make over the rent of his house unto him for ever: It may be in twenty years he may thus repay the summe of money borrowed: But what then? Is he fully discharged of all the debt? Doth there remain nothing to be paid? The principall remains still as due to be paid, as if there had been nothing at all paid. For this is the nature of such lones, that although the yearly use be paid, still the principall remains intire, and due to be paid. So it is with the damned: For although they should pay never so much, yet they can never get out of debt. They are debters still, and ever shall be. *The strong shall be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark, and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them,* Isa. 1. 31. *Suetonius* reports of *Tiberius Cesar*, that being petitioned unto by a certain offender to Suet. lib. 3. cap. 6.

hasten

haſten his punishment, & to grant him a ſpeedy diſpatch, he made him this anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay Sir, *You and I are not yet friends.* Chriſt is a moſt juſt Judge, no Tyrant, no *Tiberius*. And yet, if one of the damned after a thouſand years burning in Hell, ſhould begge and intreat for a ſpeedy death, he would anſwer after the ſame manner, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after a thouſand years more, he ſhould ask the ſame thing, he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* If after an hundred thouſand years yet more, yea millions of years, he ſhould ask again, again he ſhould receive the ſame anſwer, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii*, Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* The time was, I offered to be thy *friend*; but thou wouldeſt not: yea thy *father*; but thou wouldſt not. I offered thee my grace a thouſand and a thouſand times; but thou reject-

edſt

felt it. This I knew right well, and I held my peace, and further expected fourtie, fiftie, sixtie years, to see if thou wouldest change thy mind, and course of life: But there followed no serious or true repentance. *Thou hast set at nought all my counsel, and wouldest none of my reproof: Thou hast hated instruction, and hast cast my words behind thee.* Eat therefore the fruit of thine own wayes, and be filled with thine own counsels. *I will laugh at thy destruction for ever;* neither shall my justice after infinite ages give thee any answer but this, *Nondum tecum in gratiam redii.* Stay, *You and I are not yet friends.* O God which art in heaven! O hand which throwest men headlong into hell, the hell of torments, into the bottomlesse pit of *Eternall* pain! But *righteous art thou, O Lord, & upright are thy judgements,* just and right it is, that he which would not by repentance accept of mercy when it was offered, should by punishment be tormented, and have justice without mercy, for ever.

Prov. 1. 25.
Psal. 50. 17.
Prov. 1. 26.
Psal. 119. 137.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Other motives to the consideration of Eternitie drawn from Nature.

BUt I return to the schoole of *Nature* to consider further upon *Eternitie*. There are found *hot Baths* in certain mountains and rocks, whose waters in running make such a noise and murmuring, that the diseased persons that resort thither for cure, if at their entrance into the *Bath* they do but imagine they heare musicall instrument and an Harmonious consort, they have their ears so dulled with the continuall noise thereof, that the Musick which at first was sweet unto them, becomes at length, by their imagination working upon it, very loathsome, and a torment unto them: But if they imagine they heare a drum, or any other loud sounding instrument, they at length grow almost mad with the noise thereof dayly molesting and troubling them. From hence also we are led, as it were by the hand, to the consideration of *Eternitie*. The weep-

weeping and wailing, yelling and crying which is heard at the first entrance of Hells mouth under those infernall mountains shall never cease, but shall torment the damned without end, and be no whit mitigated by time and long-sufferance. But on the contrary the blessed in Heaven shall without wearinesse heare the *Thrice Holy* sung, *Holy, Holy, Holy*; yea and the more they heare it, the more they shall be delighted with the sound thereof. Christ in his conference with the woman of *Samaria* makes often mention of *Eternitie*, and life everlasting. *Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst: but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water, springing up unto everlasting life.* I would we did thirst with the woman of *Samaria* after those waters, and earnestly pray for them! *O Lord, give me of this water, that I thirst not.* Give me, O Christ, though but a *drop* of this water, that is, *some thirst* and desire after *Eternall* life.

John 4. 14.

John 4. 15.

In

In the year after the Nativitie of our Lord, foureſcore and one (as *Suetonius*, *Dion*, and *Plinius Secundus* tell at large) on the firſt day of *November*, about ſeven of the clock, at the Mountain *Veſuvius in Campania* there was an horrible eruption of fire, before which there went an unuſuall drought, and grievous earthquakes. There was alſo heard noiſe under earth, as if it had been thunder. The ſea roared and made a noiſe; the heaven thundred as if mountains had in conflict met together; great ſtones were ſeen to fall; the aire was filled with ſmoke and fire mixt together; the Sunne did hide his head. Whereupon it was thought by many that the world was almoſt at an end, and that the laſt day was come wherein all ſhould be conſumed with fire: For there was ſuch abundance of aſhes ſcattered up and down over land and ſea, and in the air, that there was much hurt done amongſt men, and cattel, and in the fields, that fiſh and fowl were deſtroyed, that two cities,

ties, the name of the one was *Herculanum*, and the name of the other *Pompeii*, were utterly ruined. These and such other *Caverns* in the earth, with *Precipices*, and *fiery mountains* alwayes flaming, but never going out, are lively examples given us by God, to put us in mind of the fire of hell, in which the bodyes of the cursed shall be alwayes burning, but never be burnt out. Concerning this you may reade *Tertullian*, *Minutius*, and *Pacian*. See, O man, how providently even Nature her self doth go before thee, and as it were leade thee by the hand to the contemplation of *Eternitie*.

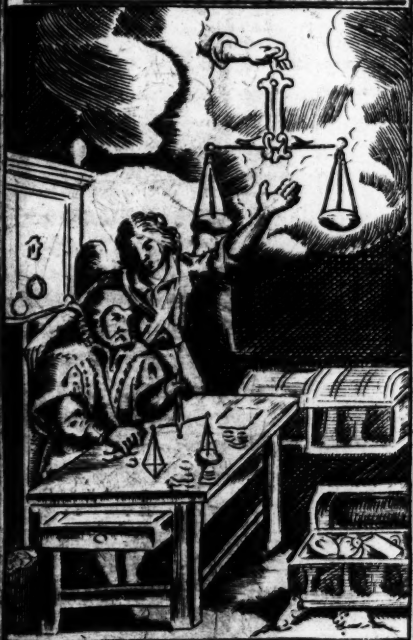
Tertul. Apoc. cap. 48. Minut. in Oct. Pacian. De Paenitent. & confess.

To conclude, This *Time* of ours carrieth with it some signe & print of *Eternitie*. Nature fain would have us learn the thing signified by the signe, and take a scantling of *Eternitie* by the little *module* and measure of time. It is the saying of Saint *Augustine*, *This is the difference* between things *Temporall* and *Eternall*: We love things *Temporall* more before we have

In Sent. cent. 170.

have them, and esteem them not i
much when we have them: For th
soul cannot be satisfied but wa
true and secure *Eternitie*, and joy
which is *Eternall* & incorruptible
But things *Eternall*, when they ar
actually *possessed*, are much mor
loved, then before when they wer
onely desired, and hoped for: Fo
neither could *Faith* believe, no
Hope expect, so much as *Charitie*
and *Love* shall find when once we
shall be admitted to possession. Wh
then doth not earth seem vile in
our eyes, especially when we must
ere long forsake it? And why do
we not with ardent desire lift up
our eyes to Heaven where we shall
inherit a Kingdome, and that *E-*
ternall!

Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting. *Dan: 5.27.*



That man regardeth not ETERNITIE, *who weigheth his money more accurately then his life*

THE THIRD CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

Wherein the old Romanes principally placed their Eternitie.

PLinius *secundus* thought those men happy, which either did things worthy to be wrote, or wrote things worthy to be read; but those men of all most happy, which could do both. So the *Romanes* thought they might three manner of wayes eternize their fame, and transmit their names unto posteritie. First they wrote many excellent things; *many* excellent indeed, but *not all*, not all chaste, not all holy: They committed to writing their own blemishes, their dishonest loves, and filthy lusts; But this was no honest or

Epist. 2. ad Tacit.

Kings

Kings high way to *Eternitie*. Ha
many books have dyed before th
Authours, and according to *Pl*
to, have been like unto the Ga
dens of *Adonis*, as soon dead
sprung up. They pleased not lo
which quickly pleased. But su
pose the bookes of all the *Roman*
should one-live time, and be a
wayes extant, and exposed to pu
lick view, yet they should n
be able to give life unto their Au
thours.

Again, the *Romanes* did not on
ly write, but also did many bra
works worthy to be recorded b
the pennes of eloquent and learne
men, and these works were of di
vers kinds. They sought *Eternitie*
in many things, but found it i
nothing, as we are taught to be
lieve. They were great, (we do
not deny it) in civill and warlike
affairs, at home and abroad; admi-
rable for their skill in Arts and
Sciences. Magnificent and profuse
in setting forth shews, and bestow-
ing gifts; wonderfull even to asto-
nishment for stately buildings,

Tombes,

Tombes, Vaults, Monuments, and Statues (as you may guesse by these few particulars which I will briefly run over. *Augustus*, in his own name, and at his own proper charges, set forth Playes and Games foure and twenty times, and at the charge of the common Treasury three and twenty times: And never a one of those cost him under two Millions and five hundred thousand Crowns; and this so great a summe of money, I say, was all laid out upon one shew. The very meanest and cheapest that ever *Augustus* set forth, came to a Million, two hundred and fifty thousand Crowns.

Nero guilded over the whole Theatre, the Ornaments of the Tyring house & domicall implements he made all of gold; to these you may adde square pieces of wood or wooden Lots scattered amongst the people, which had for their inscriptions, whole houses, fields, grounds, farms, slaves, servants, plate, great summes of silver, and many times jewels a great number:

To whosoevers lot fell any one o
these, he presently received accord
ing to the inscription.

The same *Nero* for a Donative t
a common souldier commanded
be told two hundred and fifty thou
sand crowns.

Agrippina Nero's mother caus
the like summe of money to be la
upon a Table, thereby secretly t
prehending, and labouring to r
strain her sonnes profuseness
Whereupon *Nero* perceiving that h
was toucht, commanded anoth
summe to be added as great as t
former, and said thus, *Nescieba
me tam parùm dedisse, I forgot m
self in giving so little.*

The same *Nero* entertained
Rome for nine moneths toget
King *Tiridates*, and was every d
at cost for him twentie thousan
Crowns, which came in nin
moneths to five millions and four
thousand Crowns. And at his de
parture he gave him for a *Viati
cum*, or to spend by the way, two
millions and an half. What should
I tell you of their stately and ma
gnificent buildings? *Cali-*

Caligula the Emperour made a bridge over an arm of the Sea, three miles long.

There were Temples in Rome foure hundred twenty foure, most of them very magnificent

Domitian spent upon the sole gilding of the Capitol seven Millions.

On the stairs of the *Amphitheatre* which were made all of stone, there might sit very conveniently fourescore and seven thousand spectatours, above, there might stand round about twelve thousand; in all fourscore and nineteen thousand.

Beside many others there were twelve publick Baths made by the Emperour, where men might bathe gratis.

In the hot bathes of *Antoninus* there were of polished stone one thousand and six hundred seats, and there might so many men bathe themselves very conveniently.

In the Bath of *Hetruscus*, as *Plinie* saith, all was of silver, the passages for the water, the lips of

the Bath, and the very floor it self. But I passe to other things.

At *Rome* there were almost as many statues as men, of no worse matter then silver and gold, besides infinite others of Brasse, Marble and Ivory.

Domitian had one of Gold in the Capitol, of an hundred pound weight.

Commodus and *Claudius* had also statues of Gold, each of them being of a thousand pound weight. *Claudius* had also in the place at *Rome* called *Rostra*, another of Silver. Hereupon there was a certain Officer appointed, who was called the Count of *Rome*, to whom there attended a great many souldiers continually, to guard and look to the great number of statues.

The way which is called *Appia* will exercise a nimble footman five dayes in running it over. It reacheth in length from *Rome* to *Capua*; So broad, that two coaches may meet, and never trouble one another; so solid and firm, as

it were all of one stone, in no place loose or broken up. There were also more wayes like unto this. It is incredible what good Authours do write of their Conduits and Aqueducts.

Claudius the Emperour bestowed about one, seven Millions of Gold and an half, and there were maintained six hundred men with the onely keeping and looking to the waters. These were great works indeed, but the Authours thereof in part deserved reprehension for their immoderate prosuseneſſe. There was at *Rome* one thing that surpassed their stately buildings, but as for name, to say no worse, and to spare your ears, dishonourable and not fit to be named. They had certain vaults under earth built with arches, you may call them the sinks of the City (they called them *Cloacas*) running with water to carry away all the filth out of the City. Of these there were so many, so large, and so long, that you may well reckon them amongst the wonders of the

world. I need not instance in any more: these which I have named are sufficient. He that is any thing conversant in Histories, or hath heard of the great power & wealth of the *Romanes* in former ages will easily believe my relation: if he will not believe me, let him believe the testimony of *Suetonius*, *Dion Cassius*, *Plinie*, *Livie*, and others that have wrote of the *Romane* monuments.

These things which I have reckoned up are very laudable in themselves. But they governed their common-wealth so prudently, that in warre for the most part they were inconquerable, for Arts and Sciences excellent, for virtue illustrious; insomuch that *Cyneas* an Ambassadour sent from *Pyrrhus*, a very eloquent and intelligent man, when he had all in vain solicited the Citie to make a league with his Lord and Master, which league could not stand with the honour of the *Romanes*, upon his return told the King, That he thought the *City* to be a *Temple*;

and

and all the *Senatours*, *Kings*. Herein the *Romanes* were highly to be commended: but in this they were much overſeen (though otherwiſe very prudent men) in placing their *Eternitie* in ſuch things, as neither could give unto them, nor had in themſelves *Eternitie*. If the *Romanes* had made choyce of Saint *Auguſtine* for their guide in the way to *Eternitie*, he would have ſhewed them a more certain and readier way. For what ſaith he? *We do not account thoſe Emperours happy which have reigned long, or which have often triumphed as Conquerours over their enemies, or which have treaſured up much wealth. Theſe things often happen to thoſe that have no right or title to the Kingdome which is Eternall.* Who then in Saint *Auguſtines* opinion are to be accounted truly happy? Hearken O ye Emperours, O ye Kings and Princes: You ſhall in Saint *Auguſtines* ſenſe obtain true and *Eternall* happineſſe by the obſervation of theſe Rules following.

Auguſt. lib. 5. De civit. Dei, cap. 24.

1. Firſt, the Rule of *Juſtice*. By ruling juſtly, and hating the very vizard, and painted face of Injuſtice.

2. Secondly, the Rule of *Modeſtie*. By not being puffed up by the vain applauſes, acclamations, and titles of honour, but by remembring your ſelves to be but men.

3. Thirdly, the Rule of the *Feare* and *Love of God*. By propagating by all means the true worſhip of God; by ſubjecting all humane power to his divine Majeſty; by ſerving him in *feare* and *love*.

4. Fourthly, the *Deſire of Heaven*. By ſetting your love and affection upon the Kingdome which is *Eternall*, where one ſhall not envie anothers power.

5. Fifthly, the Rule of *Facilitie*, and readineſſe to forgive. By being ſwift to forgive, and ſlow to puniſh, but when the glory of God and the neceſſitie of the Commonwealth calleth for it.

Sixthly, *Mercy* and *Liberalitie*. By tempering the ſeveritie of the laws by the oyl of mercy, and the

the sweet odour of beneficencie.

Seventhly, *Continency*. By not giving the reins to Luxury, but by bridling your appetites, and concupiscences; and the more liberty you have, the lesse abusing it unto licentiousnesse. 7.

Eighthly, *Moderations of Passions*. By choosing rather to get the conquest over evil Passions, then by domineering over Nations. 8.

Ninthly, the study of *Humility*, and *Prayer*. By doing all these, not for vain glory, but for the glory of God; and the attainment of *Eternall* felicitie: And again, by never neglecting that most noble sacrifice of *Humility*, and *Prayer*. 9.

These Rules or Laws hath Saint *Augustine* fixed upon the double gates of the world, for a glasse fit for Princes to look into. But, O ye *Romanes*, how farre have ye gone astray from the way that leadeth unto the Gates whereunto these laws are fixed! Not to speak of other things, You have in stead of one & the onely true God brought in innumerable others, to worship

them which are no Gods. For *Rome* seemed to make it a greater matter of Religion, To refuse no falsity; and when she ruled almost over all nations, To serve and follow the errours of all nations.

But to let these things passe also: How vain and ridiculous a thing is it for them, to leave behind them all their *Eternitie* in Parchments and Papers, in Marble and other stone, in Theatres and Pyramides, in Monuments and Tombes! What is now become of their *Eternity* which was sometime carved in stone? The same hath hapned unto *Rome*, which also befell *Jerusalem*. The Disciples pointing at the buildings of the Temple at *Jerusalem*, said unto our Saviour Christ, *Master, see what manner of stones, and what buildings are here.* Whereupon Christ answered and said, *See ye all these buildings? Verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.* So there is nothing *Eternall* in this world. And where is now old

Matth. 13. 1.

Matth. 24. 2.

old *Rome*? If this queſtion be demanded; the anſwer may be this, *Here it was.* Where are they that built it? *They are dead and gone.* There is not ſo much as their aſhes left of them. And ere long we muſt all go the ſame way, become like a ſhadow, return unto duſt, and be reſolved into nothing. Oh the poore and mean condition of mortall men, even at the greateſt! Oh the inſtabilitie and frailtie of the ſtrongeſt men, even in the prime of all their ſtrength! For what is now become of all thoſe things, or where are they? *They are quite vaniſhed away:* where is their money, which they heaped up beyond belief? *'Tis ſcattered abroad.* Where are their ſtately and lofty buildings? *They are not to be ſeen.* Such are all things elſe, though to us they ſeem never ſo great, nothing elſe but a mere ſhadow and a dream, if they be compared with *Eternitie*, and thoſe things which are *Eternall.* The foundation on which the whole fabrick of vaniſhing glory is ſet up, is too weak,

and

and mouldring, made but of clay. Stone and Marble cannot be engraven with Characters and inscriptions of *Eternitie*. Well saith *Lactantius*, *The works of mortall men are mortall*. That there was a *Babylon*, a *Troy*, a *Carthage*, and a *Rome*, we believe: But if we will believe no more then we see, there be scarce any reliques or ruinous parts of them remaining, to perswade us that there were such Cities. So the seven wouders of the world, so *Nero's* golden palace, *Diocletian's* hot Baths, *Antoninus* his Baths, *Severus* his Septizonium, *Julius* his Colossus, *Pompey's* Amphitheatre have no foot-step or print of them remaining, no, scarce upon record, or registred in books. And how farre have all these come short of *Eternitie*.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

How farre the Romanes have gone astray from the true way of Eternitie.

AT *Nazareth*, in a certain conclave called by the name of the blessed Virgin, there is in one place mention made of a kingdome, *Of which kingdome there shall be no end.* Such was not the kingdome of *Solomon*: for that lasted but foure hundred years, even to the Captivitie of *Babylon*. Such was not the kingdome of the *Romanes*, neither of the *Persians*, nor yet of the *Grecians*. For where are now those kingdomes in former times most flourishing? where are those most ancient Monarchies? How great was *Nebuchadnezzar* in *Chaldea* and *Syria*, and after him *Belshazzar*? From them the Scepre was translated unto the *Medes* and *Persians*, to *Cyrus* and *Darius*. Neither continued it there long. From thence it was translated into *Greece*, to *Alexander* surnamed the Great, King of *Macedon*, for a long

Luke 1. 33.

long time most victorious and fo
tunate: But as warlike valour d
cayed, so fortune failed. And so t
Sceptre was translated into *Italy*
Julius Cesar, and *Octavius Aug*
stus. What is become of all the
Kings? where are they? But thou
O Christian man, seek that king
dome, *of which kingdome the*
shall be no end. *Numantia*, *Athen*
Carthage, and *Sparta*, all are com
to an end: They are utterly perish
ed. But as for the kingdome whic
is above, *Of that there shall be n*
end. The King that ruleth there i
Eternall, and those that live in tha
Exod. 15. 18. Kingdome are *Eternall*. *The Lor*
shall reigne for ever and ever. O
Origen. which words saith *Origen*, *Do*
thou think that the Lord shal
reigne for ever and ever? Yea h
shall reigne for ever and ever, and
beyond that too. Say what thou
canst, thou shalt still come short of
the duration of his Kingdome: The
Prophet will still adde something:
as for example, after *For ever*, yet
more, *and ever*, or, *Beyond that too*.
Isidore. And yet, saith *Isidore*, though this
king-

kingdome be *Eternall*, though infinite, though every way bleſſed, though it be promiſed to us, not a word of that. For what man is there of a thouſand that ſpends the leaſt part of a day in meditating upon that? that ever once makes mention of that? that ever inſtructs his wife, his children and his ſervants concerning that? We prattle much of all other things; but as for heaven, there is ſcarce any mention made of that, or if there be, ſure it is very rare. In ſetting forth the commendation of his own Countrey, every man is a nimble-tongued Oratour: But as for that which is our true Countrey indeed, we bluſh and are almoſt aſhamed, being too modeſt in commending that. For it is come to paſſe in theſe dayes by the diſuſe of holy conference, that men think themſelves not wittie or facete enough, unleſſe they ſpeak idle and unprofitable words, and make fooliſh jeſts: nay that is not all, unleſſe their cheeks ſwell, and their lips run over with filthy and unſavoury ſpeeches. Oh! this is

to

to go astray quite out of the way. But let our hearts and mouthes be filled with the praise and desire of things *Eternall*; let our thoughts and words alwayes run after them; we have no other way to true glory, but this; and there is no true glory, but that which is *Eternall*.

The chief Priests and the Pharisees amongst the Jews, to overthrow Christs power (as they thought) and to eternize their politick Government, assembled themselves together in councel: and by their foolish wisdome (as it proved) made decrees to their own hurt. Elegantly speaketh S. *Augustine* of them, consulting and deliberating together in full court; The chief Priests, saith he, and the Pharisees took counsel together, what they should do for their own good; and yet they said not, *Let us believe*. The wicked and ungodly men sought more how to hurt and to destroy, then how to provide for their own securitie, that they might be saved. And yet they were in fear, and in counsel: For they said,

August.

What

what do we? For this man doth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romanes shall come, and take away both our place and nation. They were afraid to lose things *Temporall*, and never thought upon the life which is *Eternall*: And so they lost both. Such is the vanitie, and affected mockery of our foolish cogitations. What are we? And what is all that we call ours? *To day* we flourish like a flower, we are well spoken of, we please, and are in favour with men: But (alas!) *To morrow* our flower will fade, we shall be ill spoken of, and out of favour with God and man; man, whom hitherto we pleased; and God, whom we never studied for to please. We neglect Heaven, and keep not earth: We get not the favour of God, and lose the worlds favour. And so we are most deplorately miserable, and destitute on both sides. If death would but spare those that are the happy ones of this world, it may be they might find here some

John 11 47, 48,

some glory; some I say, such as it is: For there is none true but that which is in heaven and *Eternall*. But (alas!) Death spares no man; sees in the dark, and is not seen; and watches his time when he may seize upon us, when we think not of him. What shall become of us? whither will he carry us, if here we have lived wickedly? To the barre of Christs judgement, and from thence to the pit of Hell: And from thence there is no redemption. Nobility from thence sets no man free; Power delivers no man. The applause of men formerly given, yields there no comfort. Let us here seek the favour of God and his glory: That is the true glory which is got by the shunning of vain glory: And there is no true glory, but that which is *Eternall*.

Prov. 3. 13. *Solomon* in the *Proverbs* describeth *wisdome* like a Queen attended by two waiting maids, *Eternity*, and *Glory*, the first on the right hand, the second on the left, *Glory* is nothing worth, if there be not joyned with it *Eternitie*; that

that which all we Christians do expect. *For here we have no continuing Citie, but we seek one to come, Eternall in the heavens. The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.* To give an alms to a poore man, to moderate a greedy appetite, to resist an enemy of chastity; These are works that require not much paines, or time for the doing. And yet the remembrance of these together with their reward shall be *Eternall*. What a small thing was it that *Mary Magdalen* bestowed upon our Saviours feet. How quickly had she done it! And yet it is made known *throughout the whole world.* Some others, it may be, would have admired other things in her, her cherry cheeks, her comely countenance, the pleasant flower of her youth, her rare grace, her great riches, her affability and courtesie, and such like. These were not the things which Christ commended in her; but it was the office which she performed unto his feet. The thing it self was not great:

Heb. 13. 14. 2. Cor. 5. 1. Psal. 112. 6.

Matth. 26. 13.

And

And yet it was a means to procure for her *Eternall* glory, and a never dying name. *It shall be preached throughout the whole world*: This is the testimony of Christ. This work of hers was not engraven in marble, nor cast in brasse, nor promulged in the market place, nor proclaimed with a Drum and a Trumpet. And yet it hath continued for a memoriall of her to this day, and so shall for ever, and *It shall be preached throughout the whole world*. If you consider the *action* it self; *Judas Iscariot* the covetous purse-bearer found fault with it; *Simon* the swelling and proud Pharisee condemned it: If the *matter*; it was but an Ointment, at the most not worth above thirty small pieces of gold: If the *place*; it was private. If the *witnesses* present, they were but few: If the *person*, she was a woman, and one infamous: And yet for all these, *It shall be preached throughout the whole world*. How many Emperours have advanced their colours, displayed their

their victorious and triumphant Eagles, and set up their standards in their enemies Camp! How many warlike Captains have led popular Armies, and commanded them worthily! How many provident Governours have ruled their people very wisely! How many Kings have erected rare monuments and statues, and built Castles and Cities! How many learned men have wasted their brains in new inventions, and have like *Chymicks* distilled them into *Retorts* of Paper! And to what end all this? To keep their names in continuall remembrance, and to be recorded amongst worthy and memorable men. And yet notwithstanding they lodge in the bed of silence, and lie buried in the grave of oblivion. But one good work that the righteous doth, shall be had in everlasting remembrance: Time and envy shall never deface and conceal it: The wisest men, Captains, Prelates, and Kings themselves shall with reverence reade and heare it. *It shall be preached*

preached throughout the whole world.

The onely way then to immortalitie and true *Eternitie* is, To live well & so to die well. Go to now *Romanes*, If ye will seek *Eternitie* in Statutes & Marble monuments but you shall never find it there. I for my part will wish rather with S. *Hierome* in the life of *Paul* the *Eremite*; Oh remember, saith he, *Hierome* a sinner, who, if God had given him the choice, would have preferred the poore cloak of *Paul* with his good works, before the Scarlet robes of kings with their kingdomes. Let us Christians here whileſt we have time make over our riches, for fear leſt we loſe them, let us ſend them before us into another world: Heaven ſtands open ready to receive them. We need not doubt of the ſafe carriage; the carriers are very faithfull and truſty; but they are the poore and needy of this world. We make over unto them here by way of exchange a few things of little value, being to receive in heaven an exceeding

2. Cor. 4. 17.

ceeding Eternall weight of glory. For so hath Christ promised upon the performance of his precept. *I say unto you, Make to your selves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousnesse, that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.* But let us passe from the *Romanes* unto others. Luke 16. 9.

CHAP. II.

A better way then the former which the Romanes followed, to Eternitie.

Darius the king of the *Persians*, most notable for his slaughter, had in his Army ten thousand *Persians*, which he therefore called immortall (as *Calius Rhodiginus* interpreteth it) not because he thought they should never die (For where are there any such?) but because as any of the number was diminished by sword or sicknesse, it was presently made up; so Cal. Rhodigin. lib. 8. cap. 2. & lib. 25. cap. 1.

so that still there was neither mo-
nor lesse then ten thousand. Th
Darius framed unto himself
kind of immortalitie and *Eter*
tie: But (alas!) it was a very sh
one; For within a little space
and all his army utterly perish
Dan. 6. 6. *The Presidents and Princes assem-*
bled together unto Darius, and s
thus unto him, King Darius, li
for ever. Alas, how vain was th
wish, and how short this *Eternitie*
We live but seventie or eight
years at the most: We are but
a dream, if we think to live be
for ever. Not without cause there-
fore *Xerxes* (when for the co-
quering and subjugating *Greece* (
Herodotus reports) he carried wi
him out of *Asia* two great armi
both by sea and land, in numb
three and twentie hundred thou
sand, seventeen thousand, and
hundred, beside others that attend-
ed upon souldiers) upon a day ta-
king his prospect from a Moun-
tain, and beholding his souldiers,
fell a weeping: And being asked
the reason why, He said it was, be-
cause

cause after a matter of fifty or sixty years, of so many hundred thousand men so select and strong, scarce one should be found alive.

We may dream, and feign unto our selves I know not what *Eternities*: But in the mean time *we must needs die: and are as water spilt upon the ground.* 2. Sam. 14. 14.

Another and better type of *Eternitie* was found out at *Constantinople*, in the year of our Lord 459. The Church of *Constantinople*, in the time when *Gennadius* was Bishop, was augmented by a new and noble foundation of a Monasterie of *Acœmets* dedicated to Saint *John Baptist*. These *Acœmets* were so called for not sleeping, because they were never all at once to sleep, but still to be exercised in their course night and day in singing praises unto God. These *Acœmets* were divided after this manner into three companies, so that when the first company had made an end of singing divine praises, the second should begin; and when the second had made an end, the

third ſhould begin. By means of this godly inſtitution the citie had in ſome ſort heaven within it ſelf alwayes ſounding with the praiſe of God; or at leaſt a type or repreſentation of the *Eternity* in heaven, where God ſhall be praiſed for all *Eternitie*, with great delight and cheerfulneſſe, and without all wearineſſe. Therefore hath the *Pſalmiſt* good cauſe to crie out, *Bleſſed are they which dwell in thy Houſe; they will ſtill be praiſing thee.* Then ſhall all the bleſſed ſay as *Peter* did upon the mountain, *It is good for us to be here.* For, as S. *Bernard* ſpeaketh, *Eternitie* is true riches without meaſure: but he addes this withall, It is not found unleſſe it be ſought with perſeverance. But how ſhall we ſo ſeek that we may obtain it? Heare what the good Father ſaith: By *povertie*, by *meekneſſe* and by *tears* there is renewed in the ſoul the ſtamp and image of *Eternitie* which comprehendeth all times. Firſt, *povertie* is the way to *Eternitie*. Bleſſed

Pſal. 84. 4.

Matth. 17. 4.

Bern. Ser. 2. de Omn. SS.

sed are the poore in spirit : for theirs is the kingdome of heaven. Where poore men are despised and forsaken, there is the heart and the money locked up together in the cheſt : Where money is expended according to the rules of *Avarice* there is no effect or love of povertie, there is no desire or love of *Eternitie*. Secondly, *meeknesse* : By *meeknesse* we make our selves secure of things present, and have an assurance of things to come. *Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.* If any man ask, What shall we say of him that is void of *meeknesse* and *patience*, that can scarce at any time speak a mild word ? What gains he by his implacable impatience ? What doth it profit him to rage and fret with indignation, to make outcries and tumults, to shew his will to do mischief, though he cannot effect what he would ; or, to conclude, to salute no man civilly, as if he were an enemie to all humanitie and affabilitie ? What shall we say of such

Matth. 5. 3.

Matth. 5. 5.

a man? If there be any such, he is sure to suffer losse of goods or good name, or both: for the riches which he hath he possesseth not, but keeps them like a dog, whose propertie is to bark at a man, to flie upon him, and to bite him: As for his good name, if he have any, he shall not augment it by the title of impatience: and as for Heaven, he loseth that before he hath taken possession of it. Thirdly, *Tears*. For by weeping and mourning we redeem the time past, we recover what we prodigally spent by sinning. But this mourning and sorrow must not last for an houre onely, or for a day: for this is nothing else, but to do as he did, who at his mothers death put on mourning clothes, forced for the present a few tears, and so went along after the biere, and left her not till he saw her buried; but the same day or the next day after wiped away all tears from his eyes, changed his weeping into laughing, cast off his mourning clothes

and

and put on colours. This is not to mourn in good earneſt, to make an end of mourning ſo ſuddenly. But this we do (alas) too often. To day we make publick confeſſion of our ſinnes to God, and heare abſolution; we repent us of our ſinnes, and receive the holy Communion: and within a day after we ſinne again with delight, and without fear, and oftentimes more grievouſly then before. We deteſt for the preſent the wicked courſe of our life paſt; and we return again to the ſame paſſe. We forſwear the ſinnes which we formerly committed; and again the ſame day we commit the ſame. So with the ſame tongue we proclaim Chriſt innocent, and crucifie him afreſh, as if we were the true brothers of *Pontius Pilate*, who with one and the ſame mouth did both abſolve him and condemne him, confeſſing that he *found no cauſe of death in him*, and yet adjudging him to be crucified. We are very fickle and inconſtant, but in nothing more con-

Luke 23. 22, 24.

ſtant, then in the repetition of a vicious courſe of life. Alas! alas, we carrie too much of the *Moon*, that is, inconſtancie, in our breaſt. Sometimes we are ſo zealous and ſo holy that we will not admit of a cheerfull countenance, for fear leſt it ſhould hinder our ſanctitie and devotion: we look demurely, caſting our eyes down to the ground, & knit the brows as being angry with our ſelves, when we find in our ſelves the leaſt remiſſeneſſe or coldneſſe in holy duties: But this ſanctitie and devotion doth never continue long. After a while we begin to hate even pietie it ſelf, and the ſtream being turned, we turn again to our former riot and intemperance: and we are as ready to diſſolve the knot of friendſhip made betwixt God and us, as at the firſt we were unwilling to have it knit. At length *Piety* attended with *ſorrow* and *repentance* preſents her ſelf again unto us, and puts to flight laſciviouſneſſe, untill the time comes that we begin to *repent*

pent us of our *repentance*. So we ſeldome continue long in any honeſt and godly courſe, for it ſeems unto us too laborious: and at every light beck we row down the ſtream of our former uncleanneſſe. Such is the inconſtancie of our life, that it preſents unto our minds all ſorts of pleaſures and vices. We make an outward ſhew of adoring vertue: but in heart and mind we fall down and worſhip vice, a moſt laborous kind of ſervice: This is not the way unto *Eternitie*, unleſſe it be of puniſhment and torments which ſhall have no end.

Let us ſingle out one Chriſtian man of many, and ſuch a one eſpecially as is moſt addicted to his pleaſure; let us carrie him along with us to a mouth of a furnace red hot and flaming; and then let us begin to queſtion him after this manner, How much pleaſure wouldſt thou ask to continue burning in this furnace for one day? He will anſwer to this undoubtedly, I would not be tor-

mented in these flames for one day to gain the whole world and all the pleasures in the world. But let us propound another condition unto him, What reward wouldst thou ask to endure this fire onely for half a day? Propound what reward you will, there is nothing so delicate, so precious, so dear unto me, which I would be willing to buy at so dear a price, as these torments. But to trie once more, What reward and pleasure wouldst thou ask to go into this furnace, and to stay there but one houre? His answer certainly will be this, Let the most covetous and impudent man in the world ask what he can, that is not to be compared with the unutterable and unsufferable scorchings and torments of this fire, though they should last but for an houre. If these answers be good and agreeable to right reason, how comes it to passe, O God, that for a little gain, and that but vile, for deceitfull honour, and that fugative, for filthy pleasure, and that not

long,

long, ſo many men ſo little regard *Eternall* puniſhment in Hell-fire? We cannot be perſwaded with any reward, no though it be to gain a whole world, to ſtay but for one houre in fire *Temporall*: And yet, if either gain at any time inviteth us, or if honour ſmileth upon us, or pleaſure allureth us, we never fear Hell and fire *Eternall*. But thou wilt ſay, I hope for better; God is mercifull, and his goodneſſe will not ſuffer me to deſpair, or to be terrified with the fear of evil to come. So indeed we are wont to ſpeak: And the words in themſelves are not impious, if our works were pious. But for the moſt part our works are ſuch, that if we rightly conſider them we have little cauſe to hope for mercy. It is a very dangerous and fooliſh part for a man to live in a conſtant courſe of ungodlineſſe, and to hope for *Eternitie* amongſt the bleſſed. Alas! one ſinne is ſufficient to condemne us. Knoweſt thou not what Chriſt hath threatned in the

Matth. 5. 22. Gospel? *Whosoever shall say unto his brother, Thou fool, shall be in danger of Hell fire.* Knowest thou not what Christ hath forbidden?

28. *Whosoever looketh upon a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.* Knowest thou not what

Matth. 7. 21. Christ hath premonished? *Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven: but he which doth the will of my Father which is in heaven.* Knowest thou not that Christ

Matth. 10. 37 38. shall shut many out of the gate? *He that loveth father or mother more then me, is not worthy of me: And he that taketh not his Crosse and followeth after me, is not worthy of me.* Knowest thou not what Christ hath openly and plainly

Matth. 20. 16 & 22. 14. said, and again repeated? *Many be called, but few chosen: Few* indeed, yea very *Few.* Knowest thou not how often Christ hath exhorted to amendment of life?

Matth. 18. 3. *Except ye be converted, and become as little Children, ye shall not enter into the kingdome of heaven.*

If

If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt and maimed, rather then having two hands or two feet, to be cast into everlasting fire. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. And not long after, *Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.* Knowest thou not, how expressely Saint *Paul* recites up all those things that hinder us from entring into that blessed *Eternitie*? *The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adulterie, fornication, uncleanesse, lasciviousnesse, idolatrie, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkennesse, and revellings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdome of God.* Now if any man be guiltie to himself of any one of these sinnes here reckoned

8. Luke 13. 3. 24 Gal. 5. 19, 20, 21.

koned up, and is not so grieved for it that he seeks by all means possible to avoid it for the time to come: He may sing to himself, if he will, this vain *Spero*, I hope, and I hope; but this mans hope is indeed none at all, but mere rashnesse and presumption. For a man to adventure the danger of stripes and blows, is an evil that may be born. To lose at play an hundred or a thousand Florens, is a great misfortune, but may be endured. To lay his head at stake, and to bring his life in danger, is a bad adventure: but at the worst it is but losse of life, and that losse is not of all other the greatest. But to hazard the *Eternall* salvation both of body and soul, by living at uncertainties, by hoping in words, and despairing in works, nullifying hope by a wicked and ungodly life: This is the extremest of all evils: This is the most grievous misfortune a man can fall into: This is most pernicious rashnesse and boldnesse: This is extreme folly and madnesse. *Now consider*

Psal. 30. 22.

this

this, ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you.

CHAP. III.

That the way of Eternitie *is diligently and carefully to be sought after.*

LEt every Christian man therefore often ask himself, and others also, which are in the place of God, this question, What shall I do that I may obtain blessed *Eternitie*, or *Eternall* blessednesse? Am I in the right way that leadeth unto *Eternitie*? Something I do indeed, but it is but very little and not worth speaking of. I thirst and breathe after the joyes which are immortall and *Eternall*: But few are my works, cold and imperfect at the best, and altogether unworthy of an *Eternall* reward. I think it long till I arrive at the haven: But I am afraid of the troublesome waves and tempests by the way: When

When as yet notwithſtanding that is the ſafeſt and beſt way unto hea-
ven, which is moſt rough and nar-
row. This the very Truth it ſelf
of Gods mouth pronounceth, and
Matth. 7. 13. Chriſt proclaimeth, ſaying, *Enter ye in at the ſtrait gate: For wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to deſtruction, and many there be* (Alack! too many)
14 *that go in thereat: Becauſe ſtrait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be* (Alack! too few) *that*
Luke 13. 24. *find it.* Again, *Strive to enter in at the ſtrait gate: For many, I ſay unto you, will ſeek to enter in, and ſhall not be able.* O
what a fearfull word is that,
MANY! and that, FEW!
How ſhould it make us tremble!
But we miſerable men deceive our
ſelves, raſhly promiſing unto our
ſelves *Eternitie*: And yet I can-
not tell whether we may be more
truly ſaid to hope or to dream
that we ſhall be reckoned amongſt
theſe few before mentioned.
would to God *now*, even *now*
whileſt

whilest it *is the accepted time* and *the day of salvation*, we would have a diligent and an intent eye upon *Eternitie*, and reason thus with our selves! Alas! what is all this that I suffer, or that I see others suffer? It is nothing if it be compared with *Eternitie*. What if I could reckon up as many labours and perils as Saint *Paul* himself did undergo, as they are by him set down in his second Epistle to the *Corinthians*, and the eleventh Chapter? If I should endure *hunger* and *thirst*, enmities and injuries, sickness and povertie? Yea more, what if I were *stoned* with Saint *Paul*, and *beaten with rods*? What If I *suffered shipwrack*? All these are nothing to punishments *Eternall*. Therefore in all adversitie I must thus think with my self, I shall *see an end of all*.

2. Cor. 6. 2.

2 Cor. 11. 27.

25

Psal. 119. 96.

The Prophet *Daniel* having reckoned up sundry calamities, at length addeth these words, *Even to the time of the end: because it is yet for a time appointed.* Come

Dan. 11. 35.

hither, Come hither, all ye that are in affliction, in sorrow, need, sickneſſe, or any other calamity. Why do ye drown your ſelves in your own tears? why do you make your life bitter unto you with impatience and complaining? Here is comfort for you, great comfort drawn from the time of that ſuffering. Are divers calamities upon you? Be not caſt down. Have a good courage: They ſhall continue onely *for a time*. Do ye ſuffer contumely and reproch? are ye wearied with injuries? are o her troubles multiplied upon you? Ceaſe to lament: All theſe ſhall laſt but *for a time*; they ſhall not laſt *for ever*; your ſighing ſhall have an end.

Tears may deſtill from your eyes *for a time*: But ſighs and grones ſhall not ariſe from your hearts *for ever*. The time is at hand, when you ſhall be delivered from all grief, and be tranſlated unto everlaſting happineſſe. This is moſt clear by that in Eccleſiaſticus, *A patient man will bear for*

Eccluſ. 2. 23.

a time, and afterward joy shall spring up unto him. But ye also which think your selves the onely happy men on earth, and the darlings of the world, know thus much, and be not proud, neither lift up your horn: All your seeming happinesse (for it is no more at the best) hath but short and narrow bounds and limits, and is quickly passed over. Your triumphing is but *for a time*: your golden dreams last but *for a time*: After a time, and that not long, Death will tommand you to put off Fortunes painted vizard, and stand amongst the croud: Then shall ye truly appear so much the more happy, by how much the more ye seemed to your selves before, in your own foolish imaginations, most happy. Therefore whether sorrow or joy, all is but *for a time* in this world. It is *Eternitie* alone which is not concluded within any bounds of time. Whether therefore the body suffer or the mind; whether we lose riches or honours; whether our patience be exercised by sorrow or

grief,

grief, cares or any other afflictions, inward or outward, all is but pained and momentanie, if we think upon *Eternall* punishments. For when fiftie thousand years shall be passed after the day of Judgement, there shall still remain fifty thousand Millions of years; and when those likewise are passed, there shall still remain more and more, and yet more Millions of years, and there shall never be an end. But who thinks upon these things? who weighs and considers them well with himself? Sometimes we seem to have savour of things *Eternall*: But we are tossed up and down with the motions and thoughts of things past, and things future: our heart wavereth, and is full of vanitie. Who will establish it, and set it in a sure place, that it may stand a while, and standing admire, and admiring be ravished with the splendour of *Eternitie*, which alwayes stands and never passeth away? Well did *Myrogenes*, when *Eustachius* Archbishop of *Jerusalem* sent gifts unto him,

August. lib. 11. conf. cap. 11.

He

He did very well, I say, in refusing them, and saying, Do but one thing for me, Onely pray for me, that I may be delivered from *Eternall* torment. Neither was *Tullie* out of the way when he said, No humane thing can seem great unto a wise man, who hath the knowledge of all *Eternitie*, and of the magnitude of the whole world. But *Francus*, the Authour of the order of the *Franciscans*, hath a saying farre better then that of *Tullie*; The pleasure that is here, saith he, is but short: but the punishment that shall be hereafter is infinite: The labour that is here is but small: but the glory which shall be hereafter is *Eternall*. Take your choice. Many are called, few chosen, but all rewarded according to their works. *Tull. Tusc. quæst. lib. 3.*

Let us hasten our Repentance therefore whilest we have time: It is better, saith *Guerricus*, to be purged by water then by fire, and it is farre easier: Now is the time of repentance: Let our timely Repentance therefore prevent punishment. *Guerr. Serm. 4 de Purif.*

ment. Whosoever is afraid of the hoar-frost, the snow shall fall upon him: He which feareth the lesser detriment shall suffer a greater. He which will not undergo the light burden of Repentance shall be forced to undergo the most heavy burden and most grievous punishments of Hell. S. *Gregory* hath a saying to this purpose; Some, saith he, whilest they are afraid of *Temporall* punishments, run themselves upon *Eternall* punishments. *Greg.*

Hither we may adde that of *Pacian*; Remember, saith he, that in hell there is no place for Confession of sinnes, no place for Repentance: for then it is too late to repent, and the time is past: Make haste therefore whilest you are in the way. We are afraid of *Temporall* fire, and the *Executioners* hands: But what are these to the claws of tormenting *Devils*, and the *Everlasting* fire of Hell? The Counsel of Saint *Ambrose* to a lapsed Virgin fits well in this place. *Pacian.* *Ambr. cap. 8. ad virg. lapsa.*

True Repentance, saith he, ought not to be in word onely, but

in deed; & this is true Repentance indeed, if thou ſetteſt before thine eyes, from what glory thou art fallen; and conſidereſt with thy ſelf, out of what book thy name is blotted; and believeſt, that now thou art near unto utter darkneſſe, where there is weeping and gnaſhing of teeth without end. And when thou art certainly perſwaded that thoſe things are true, as indeed they are, ſeeing that the ſoul that ſinneth is in danger of Hell-fire, and there is no means after Baptiſme, left to eſcape, but onely Repentance; be content to ſuffer any labour, and to undergo any affliction, to be freed from *Eternall* puniſhment. The diſeaſes of the body move the ſick man to purge his body: Let the diſeaſes of our ſouls move us alſo to take the purgation of Repentance: let the deſire of our ſalvation move us: let the fear of *Eternall* death and *Eternall* torment move us: let the hope of attaining *Eternall* life and *Eternall* glory move us: Let us embrace that which purgeth the ſoul, and let us

eſchew

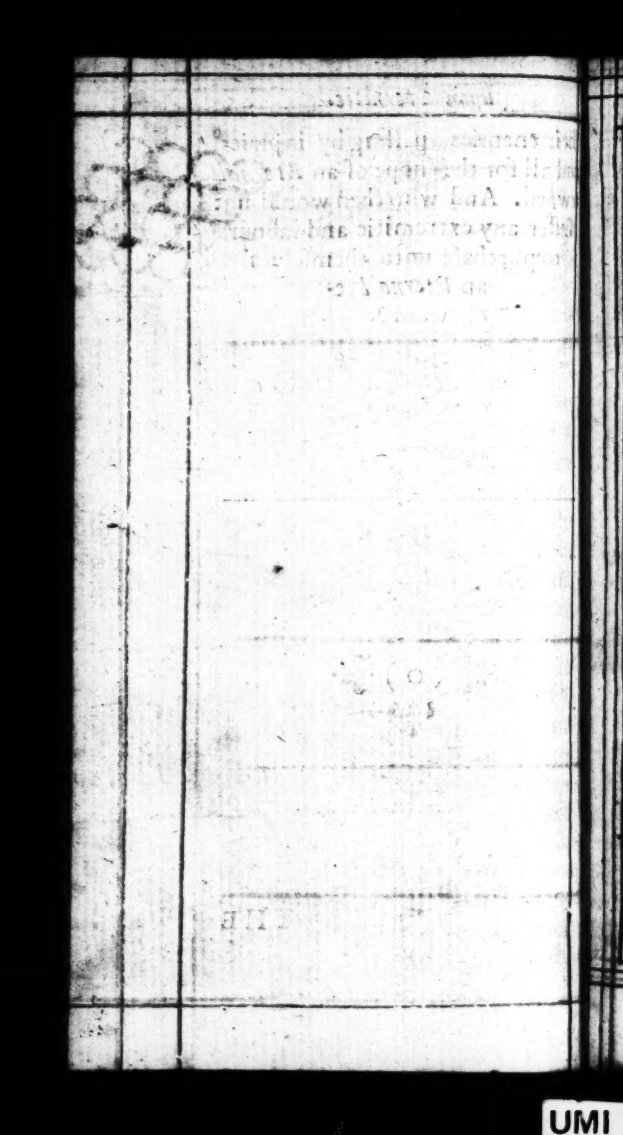
eschew that which polluteth it. And nothing defiles the soul more then a filthy bodie. Faithfull is this counsel of Saint *Ambrose*, and worthy of us to be embraced.

O Christ Iesus, grant unto us that we may so possesse things transitorie and *temporall*, that finally we lose not the things which are *Eternall*: and give us grace to walk in their steps, and to follow their good example, of whom S. *Augustine* speaketh; Many there are, saith he, that willingly come under the yoke, and of proud and haughtie men become humble and lowly, desiring to be what before they despised, and hating to be what before they were; passing by, like strangers, things present, and making hast with greedinesse after things to come. They part in their running towards their *Eternall* countrey, preferring Abstinence before Fulnesse, Watching before Sleep, and Poverty before Riches, accounting labour in the conquest of vices to be but pleasure, loving their

August.

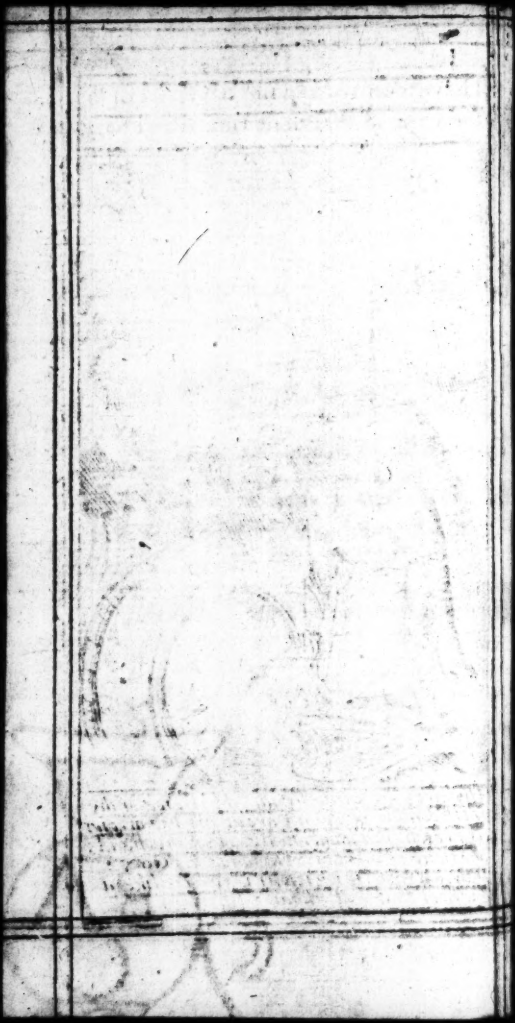
their enemies, passing by injuries, and all for the hope of an *Eternall* reward. And who then would not suffer any extremitie and labour to purchase unto themselves an *Eternall* reward?

THE



I have considered the dayes of old, the yeares of antient times. Ps: 76.5.

Thy arrow's raise by me, the voice of thy THUNDER is round about me The arrows of present punishments fly over my head; the voice of that herrible thunder. Go Ye curled into ETERNALL fire. is like a wheel that will alwaies turn.



The Fourth CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

How holy David meditated upon Eternitie, *and how we should imitate him.*

That God should punish the *Apostate Angels* and men condemned at the last day, with *Eternall* punishments, this hath seemed so strange to some and so incredible, that *Origen* himself, a man otherwise of an admirable wit, and excellent learning, very well skilled in Scripture, hath been so bold as to teach, That the Devils

and the Damned after a certain time, when they shall be sufficiently purged by the fire, from their sinnes, shall at length be restored to grace. But Saint *Augustine* and others convince him and condemne him of this his errour. Yet notwithstanding this errour hath found in the world many favourers. Certain Hereticks called the *Anitæ* have disseminated and scattered it throughout *Spain*, by divers their interpretations. Some thought that all the damned, others that Christians onely, others that Catholicks onely, others that those onely that had been more liberall then others in giving of almes should be delivered at length out of Hell. Though Saint *Augustine* hath not refuted these their errours, yet the holy writ hath done it plainly and openly. *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire:* and again, *And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternall.* Here no Glosses or Interpretations will serve

Lib. 21. De civitate Dei, cap. 23. &c.

Matth. 25. 41. 46.

serve their turn to defend their errours. Wherefore the Divine *Psalmist* king *David*, though he delighted much in the consideration of both times, that which was past, and that which was to come, yet he had an eye more especially to that which was to come. *Mine eyes*, saith he, *prevent the night-watches*: and again in another place, *Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak*. What was it, Blessed Prophet, that thus broke thy sleep? What businesse hadst thou to do so early, before daylight? What caused thee so to keep silence and to be troubled in mind? Heare what he saith: *I have considered the dayes of old, and the years of ancient times, and the years of Eternitie I have had in my mind*. Lo! This was the thing that broke his sleep, when he compared the years that were past with the years which were to come, and with *Eternitie*. Neither did he thus in the day onely, but, *I call to remembrance*, saith he, *my song*

Psal. 119. 148.

Psal. 77. 4.

Psal. 77. 5.

6.

in the night: I communed with mine own heart, and my spirit made diligent search. And what moved him to this nightly exercise? *Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will he be favourable no more? Is his mercy clean gone for ever?* See how he fears and trembles at the very consideration of *Eternitie*, how he is afraid of Gods judgements, lest God should punish him with *Eternall* punishment. And what is the end and effect of this Meditation? *And I said, this is mine infirmitie: But I will remember*, &c. or, *Now I will begin.* So in an instant, at the very same minute, he became better then he was, and delayed not, neither did he deferre his Repentance, and put it off till worse years. But, saith he, *Now I will begin*, now I will live a more godly life then I have done: He saith not, After such an houre, or after such a day, but, *Now, even now.* I, will some man say, if I were as *David* was, if I could meditate of *Eternitie* as blessed *David* did, it may be then

then I would readily and with alacritie say with *David*, *Now I will begin*: But I am so intangled with daily cares, so hindred with worldly businesse, so distracted into divers parts one way or other, that I cannot. I live amongst men; I see and heare much evil; I have no time or leisure once to have so good a thought in mind as the thought of *Eternitie*. When we meet together in company to make merry, amidst our sports and amongst our cups we never conferre about such grave points: our minds wander up and down about many things, and cannot then fix themselves upon the consideration of *Eternitie*. At our feasts and merry meetings we take our cups, and please our selves in making jests: Thoughts of *Eternitie* are too severe, too sad and Melancholick to be entertained by us; we banish such out of our company. We enquire, what news out of *Italie* or *France*, or *Spain*. That which you tell us of so often concerning Heaven and Hell, is now old, and grown stale.

We know it well enough already: what need you repeat it so often, till we loath it? So by this means there is no place or time left once to think upon *Eternitie*. O Christian brother, it is true indeed which thou sayest, I cannot deny it. But I could wish thou wouldest be as ready and forward to amend thy fault as to confesse it. It is too clear and manifest, we see it with our eyes, that there is little or no care in the world of *Eternitie*, although one thing or other every day still puts us in mind of it.

The Book of the rites and Ceremonies of the Church of Rome at the consecration of their Bishops doth appoint these words to be recited, *Annos Æternos in mente habe*; *Keep* still *in mind the years of Eternitie*; or, *Think upon Eternity*: For when the Pope new elect, in a solemn manner is carried along to S. *Peters Church*, there goes one before him, having in his hand burning flax, and shaking it he repeateth thrice these words, *Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi*:

Holy

Holy Father, so the glory of the world paßeth away. It were a devout and godly practice, if we did every day at the beginning and end of all our actions, say unto our selves these words, *Annos Æternos in mente habe; Think upon Eternitie:* But especially when we are tempted unto any sinne, when the Devil suggests and puts into our minds ill thoughts, and when our Conscience is in danger of being wounded, O then *Think upon Eternitie.*

CHAP. I.

Divers Admonitions to think upon Eternitie.

Philip King of *Macedon* appointed a certain noble young man to salute him thrice every morning after this manner, *Philippe, homo es:* Remember, *Philip, Thou art but a man.* That being put dayly in mind of his mortalitie, he might carry himself towards mortall men like a mortall man.

Much more ought every good Christian man, and true member of the Catholick Church be a monitour unto himself, and with due consideration thrice at the least every day say to himself, *Eternitie, Eternitie, Eternitie!* Why so? *Set thine house in order* (saith the Prophet to king *Hezekiah*) *For thou shalt die and not live.* There will come an evening for certain, after which thou shalt see no morning; or there will come a morning after which thou shalt see no evening. Have an especiall care therefore in all thy actions that thou woundest not thy Conscience: and trust not too farre to those things that perish, for fear lest thou thy self together with them dost likewise perish, and finally lose the things that are *Eternall.*

Isai. 38.1.

It is a custome in *Germanie*, and not to be disliked, in the evening when a Candle is first lighted, or brought into a room, To say, *Deus det nobis lucem Æternam*; *God grant unto us light Eternall*: We shall do well to imitate the

Germanes

Germanes in this custome: or rather it is already in use, and hath been long ago in many parts of this kingdome to say, *God grant us the light of heaven.* It is very good dayly to put us in mind of *Eternitie.*

There is likewise a kind of *Eternitie* in Slavery and Imprisonment, but infamous and horrible. It is a cruell punishment and worse then death it self in some mens judgement, to be condemned to perpetuall imprisonment, or to be a perpetuall Gally-slave.

Those which are oppressed with sickness or other sorrows, do likewise imagine with themselves, that even in their sufferings there is a kind of *Eternitie.* Whence it comes to passe that we often heare them utter such distempered speeches as these, *Will this last always? Shall I still without end ly nailed fast to my bed? Shall I suffer these pains and sorrows perpetually? Shall I always be thus vexed and tormented?* Alack! these *Eternities* are but short, and soon come to an

end. But if it be so grievous to flesh and bloud to endure slavery or imprisonment here on earth, though but for a moment (for our life is no longer, according to *Davids* measure, but a span, which is very short.) What care and diligence, and what circumspection ought we to use, that we be not cast into the prison of hell, and into the fathomlesse pit, where there is slaverie and imprisonment, pain and torment, to be endured throughout all ages, beyond all times, even to all *Eternitie!*

CHAP. II.

That Eternitie transcends all numbers of Arithmetick.

THere is a very common and well known Arithmetick, which children are taught when they first go to School: and this is it. Suppose there were a mountain of very fine sand as big as the whole earth, or rather much bigger:

ger: Then ſuppoſe that every yeare an Angel ſhould take from this mountain one, and but one grain of ſand: How many thouſand, and thouſand, and again I ſay thouſand; yea how many hundred thouſand; and yet more, how many thouſand millions of years muſt there needs paſſe, before it can be perceived that the mountain is grown leſſe, or any whit diminiſhed! Let a man that is skilfull in Arithmetick ſit down, and begin to caſt, How many years muſt paſſe before the mountain, or half the mountain be removed by the Angel. Certainly we cannot conceive that ever he ſhall be able to caſt up the totall number of the ſand. But herein are we miſtaken; for although we cannot conceive it poſſible to be done, yet it may be done. But *Eternitie* exceeds this number of years beyond all compariſon; it is moſt certain: For *between a thing finite and a thing infinite there is no compariſon, no proportion*: *Eternitie* hath no limits, no terms,

no

no bounds, none at all. But suppose the damned should burn in Hell no longer, then till the mountain by grain after grain, yeare after yeare, should by the Angel be quite removed: yet what an incomprehensible number of years must first passe, before they can expect to see the day of deliverance! But (alas!) there is no such day to be expected; their torments shall have no end: After that incompsehensible number of years, it shall be truly said, Now beginneth their *Eternitie*, their *Eternitie* is not in any part expired, they are as farre from the end of their torments as they were at the beginning. After a thousand years, yea after a hundredth thousand years there shall not be an end, or middle, or beginning of *Eternitie*: For the measure of *Eternitie* is *Alwayes*. The same Art of Arithmetick about the businesse of *Eternitie*, a late Divine teacheth, in words somewhat different, but in meaning all one with the former. I therefore adde

adde it, becauſe a man can never ſufficiently think or ſpeak of it. Conſider, ſaith he, what is the length of *Eternitie*. How long ſhall God and his Saints reigne? How long ſhall the damned burn in Hell? *For ever*. How long is that? Imagine an hundred thouſand years. Alas! That is nothing in reſpect of *Eternitie*. Imagine ten hundred thouſand years, yea ſo many ages: Yet that is nothing. *Eternitie* is ſtill as long as it was. Imagine a thouſand millions of years. And yet that is nothing. *Eternitie* is not a whit ſhortened. Imagine yet more, 1000000000000000000000000000000, a thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand, thouſand Millions of years. Imagine, I ſay, the damned ſhould burn in Hell ſo many years, and yet thou haſt not found the very beginning of *Eternitie*. Imagine once more ſo many millions of millions of years as there are drops in the Sea, and yet thou art not come to the beginning of *Eternitie*.

Cornelius de Lapide in cap. 5. Exod. ver. 18.

Eternitie. Such for continuance is the *Eternitie* of joy into which the blessed shall enter, and the *Eternitie* of torments which the damned shall suffer. O Jesus spare us, spare us O Jesus, O Jesus save us; Have mercie upon us; O good Jesus, and suffer us not to be plunged headlong into the bottomlesse pit, to be tormented with the damned for all *Eternitie.*

But yet if God would but say unto the damned, Let the earth be covered with most fine sand, and let the world be filled therewith, and let it be heaped up so high as heaven, and then let an Angel come once in every thousand years, and take one grain of sand out of this heap; When after so many thousand years as there be grains of sand, the Angel shall have removed the whole heap, then will I deliver you out of Hell: Oh how would the damned exult and rejoyce, and not think themselves damned! But (alas) after so many thousands of years, there remain yet more, and more, and infinite more,

more, to all *Eternitie*, even for ever and ever. This is that heavy weight that ſo preſſeth the damned. Let every one therefore that ſinneth conſider with himſelf, and again, I ſay, let him conſider, that unleſſe he repent, he ſhall be preſſed and grone under this heavie weight of *Eternitie*.

Guilielmus Peraldus Biſhop of Lions, a very religious and learned man, hath another manner of reckoning, meditating upon the innumerable number of years, throughout which the damned ſhall be tormented. If the damned, ſaith he, ſhould every day diſtill from their eyes but one ſmall tear, and thoſe tears ſhould be added together day after day, they would at length farre exceed the drops of the Ocean: for they have their number and meaſure; and it is eaſie with God to ſay, So many are the drops of the Ocean and no more. But the tears of the damned exceed all number and meaſure. Alas! Alas! How little do we think upon theſe things! How freely and wilfully do we ſinne, and

make

make our selves guilty of *Eternall* punishment, and that oftentimes for a very little short and filthy pleasure!

Yet there remains one way more of casting up this numberlesse number of years: Suppose there were a scedule of Parchment a span broad, but so long that it would begirt and incircle the whole Globe of the earth: And suppose it were written all over very close with figures of 9. from one end to another: who so skilfull an Arithmetician, that can tell the number thereof? What mountain so great, that consisteth of so many grains of dust or sand? What Ocean so vast, that containeth within it so many drops of water? And yet this is nothing to *Eternitie*; it stretcheth it self further then so; it knows no bounds; it is extended beyond all measure. But how farre is it extended? It is extended infinitely and without end. If thy heart (O Christian man) be not turned into a stone, it cannot but melt at the consideration of these

these things, and the very thought of the bottomlesse pit and *Eternall* punishment will make thee fear and tremble. If there be any sense in thee, here it will shew it self. But, as I said before, too few think upon these things; and too many live so secure of their salvation, as if there were no Heaven, no God, no Hell, no *Eternitie*. Every day they heap sinne upon sinne, as if they laboured and studied to make their last day to exceed the former, for the measure and number of their sinnes: And so they passe unto *Eternitie* sporting and playing, as if they went to prison but for a few weeks or dayes. Such men as these, saith Saint *Gregorie*, when they should be mourning for their sinnes, they are dancing for their pleasure; and when they should be seriously meditating upon death, they runne laughing unto execution. This is blindnesse indeed, this is oblivious madnesse. For this short life, which is but the shadow of *Eternitie*, we labour beyond all measure; but for the life which is

is *Eternall* and most happy, we scarce take any pains at all: And yet the not obtaining of this life is the incurring of *Eternall* death, which as it is a torment more grievous then all the torments of this life, so in this it is most grievous, that there is no rest or mitigation of pain, no not for one short houre in the infinite space of all *Eternitie*.

CHAP. III.

What effect and fruit the consideration of Eternitie bringeth forth.

AND this is it that hath made so many good Christians, and so many holy *Martyrs* so prompt and ready to suffer any torments, and any kind of death, that even in their greatest pains, when they lay wallowing in their own bloud, they were most stout and couragious, and with a constant look and chearfull countenance insulted over their

their Tormentours: *They had the years of Eternitie in mind.* This is it that hath made the world ſeem diſtaſtfull and unpleaſant unto many, inſomuch that they have taken their leave of all pleaſures, and embraced and entertained a ſevere and ſtrict courſe of life, giving themſelves wholly to reading, meditation, and prayer, and ſuch holy duties, minding heaven, and heavenly things. *They had the years of Eternitie in mind.* The thought of *Eternitie* will make all things in this life ſeem eaſie and pleaſant, though to fleſh and bloud they ſeem moſt grievous and unpleaſant. It makes all labours ſeem light and very ſhort. Prayer, ſtudy, watching, and ſuch like holy duties it commends unto us, and makes them ſeem amiable. It ſeaſons and ſweetens hunger and thirſt. It mitigates the ſenſe of pinching poverty. It makes all manner of croſſes in this life not onely tolerable, but alſo gratefull and comfortable. Whoſoever hath the years of *Eternitie* in mind, and

and imprints them within, deeper and deeper by dayly meditation, shunneth no labour, neither is daunted with any losses. Offer him a kingdome, offer him all the delights and pleasures in the world, and he will not change his poore estate and condition for them. Such a man as this is never complaining, he endures all things, he submits himself to all. For thus he thinks with himself, What a small thing is this or that, that or this, and of how short continuance! I will therefore endure it patiently; it will not last alwayes. It is but for an houre, and that a very short one, that mine enemies here oppresse me. Well, go to ye detractours; bite me still, if ye will, ye envious; I will not run from you. This is your houre and the power of darknesse: but I expect the day of the Lord, and the day of *Eternitie*; and why should I afflict and torment my self with sorrow and lamentation? All this life is but a death of one houre: The victorie is not difficult; but the triumph is

Eternall

Eternall. Why ſhould I be afraid of the raging waves of this troubleſome world? I have ſight of the haven already. Now it rains and thunders upon the heads of the good and godly; but the ſtorm will ſhortly blow over. But upon his enemies God ſhall alwayes rain fire and brimſtone, ſtorm and tempeſt: this ſhall be their portion to drink. *And many of them that ſleep in the duſt of the earth* (ſo propheſieth *Daniel*) *ſhall awake; ſome to everlaſting life, and ſome to ſhame and everlaſting contempt.* Dan. 12. 2. In the old Law God commanded *Moſes*, ſaying, *Make thee two trumpets of ſilver, of an whole piece ſhalt thou make them. If they blow but with one trumpet, then the Princes which are heads of the thouſands of Iſrael, ſhall gather themſelves unto thee. When ye blow an alarm, then the camp ſhall go forward.* Unto theſe two trumpets we may compare theſe two words, NOW and ALWAYES. This is the law of the world; NOW let us be merry; Num. 10. 2. 4. 5.

now

now let us rejoyce: *now* let us enjoy our goods, whilst we have them: come, let us *now* crown our selves with Roses, before they be withered; *now* let us leave in every place the signes and footsteps of our joy. They that attend onely to the sound of this Trumpet, they that have ears to heare nothing but this NOW, they live for the most part so, as if there were no ALWAYES for to follow. Therefore they do not remove the campe amidst their pleasures they wilfully forget that they are here but Pilgrims and strangers: whithersoever the wanton flesh inviteth them, they go with greedinesse: they are busied altogether in heaping up riches and following pleasures: And the sound of this NOW doth so obtund and dull their ears, that they are deaf to all good counsels and precepts; and they will not so much as lend an eare to that ALWAYES which shall follow. But they which open their ears to heare, and their hearts to understand, when the Church soundeth

soundeth both Trumpets (as it often doth) and thereupon seriously consider with themselves, and compare together this short NOW with that infinite and everlasting ALWAYES, they will use no delay, but presently remove the camp: they live here as Pilgrims and strangers; they have their loyns girt; they remember that they are in a journey; they send their riches and pleasures before them into their Countrey which is above; they choose rather to enjoy them ALWAYES in Heaven, then NOW for a short time upon earth. Certain it is, whosoever heareth attentively, and mindeth seriously the Alarm of these Trumpets, and thereupon compareth together things present with things future, and things transitorie with things *Eternall*, he will presently make himself ready to depart, he will prepare himself a place of buriall, he will lay out his winding-sheet, he will send for his biere, and furnish himself with all things necessary for his journey, remembring

bring ſtill in every place that he is passing on the way to *Eternitie*, and conferring with himſelf every day after this manner. How ſhall I be able to give account unto God for all my thoughts, words and deeds? and, When ſhall I give up my account? and, What ſentence will he paſſe upon me? NOW therefore will I die unto my ſelf, that I may ALWAYES live unto my ſelf and unto God. Well is it with that man, which timely and dayly thus thinketh upon *Eternitie*. Whatſoever we do, we are paſſing on our way, and we do not know how ſhort it is, unto the gate which leadeth to *Eternitie*. At the laſt houre of our life death ſhall bring us unto this gate, and compell us to enter. Let us therefore ſo live as if we were alwayes expecting death, that if it ſhall pleaſe God at any time to viſit us with ſickneſſe, the forerunner of death, we may entertain it cheerfully, and bear it patiently, lifting up our eyes unto Chriſt hanging upon the Croſſe, the true and perfect

& pattern of Patience, and when the time of our diſſolution draweth near, praying thus: Lord Jeſu ſtand by me and comfort me, Lord Jeſu be preſent with thy ſervant that putteth his truſt in thee, Lord Jeſu make me partaker of thy victory, Lord Jeſu receive my ſpirit, and leade me through the darkſome valley and ſhadow of death, leade me and forſake me not untill thou haſt brought my ſoul into the land of the living, O thou moſt potent conquerour of death, O thou which art my light, life and ſalvation.

UMI

ood Master, what good thing shall
doe that I may have ETERNALL
fe? Matth: 19. 16.

easier for a camel to go through
eye of a needle, then for a rich
to enter into the Kingdome of God.
love of riches & of ETERNITIE,
have residence in one heart.

THE FIFTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

How others, even wicked men themselves, have meditated upon Eternitie.

THe old historie of the Fathers telleth us of a religious man, that reading upon the nineteenth Psalme came at length, having not thought of it, to these words, *For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday, when it is past*, and here stuck; For he could not conceive a reason, why a thousand years and one day should be compared together. Whereupon they say there was a little bird sent by God, which so

ravisht the man with her sweet singing, that though he heard her sing a very great while together, yet he thought the time very short, scarce a short houre long. *The wind bloweth where it listeth.* Not good men onely have with holy *David* meditated upon *Eternitie*, but even wicked men also, and those oftentimes against their will.

John 3. 8.

Benedictus Renanus reports of a vain and ungodly fellow, a very Epicure & mere worldling, which never used to fast or watch, one that could not endure the want of any thing, but especially sleep: Upon a certain night, it seemeth, this fellow could not sleep as he was wont, being much troubled with unusuall dreames: so he turned himself upon his bed from one side to another, and could not by any meanes get any rest, then he wished it were day. But here the wind of the Lord began to blow, though it were in a strange land: for good thoughts were very rare in this man. Being weary with wasting, and finding no ease or rest at all,

all, thus he began to think with himself: Would any be hired upon any condition to lie thus two or three years together, in darknesse, without the company of friends, though his sickneſſe were not very grievous? Would he be content to want his sports and playes so long? Would he be content to be bound to his bed, though it were a feather-bed, or a bed of down, and never stirre abroad to see any sights or shews, or make merry with his friends? I think no man would. And shall I alone amongst all men enjoy rest and pleasure by an especiall priviledge, and have no sense of grief and sorrow? Surely no. Will I, nill I, needs I must sometime or other lie down upon the bed of sickneſſe, unlesse I be suddenly taken away by death, which God forbid. *This was a good wind, these were good cogitations.* But what bed shall I have next; when death shall thrust me out of this? My body must rot under earth: For this is the condition of all men after death.

But what shall become of my soul in another world? Surely all men do not go to the same place after death. Do not some go one way, and some another? Is there not an Hell as well as an Heaven? Wo and alas! What kind of bed shall the damned find in Hell? How many years shall they lie there? In what year after their first entrance shall the flames cease and be put out? Assuredly Christ doth not onely in word threaten to cast the wicked into everlasting fire, but will also cast them in indeed. This thing is certain and very manifest. Therefore the damned shall burn in Hell for ever. Therefore a thousand, and a thousand, and again I say a thousand years will not suffice to purge away the sinnes of this short life. Therefore they shall never see the Sunne any more, nor Heaven, nor God, being most miserable *Eternally* and without end. With such thoughts as these this man became so vigilant and watchfull, and proceeded so farre, that night and day he could not

could not be at rest, but *Eternitie* did still runne in his mind. Fain indeed he would have shaken off the thoughts thereof, as gnawing worms; but he could not. Therefore he followed sports and pastimes, went to merry meetings, sought out companions like himself, and sate oftentimes so long at his cups, that he laid his conscience asleep, and so seemed to take some rest: But when he came again unto himself, his conscience being awakened did presently accuse him, and suggest unto him afresh sorrowfull thoughts of *Eternitie*. Thus finding no rest, he resolved at length to amend his manners, and to betake himself to a better course of life. And thus he began to reason with himself, Miserable man that I am, what do I here? I so enjoy the world, that indeed I enjoy it not; I suffer many things I would not; I want many things which I fain would have; I serve like a slave; but who will pay me my wages; I see well enough how the world

rewardeth those that love it, and do all their lives nothing else but serve it. But suppose I had the fruition of all the delights and pleasures in the world that my heart could wish: what certaintie can I have, how long they shall last? I am not certain whether I shall live till to morrow or no: Dayly Funerals sufficiently prove this. Oh *Eternitie*, if thou were not! Oh *Eternitie*, If thy place be not in Heaven, though it be on a soft down bed, thou canst not but be bitter and unpleasant. It is true indeed, it is a hard matter to withdraw our selves away from those things, wherennto we are accustomed, whether it be feasting, or drinking, or company-keeping, or such like: But whilest we delay and deferre the time, death may prevent us, and take us away from all these. Why then dost thou delay! Why dost thou not impose an honest and happy necessitie upon thy self? Why dost thou not resolve thus presently with thy

thy self? Well, I will be another man then I have been, if it please God I live. This life lasteth not long; but *Eternitie* endureth for ever. I must walk now in a new way; I am resolved upon it; And *Now* I begin. Where art thou blessed *Eternitie*? I am seeking for thee; I am travelling towards thee.

To conclude, he did as he said, he took his leave of the world, he changed the course of his life, and so lived and died an honest and godly man.

Oh *Eternitie*, How few are they that think thus seriously upon thee! But certainly there are very few, scarce any that weigh and consider well with themselves, what thou art, and so continue and persist in that consideration. We seek earnestly after all other things: onely *Eternitie* seemeth vile unto us, and not worth the looking after. Our thoughts runne after riches; and yet the possession of them is very uncertain; we know not how soon

they shall forsake us, or we them. We are ambitious after honours: and yet they are slippery, and soon slide away from us. We are in love with pleasures: and yet they have sorrow and bitternesse in their latter end. We desire rest: but it is of no long continuance. We knit the knot of friendship with others: but it is such as death shall quickly dissolve. We are never well but when we are conversing with others: but our conversation is never in Heaven, where it should be. We seek for abundance: but it is there, where it will soon fail. But surely if we did more often and seriously think upon *Eternitie*, we should not have such a fervent desire after things of so short continuance. I call Saint *Bernard* to witnesse, who saith thus, *He that longeth after things Eternall, cannot but loath things transitorie.* *Bernard.*

There are that have often in their mouthes I know not what *Eternitie*, that will promise and swear and make good resolutions of

of amendment, and say thus; As long as I live, I will beware of such a place, or such a place, where I have formerly been tempted to sinne: I will never come near such a man, or such a woman, or such a one that was my companion in evil, I will never come near him as long as I live. As long as I live, I will never go to such and such meetings, where there useth to be gluttony and drunkennesse, dancing, chambering and wantonnesse, and such like. It shall suffice me that I have been there once, and again, and perhaps ofiner; that I have done as the company did, that I have sinned with such and such. These are good resolutions: In this I commend thee, O man; Because sinne is to be feared, thou dost well in purposing to avoid the occasion of sinning: and I could wish thou wert as religious in observing what thou hast promised, as thou art ready to promise, But (alas!) after a day or two, yea an houre or two, too forgetfull of thy promise and good resolution, thou dost

again

again the very same thing which lately thou didst detest, abhorre and forswear. Therefore before thou makest a vow to promise unto God it is good to use due consideration and foresight; and when thou hast made a vow or promise unto God, it is necessary to use after-care and Christian fortitude in performance. Thou must promise nothing rashly and unadvisedly unto God: But what thou hast promised thou must religiously and constantly keep and observe. How severe God is in punishing such as break their vowes and promises, we are sufficiently taught by the wofull experience and lamentable example of others.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The comparison of mans labours and the spiders, one with another.

THere is another *Eternitie*, and that the worst of all, which those men promise to themselves, which will needs erect up unto themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. *Wherefore heare the word of the Lord, ye scornfull men*, saith the Prophet *Isaiah*; *Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell we are at agreement.* O ye mad men! How vain, and none at all, is this your *Eternitie*! There is nothing permanent and perpetuall in this prison. Elegantly doth the Kingly Prophet declare this; *We spend our years*, saith he, *as a tale that is told, &c. We spend our years in musing, like the Spider*, (for so some reade it) He could not have declared it better, and in fewer words. For what are

Isai. 28. 14. 15.

Psal. 90. 9.

are all our years but a continuall musing, and wearisome exercise? All the time of our life is consumed & wasted away with vain labours, many sorrows, sundry fears, often suspicious, and innumerable troubles: Even as the Spider spendeth her self in the weaving of her web. Our labours are continuall, linked one unto another; our sighs and groans continuall, partly in the persuing of our profits and pleasures, and partly in the removing and eschewing those things which we count evil. We do many things, we undertake many labours, troublesome and grievous to be born, and mean while (alas! such is our folly) we perceive not that we do but weave the Spiders web, taking a great deal of pains, with little successe, to no end or purpose. *We spend our years in musing like the Spider.* It is a great deal of pains and care that the Spider taketh in weaving of her web, she runneth much and often up and down, she fetcheth a compasse this way

and

and that way, and returneth often to the same point, she spendeth her self in a multitude of fine-spun threeds, to make her self a round Cabinet; she exenterateth her self, and worketh out her own bowells, to make an artificiall and curious piece of work, which when it is made, is apt to be blown away with every puff of wind; she hangeth it up aloft, she fasteneth it to the roof of the house, she strengthened it with many a threed, wheeling often round about, not sparing her own bowels, but spending them willingly upon her work. And when she hath done all this, spunne her fine threeds, weaved them one within another, wrought her self a fine Canopie, hanged it aloft, and thinketh all is sure; on a sudden in the twinkling of an eye, with a light sweep of a beesome all falleth to the ground, and so her labour perisheth. But here is not all: Poore Spider! she is either killed in her own web, or else she is taken in her own snare, haled to death and

and trod under foot. Thus the silly *Animal* may be truly said, either to weave her own winding-sheet, or to make a snare to hang herself. Just so do many men, like the Spider, waste and consume themselves, to get preferment, to enjoy pleasures, to gather riches, to keep them, and to increase them. In such projects they spend all their wit, and oftentimes the healths of their bodies, running up and down, labouring and sweating, carking and caring, wearying themselves, and weakning their bodies, even as the Spider doth by spinning out of her own bowels. And when they have done all this, they have but weaved the Spiders web to catch flies. Yea, oftentimes they are caught in their own nets, they are instruments of their own mischief: The dayes of mirth which they promise unto themselves, prove oftentimes the dayes of mourning: That which they call their palace, becometh their burying place. So *we spend our years*

years in musing like the Spider, I say in musing, for the most part: For we often purpose to do many things, and do them not. And what we do, most an end were better undone. Those things which we pursue with such greedinesse, for the most part flie from us; and those things which we contend for with such earnestnesse, we seldome attain to. But suppose we did, (Alas!) they have no perpetuitie. So *the covenant with death shall be disannulled, and the agreement with hell shall not stand.* We all consume away and die: and which is worst of all, we blindly rush headlong into *Eternitie* from whence there is no return. Isai. 28. 18.

Guerricus hearing these words read in the Church out of the book of *Genesis*, *And all the dayes that Adam lived, were nine hundred and thirtie years: And he died. And all the dayes of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; And he died. And all the dayes of Enos were nine hundred and five years; And he died.* Gen. 5. 5. 8. 11.

27. *died. And all the dayes of Methuselah were nine hundred sixtie and nine years: And he died, &c.* Hearing, I say, these words read, the very conceit of death wrought so strongly upon him, and made so deep an impression in his mind, that he retired himself from the world, and gave himself wholly to his devotions, that so he might die the death of the godly, and arrive more safely at the haven of *Eternall* felicitie, which is no where to be found in this world.

CHAP. II.

What is the best question in the world.

Matth. 19. 16. SAint *Matthew* telleth us of a young man that came unto Christ, and propounded a question unto him. And Saint *Mark* describeth the manner of his coming to our Saviour, and his good carriage. Mark 10. 17. For, saith he, *There came one running*

running and kneeled to him, and asked him, *Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit Eternall life?* And our Saviours answer was, *Thou knowest the Commandments: If thou wilt enter into life, keep the Commandments.* At *Philippi a Citie of Macedonia, the keeper of the prison came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas,* and moved this question unto them, *Sirs, what must I do to be saved?* This was a very good question; A better and more profitable could not be moved. But, O good God, where is this question now in the world? The world is full of other questions: but this is scarce any where to be heard. Most men do now adayes betray themselves by their own questions, and bring to light, and so make others witnesses of their simplicity, or curiosity, or some such hidden disease of mind. He which maketh diligent search and enquiry where the best wine is to be sold, doth sufficiently declare what he loves best, and where his chiefest care is. Another asketh

19. Matth. 19. 17. Acts 16. 12, 27.

29.

30.

such

such questions as a modest man would blush to heare: And this man shews that his heare is full, and that out of the abundance thereof his mouth speaketh. All mens mouths in all places are full of questions such as these are: But it is a rare thing to heare one man ask another this question, Do you think this is the way to heaven? It is a fault common to every vicious man, but more proper to the libidinous and lustfull, the luxurious and riotous man, though he be plunged into the deep, and begins to sink and to be overwhelmed, yet seldome or never to enter into a serious consideration with himself, and with a sincere mind ask himself this question, Shall I ever think to obtain *Eternall* felicitie by this course of life? It is the way to heaven? But of all men those especially least think upon such questions as these, those I say, that live a soft life, fare deliciously and wallow in pleasures, that feel little or no sorrow and affliction, or if they do at any time feel never so little, labour what they

can

can to be senselesse of it. To suffer, they count the greatest of all evils. If it goes well with them, they care not how it fares with others. If it be well with them for the present, they take no care what shall follow after. They never once think upon *Eternitie*. This is their dayly duty. *The heaven of heavens is the Lords, but the earth he hath given to the sonnes of men.* They want neither strength of body or mind, by which to escape the hands of men; but God hath long hands, he shall surely find them out; they must appear before him who is the Judge of all the world; they cannot escape his judgement; they shall surely suffer *Eternall* punishments for their wickednesse and their offences. But if God in his secret judgement casteth away any man as a reprobate, and suffereth him to live after his own lust and pleasure, He giveth him his portion of prosperity and felicitie in this life, he spareth him here, that he may punish him hereafter. And if at any time he doth any thing that is good, he

presently

presently receiveth his reward. Of such unhappy happy men the kingly Prophet saith thus, *They are not in trouble as other men: neither are they plagued like other men.* Psal. 73. 5. They go *a whoring with their own inventions.* Psal. 106. 39. And this is a most miserable state and condition of life, if there be any. For whom God hath predestinated to bring into the way of *Eternall* happinesse, he spareth him not here in this life, but scourgeth him dayly. I might bring infinite examples to prove this: I will name but one; but the like, I think, hath not been seen or heard of in many ages.

CHAP. III.

How God punisheth here, that he may spare hereafter. A strange example, the like hath scarce at any time been heard of.

IN the yeare of our Lord one thousand one hundred eighty five

five *Andronicus* Emperour of the East being overcome and taken prisoner by *Isaac Angelo*, had two heavy iron chains put about his neck, was laden with fetters and shackles, and was most barbarously and despitefully used, and at length in this manner was brought before the forenamed *Isaac*. Before whom complaining of his hard usage, he was delivered over to the multitude to be abused at their pleasure. They being set on fire with anger, thought it a fine thing to be revenged of their enemy: And thus they used him. They buffeted him, they bastinadoed him, they pulled him by the beard, they twitcht his hair from his head, they dasht out his teeth, they dragged him in publick, they made him a laughing-stock, they suffered women to beat him with their fists. Then they cut off his right hand, and being thus maimed, they thrust him into the dungeon of theeves and robbers, without either meat or drink or any other thing that was necessary, or any one to look after him. After a few dayes

they

they put out one of his eyes, and being thus shamefully mangled, having one eye put out, and one hand cut off, they put upon him a very sorry short coat, shaved his head, set him upon a scabbed Camel with his face towards the tail, put upon his head a Crown of Garlick, made him hold in his hand the Camels tail in stead of a Scepter, & so they carried him through the market-place very leisurely, with great pomp and triumph. And here the most impudent, base, and vile among the people like savages after an inhumane sort fell upon him, nothing at all considering that not past three dayes before he was no less then an Emperour, crowned with a royall Diadem, commended, worshipped, honoured, yea and adored of all men. Nothing at all regarding the oath of Allegeance, they raged and were mad upon him, and their rage and madnesse stirred every man with instruments of mischief against him. Some struck him on the head with clubs, others filled his mouth with dirt, others

ſponges upon his face firſt ſoaked in the excrements of man and beaſt, others runne him into the ſides with ſpits. Some threw ſtones, others threw dirt at him: ſome called him mad dog, others called him fool and blockhead. An impudent woman running out of a kitchin with a kettle of ſcalding water in her hand, poured it upon his head as he paſſed by: There was none which did not ſome miſchief or other to him. At length they brought him to the Theatre to make him a laughing-ſtock, took him down from the Camel, and hanged him up by the heels between two pillars. Thus poore Emperour having ſuffered a thouſand indignities, yet bore them patiently, carrying himſelf like a man, and a true Chriſtian Champion. He was never heard all the while to lament, or crie out of his hard fortune; for it had been to no purpoſe. He was all the while caſting up his account, which he was to make unto God, and begging pardon for his ſinnes. He was heard to ſay nothing but

onely this, and this he said often, *Domine miserere*, *Domine miserere*, Lord have mercy, Lord have mercy.

Unhappy *Andronicus* which was compelled to suffer such things! But happy in this that thou didst suffer them so patiently, as being the just reward of sinne!

When he was hanged up, one would have thought their malice should have ceased: but they spared him not then, as long as he lived: For they rent his coat from his body, and tossed him up and down with their hands, tearing him in pieces with their nails. One more cruell then the rest run his sword through his belly and guts as he was hanging. Two others, to trie whose sword was sharpest, thrust him through the back, leaning upon their swords with both their hands. Here the most miserable unhappy Emperour with much ado lifted up his maimed hand to his mouth, to suck out the bloud, as some thought, from the fresh and bleeding wound, and so ended his life miserably. After some few dayes

dayes he was taken down from the gibbet, and thrown under one of the arches of the Theatre like a beast, till some that had more humanitie in them then the rest, removed him; but yet notwithstanding he was not suffered to be buried. Oh *Andronicus!* Oh thou Emperour of the East! How much wast thou bound unto God, whose will it was that for a few dayes thou shouldst suffer such things, that thou mightest not perish for ever! Thou wast miserable for a short time, that thou mightest not be miserable for all *Eternitie*. I make no doubt but thou hadst the years of *Eternitie* in mind, seeing that thou didst suffer such things so constantly and couragiously.

Nicetas Choniates is mine Authour, from whom I borrowed this lamentable historie; and he lived about the same time, when this happened.

Let us Christians keep alwayes in mind the years of *Eternitie*. So whatsoever adversitie or affliction happeneth, we shall more easily

bear it. Every thing is short, if we compare it with *Eternitie*. *For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a farre more exceeding, and Eternall weight of glory.* Hereupon S. *Augustine* cryeth out and prayeth so earnestly, *Domine, hic ure hic seca, modò in æternum parcas; Lord, fear me here, launce me here, so thou spareſt me hereafter.* And *Fulgentius*, though a most holy man, drawing neare unto his death, threescore and ten dayes before he died was often heard to cry out, *Domine, da mihi modò patientiam, & postea indulgentiam; Lord grant me patience here, and ease hereafter.* These were his words and prayers even to the last gasp. Certain it is, God spareth them least of all, whom he determineth to take unto himself, to dwell with him throughout all *Eternitie*.

2. Cor. 4. 17.

August.

Fulgentius.

THE

We have a building of God, an house not made with hands, ETERNALL in the heavens! 2. Cor. 5. 1.

Let none wonder at my habitation, I have here a most large palace, when I thinke upon the everlasting prisons of hell and the ETERNALL MANSIONS of heaven.

THE SIXTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

How the Holy Scripture in many places teacheth us to meditate upon Eternitie.

THe kingly Prophet, speaking of the wicked, saith that they *walk on every side*, or *in a circuit*. This is their manner of life: They go from feast to feast, from delights to delights, from wickedneſſe to wickedneſſe. This is their *Circuit*. And when they think they have almoſt finiſhed their *Circuit* of wickedneſſe, and gone over the round of their luſt, they begin again, returning ſtill to their former courſe, till

Pſal. 11. 8.

till death stealeth upon them before they be aware.

The children of *Job* made this law amongst themselves, to feast one another round, every one in his course. The good man their father observed and knew very well, that this their feasting round could not be without sinne: And therefore he *sent, and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all.* As therefore the wicked delight and rejoyce in going the circuit of their pleasure: So God shall appoint them a *circuit* to go; but it shall be a *circuit* of torments, and that perpetuall and *Eternall*. Blessed *David* foresaw this likewise: For saith he, *Thine arrows went abroad: The voice of thy thunder was heard in the Heaven*, or, *round about*. Famine, Warre, Pestilence, Sorrows, Diseases, Calamities, Death it self, and all adversities whatsoever happen before the first death, are the Arrows of the Lord; but they flie over: they have

Job 1.5.

Psal. 77. 17. 18.

have wings, and they quickly flie from one to another. But the voice of his thunder, the voice of his anger and fury shall continually rore in the prison of Hell, and like a wheel run round without wearing, for all *Eternitie*. This wheel, as if it were filled with Gunpowder, when it hath once taken fire, shall burn for ever and ever. *A fire is kindled in mine anger, and shall burn unto the lowest Hell.* There is also another *circuit*, and that likewise is *Eternall*: from unutterable cold to intolerable heat, and from heat back again to cold. *Drought and heat consume the snow-waters* (so saith *Job*) and *so doth the grave those that have sinned.* S. *Matthew* signifieth it more expressly by the *gnashing of teeth and weeping* of eyes. That we may more fully set out this horrible and incomprehensible wheel, order requireth that we shew how the Church agreeth with the holy Scripture in this, as the holy Fathers agree with the Church. We have here divers

Deut. 32.22.

Job 24. 19.

Matth. 22.13.

good admonitions from all these, which if we attend unto, we cannot easily let *Eternitie* slip out of our memorie.

CHAP. I.

The answers of the holy Fathers and the Church about this.

OF all the holy Fathers which have lived in divers ages, we should do well to hearken unto five especially, *Augustine*, *Chrysostome*, *Gregory*, *Bernard*, *Laurentius Justinianus*.

The first question here (which yet may seem a vain and a foolish one) is, Which is easier, and more tolerable, to suffer pain in the head, eyes, or teeth; to be troubled with the stone; to be pained with the wind Colick, or *Iliaca Passio*, or any other acute disease; neither to sleep night nor day, but to be tormented continually without any respite for three dayes together.

The

The question now is, I say, Which is easier, whether to suffer the pains now mentioned, or else to eat a piece of a fish, which is made bitter by the breaking of the Gall. This may seem a very ridiculous and most idle question. For, How much sweeter is it to eat such a whole fish, rather then suffer those so grievous torments though but for one day! The bitternesse of the fish will not endanger a mans life, nor make him sick, but leave onely a bitter taste in the mouth, which is unpleasing to it. It is truly answered. And yet how many thousands of men make choyce rather of the former! For, How often doth the Preacher teach and exhort, cry out and speak plainly! Christian brethren, consider well with your selves and look about you, The *Eternall* salvation of your souls is in question: If you walk this way, you must assuredly look for *Eternall* torments: Christ hath shewed you another way both by his life and doctrine. Return therefore and repent, you have gone long enough

astray: You may if you will have entrance into Heaven; if you be shut out, it is your own fault: God is not wanting to those that are willing. It is true indeed, There is some bitterneſſe in using abstinence and fasting, in confessing of sinnes, in keeping the body under, in setting a strict watch over thy senses, in conquering ones self, in living chastly and continently. This is no easie task: But let it be what it will, we must suffer it. *Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his glory?* Let not a little and short labour terrifie us: it is but for a few years, or it may be but a few dayes, that we are to do and suffer valiantly; But our joy and rest shall be *Eternall.* He overcometh all, whosoever overcometh and conquereth himself, containeth himself, and resisteth his evil and violent passions; and all this for Christ, for Heaven, for blessed *Eternitie.* Christ after his resurrection found his Disciples eating fish broyled upon the coals;

Luke 24.16.

To

To teach them how great things they ſhould afterwards ſuffer; and that they were not to think of a ſoft and eaſie life, but that they were to be ſtoned, whipped, crucified, have their skin pulled over their ears; that this was the way to a joyfull reſurrection, and to the participation and fellowſhip of *Eternitie* with the bleſſed; that all other things were ſmall and of no worth in compariſon of immortalitie, and that bleſſedneſſe, which yet eye hath never ſeen. Theſe things are often ſpoken of, but they are little regarded. This fiſh bitter with the overflowing of the gall, that is worldly croſſes and the ſufferings of this life, is often ſet before us; but it goeth againſt our ſtomach, we cannot endure to taſte of it. *Eternitie* is a thing we often heare of, we often reade of, it is continually preached unto us, and often repeated: but we either heare not, or believe not, or regard not; or if we do for a time, the cares of the world ſoon put it out of our minds, and we bury

burie it in oblivion. But again, the Conscience often playes the preacher, and recalls to our mind these wholesome lessons, is instant, dehorts, reproves; but prevails nothing. All is in vain. For many are so obstinate and perverse, that neither the Preacher nor their own Conscience can work upon them. But some are so impudent, that they will set themselves in opposition, and reply thus, *Let it go well with us here, and we care not: we neither know nor care what shall come hereafter, we are all for present profits and pleasures: no man returneth again from the dead, neither was it ever known that any one came back again out of Hell: Come therefore, let us eat, drink and be merry, let us enjoy our goods and take our pleasure.* These are the worldlings Ditties: But let S. *Augustine* determine this question; August. *Melius est modica amaritudo in faucibus, quàm Æternum tormentum in visceribus.* Better it is, saith he, to suffer a little bitternesse in the mouth, then Eternall torments in

in the inward parts. It is farre better to ſuffer for our offences here in this world, then in the world to come. Farre better it is for threeſcore years and ten continually together here on earth, to be puniſhed with moſt grievous puniſhments, then to ſuffer the torments of Hell for one day, yea for one houre hereafter. But let us heare what another of the Fathers ſaith.

Saint *Chryſoſtome* propounds the ſecond queſtion after this manner; Suppoſe one night in an hundred years a man ſhould have a ſweet and pleaſant dream, and be after puniſhed an hundred years for it, would he think ſuch a dream were to be deſired? And yet ſaith the Father, As a dream is to an hundred years, ſo is this preſent life to the life to come, yea rather it is much leſſe: And as a drop is to the main Ocean, ſo are a thouſand years unto *Eternitie.* And in another place, What is there, ſaith he, to be compared unto *Eternitie*? What are a thouſand years in compariſon of infinite ages

Hom. 20. Ad Pop. Antioch.

Hom. 28. in Epiſt. ad Hebr.

ages which are yet for to come? Are they not like unto the least drop of a bucket compared unto a bottomlesse Well? Look for no end of torments after this life, unlesse thou repentest before thou departest out of this life: for after death there is no place of repentance, no shedding of tears will profit thee, or do thee any good: Though a man in Hell should gnash his teeth, and blare out his scorched tongue, he shall not obtain so much as a drop of cold water. Grant then that a man should enjoy pleasures all his life long, what is that to infinite ages which are yet for to come? Here in this life all things good and bad have at length at end; but the punishments that shall be suffered hereafter shall have no end. Set fire on the body here, and the soul will soon depart: But after the resurrection, when the body shall be from thenceforth immortall and incorruptible, the soul of the damned shall alwayes burn, and not consume in Hell fire. They shall

ſhall riſe again, incorruptible indeed: But how? Not to receive a crown of incorruptible glory, but to ſuffer *Eternall* torments. But let us hear what another of the Fathers ſaith.

Saint *Gregory* maketh anſwer to this common queſtion, Will not drunkenneſſe ſooner ſteal upon a man in the wine-cellar, ſtanding by the hogshead, then in the Parlour ſitting at the table? The Spouſe of Chriſt triumpheth in the words of *Solomon*, *He brought me to the banquetting-houſe* (or as ſome reade it, *He brought me into his wine cellar*) *and his banner over me was love*, or, *He hath ſet his banner of love over me.* Upon which words Saint *Gregory* diſcourſing, ſaith thus, By the *wine-cellar* what can we better or more fitly conceive, then the ſecret contemplation of *Eternitie?* For truly whoſoever doth ſeriouſly conſider with himſelf upon *Eternitie*, and let this conſideration ſink deep into his mind, he may truly rejoyce, and triumph with

Greg.

Cant. 2. 4.

with the Spouse, saying, *He hath set his banners of love over me:* For he will keep better order in his love, loving himself lesse, God more, and even his enemies also for Gods sake. But such is the nature of this profound consideration, that it will presently make a man drunk. Make him drunk? How? With the drunkennesse of the best desires, such as will leade him to amendment of life, carrie him to his heavenly countrey, and bring him at length to joyes *Eternall.* It was cast in the Apostles teeth, that they were drunk with wine: And so they were indeed; but it was with wine out of this *Cellar.* Saint *Gregorie* hath many excellent considerations, and sayings upon *Eternitie:* amongst others he hath this, which is a very short one and a true one, *Momentaneum quod delectat, Æternum quod cruciat: That which delighteth is momentanie, but that which tormenteth is Eternall.* Here I could wish with Job, *Oh that these words were written! Oh that*

Job 19. 23, 24.

they

they were printed in a Book! That they were graven with a pen of iron! These words, I say, *That which delighteth is momentanie, but that which tormenteth is Eternall.* The *Book* in which this should be written, is the *heart* of man; the *pen of iron* with which it should be written, is serious *meditation*; the *ink* with which it should be written is the *blood* of *Christ*. And these words so imprinted and engraven in the breast, are then especially to be called to mind, and to be often repeated, when pleasure fawneth, when lust provoketh, when luxurie inviteth, when the flesh rebelleth, and the spirit faileth, when there is occasion of sinne offered, and danger of falling into sinne. But let us heare what another of the Fathers saith.

In the fourth place comes Saint *Bernard*: He shall answer to the question here to be propounded. In the lives of men there is such difference, that almost now so many men so many judgements concerning

cerning afflictions. There are found some so grievously and continually afflicted, that they are ready to fall down under the crosse as being too heavy for them to bear. One is oppressed with povertie, another is afflicted with sickneſſe, another is overcharged with secret debts, another is tormented with cares, another is grieved and vexed with injuries and slanders: every man thinketh that most grievous which in present he suffereth. And many times it cometh to passe that such as are faint-hearted and impatient, wish for death, runne into the water, and make haste to the halter, thinking thereby to find an end of all their griefs, and sorrowes, whereas indeed that supposed end becomes to them but the beginning of their sorrows, and such sorrows as never shall have end. But with the good and godly it is not so: They patiently endure all, submitting themselves in all things to Gods good will and pleasure. They neither desire to die quickly, nor yet to live long.

Is

Is it Gods will they ſhall die? They alſo are willing. Will he have them die quickly? They are willing to that alſo? Will we have them live yet longer? They are not againſt that: What God willeth, that they will; What he willeth not, neither will they. Beſide theſe two kinds of men, there is a third, and that is the greateſt part of men, that deſire to live long: And there is almoſt no man ſo old but he hopes and deſires to live yet another yeare. Theſe men are never heard to ſay, they have lived long enough. Death maketh too much haſte with them, he cometh to them too ſoon, yea and before his time. Here now the queſtion may be moved, Who live, or who ſhall live longer. Saint *Bernard* in his ſeventeenth Sermon upon the ninetie firſt Pſalme, upon theſe words, *with long life will I ſatisfie him*, breaketh forth into this admiration, What is ſo long as that which is *Eternall*? What is ſo long as that which ſhall have no end? Life *Eternall* is the good

end

end which we are all to aim at, and this end is without end. And further he addes, That is the true day indeed after which there follows no night, where there is *Eternall* veritie, and true *Eternitie*, and therefore true and *Eternall* satietie. So then the question may be determined thus, That those onely shall live a long life truly so called, whosoever shall never die, but alwayes live in heaven; And again, That those shall die a lingring death (alas! too lingring a death) whosoever shall alwayes die, but never live in Hell: for they shall live onely there to be tormented alwayes. Let us heare but one more, and so conclude.

Laurentius Justinianus shall resolve the last question for us. There are saith he, many things in this world which nature hath so appropriated and assigned to some one certain place that they are not to be found in another place, unlesse it be in part. Of some flowers which grow in the new-found

found world we have onely the seed: Of some living creatures there are brought over unto us onely the skinnes. Now *Eternitie* is a thing so proper to another world, that it is not to be found in this; onely the seed thereof we may have even in this world: And what are the seeds of *Eternitie?* They are, saith *Laurentius*, *Contempt of a mans self, the gift of charitie*, and *the taste of Christs works. To contemne others*, is a tree that overspreadeth the whole world, whose wood is fewell for the fire of Hell. *To contemne* himself is a very small seed, scarce known in the world: Christ brought it down from heaven with him, who *made himself* Phil. 2. 7. *of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and became obedient*, not to the 8 stable onely, or the Manger, but even to mount *Calvarie*, *unto death, even the death of the crosse*, unto the grave, yea even unto Hell. *Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him.* Behold? 9 this

this little seed is grown up and spread in breadth, and is become the highest of all trees. The same Authour speaking of *Charitie*, saith thus, The measure of our *glory* and *Eternall* reward, shall be according to the measure of our *charitie*. For, *To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.* He obtaineth lesse *grace*, whosoever hath lesse *Charity:* And where there is lesse *grace*, there also shall be lesse *glory*. So then it is most true, The more thou lovest God, the more thou heapest up unto thy self *Eternall* rewards. The whole Law is *love*, but it must be pure, chaste, and holy. I have done with the second, which is *Charitie*. I come to the third, which is *The taste of Christs works*. It is a common and witty saying in the Rhetorick Schools, *He is to be thought a good proficient, who can relish Tullies works:* We may say as much in the School of Christianitie, *He hath made a good progresse in religion and virtue, who can relish Christs Works, who likes*

Luke 7. 47.

the

the taste of Christs doctrine and example. But whosoever findeth no taste almost at all, no relish in the words and works of Christ; whosoever is not moved, affected and delighted with those things which belong unto the mind, and Christian pietie, to Heaven and *Eternall* felicity; but on the contrary findeth much sweetnesse in eating, drinking, walking, laughing, jesting and playing: The same man may say with sorrow enough, too truly, *How little seed of Eternitie have I within me, O my God!* Or rather, *I have none at all.* For when I descend into my self, I see manifestly what spirit is within me, and whither my affection carrieth me. To spend whole nights in dancing, feasting, revelling, quaffing, dicing, and carding, hearing foolish and idle tales, reading impure Books, calling for, and laughing at amorous songs, playing the good fellow, and doing as the company doth, Oh this never offendeth me, this is pleasing and delightfull to me. But to heare of Christ and

and his life, to heare of holy men that lived formerly, who were much given to watching, fasting and prayer, or to reade of their lives, that makes no musick in my eares, and this is an eye-sore unto me: I can neither heare nor see: I stop mine eares, and close mine eyes for fear left they should be offended. To heare a Sermon of an houre long, it is death unto me, and therefore I seldome come to Church: or if I do sometimes, I drive away the time either sleeping or prating. There are too many such men in the world: but of such it may be truly said, That they have no taste or relish at all of the works of Christ. But now let us heare the judgement of the Church concerning *Eternitie*.

The memorie of *Eternitie* is so precious in the esteem of the Church, that there is no Psalme, no Prayer, no Hymne but closeth with it, *Glory be to the Father, and to the Sonne, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning,*

is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen. As it was in the beginning, that is, before all beginning, from all *Eternitie*, without any beginning: *is now, and ever shall be, world without end*, that is, throughout all ages; infinite, innumerable, incomprehensible ages; to all *Eternitie*. But let us leave the little rivers, and make best to the fountain.

CHAP. II.

Clear testimonies of Divine Scripture concerning Eternitie.

I Will produce onely three witnesses, a *Prophet*, an *Apostle*, and an *Evangelist*.

How many and how great are the sighs and grones of poore abject and despised men! we may heare them every day. One or other every-where is complaining. Who is me poore man, I have few or no friends at all; I am disre-

spected; I am scorned and trampled under foot almost by all. Have patience a little, O man, suffer for a while; the day of comfort will rise at length, though it seem long first. Remember Gods promise in the Prophesie of *Baruch*, *Cast about thee a double garment of the righteousnesse which cometh from God, and set a Diadem on thy head of the glory of the Everlasting.*

Baruch 5. 2.

Others there are that accuse Nature, complaining still that she hath given too long a life to ravens, and too short a great deal unto man. Hears thus much, you that are still complaining of the shortnesse of mans life, This life is short indeed; but when this short and vain life shall end, there remains another life which never shall have end. If ye will not believe me, yet believe S. *Paul*, *For we know*, saith S. *Paul*, *that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, Eternall in the heavens.*

2. Cor. 5. 1.

What

What great losse is it then, if this earthly tabernacle of our body be dissolved, when as we have a royall palace prepared for us, which is not subject to dissolution? To the testimonie of the *Prophet* and the *Apostle* let us adde the testimonie of the *Evangelist* Saint *Matthew*, in whose Gospel we may reade these words of our Saviour, *If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather then having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; It is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather then having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire.* Oh fire! Oh hell! Oh *Eternitie*! *Time* is nothing, if it be compared with *Eternitie*; shortnesse of life and losse of time is no losse at all, but great gain, if thereby we gain *Eternitie*. Christ hath promised it, and Saint *Matthew* hath recorded it, and sealed it in these words of

Matth. 18. 8. 9.

Matth. 19 29. our Saviour, *Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my names sake, shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.* Is it not clear enough that this promise is of blessed *Eternitie*, when we have securitie given us of receiving an hundred-fold reward? Again, Christ according to the same *Evangelist* forewarning of the latter judgement, three times makes mention of *Eternitie* expressely in these words, *everlasting*, or *eternall fire, everlasting* or *eternall punishment*, and that *eternall.*

Matth. 25. 41. 46.

Seeing therefore the holy Fathers, the Church, and the sacred Scripture do so many wayes propound unto us the serious consideration of *Eternitie*; it is our part and duty, as many of us as look for *Eternall* life in heaven, it is our part and dutie seriously to meditate thus with our selves every one: Oh my God! How seldome have I heretofore thought upon

upon *Eternitie*! or if I have thought upon it, in what a cold and negligent manner have I done it, notwithstanding every day, yea every houre and minute I draw nearer and nearer unto *Eternitie*! But for the time to come by the assistance of thy grace I will mind it more carefully then heretofore I have done; and if at any time through thy bounty riches shall encrease, I will not set my heart upon them: though the world should smile upon me, though I should want no temporall thing that my heart can desire, though I should seem to flow in never so much abundance, yet will I still remember *Eternitie*. In the midst of my prosperitie these shall be my thoughts, But how long shall this last? will this fair weather never change? will this comfortable sunne alwayes shine upon me? Or if I should live in prosperitie, all the dayes of my life, what shall it profit me after death? After this sweet but short, pleasing but perilous, unhappy happinesse, there shall shortly follow *Eternitie*.

cie, Eternitie. But if the world goe ill with me, if it frown upon me, if I meet with many crosses, troubles and afflictions, if misfortunes befall me, if they rush upon me like waves one on the neck of another, if I be turmoiled and tossed up and down, then these shall be my daily thoughts, Well, let the world have its course, I am content to bear it, Gods will be done. Let the sea be troubled, let the waves thereof rore, let the winds of afflictions blow, let the waters of sorrows rush upon me, let the clouds of tentations threaten rain and thunder, let the darknesse of grief and heavinesse compasse me about, yea though the foundation of the world should seem to shake, yet will I not be afraid. These storms will blow over, these winds will be laid, these waves will fall, this tempest cannot last long, and these clouds shall be dispersed. Whatsoever I suffer here, shall shortly have an end, I shall not suffer *Eternally*. Come the worst that can come, death will put

put an end to all my sorrows and miseries. But no storm to that storm of fire and brimstone which the damned shall suffer in Hell *Eternally* and without end. All things here shall have an end, but the torments there shall have no end. Whatsoever is not within the circle of *Eternitie*, is short, swift, and momentanie, it is but a shadow, but a dream, so saith S. *Chrysostome*. It is but a *Modicum* or *a thing of nothing*, *a little*, *a very little*, *for a little while*, yea *a very little while*. Often doth our Saviour beat upon this, speaking to his Disciples. All his own sufferings, yea his most bitter death upon the crosse, he calleth but *a little*: All the sufferings, punishments, and violent deaths of the Apostles, all but *a little*: And why should not I also think it but *a little*, whatsoever here I suffer, though I should suffer it an hundred years together? *For yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarrie.* I will therefore suffer patiently whatsoever can Heb. 10. 27.

happen, and account one thing onely necessarie, and that is, To do nothing against my Conscience, and displeasing unto God. For all is safe and sure with him who is certain and sure of blessed *Eternitie*.

CHAP. III.

This life in respect of that which is to come is but as a Drop to the Ocean, a little stone to the sand upon the Sea shore, a Centre to the Circle, a Modicum, a little, a very little time, a Minute to Eternitie. And such are the sufferings of this life in respect of the joyes that shall be hereafter.

MOst true it is, Whatsoever labour or sorrow we suffer in this life, it is but a *Modicum*, or *for a little while*, It is the saying of S. *Augustine*, *This Modicum or little while seems long unto us, because*

cause it is not yet all past and gone: But when it shall come to an end, then shall we perceive and understand what a little while thus Modicum Mas. The wisest of men being to shew the vanity and shortnesse of this present life, though it should be lengthened to an hundred years, which few men can reach unto, makes choice of the most minute things in the world, whereby to expresse it and set it forth by way of resemblance. For thus we reade expressely in Ecclesiasticus, *The number of a mans dayes at the most are an hundred years. As a drop of water unto the sea, and a gravel-stone in comparison of the sand, so are a thousand years to the dayes of Eternitie.* And why then do ye rejoyce in this, ye long-liv'd men, that ye have lived an 100 years? All our years are, What are they? They are *as a drop of water unto the sea, and a gravel stone in comparison of the sand.* And what is a little stone to those exceeding high mountains of sand? and what is a small drop

Eccles 18. 9. 10.

of water to the deep and fathomlesse Sea? such are fifty, sixty, yea an hundred years (Heare this, ye old men) they are but a *Modicum*, a very little while, but a *Minute* of time, indeed nothing at all to the dayes of *Eternitie*. And yet, foolish and miserable men, we are overjoyed with this little stone, this small drop. Our life is indeed *a little stone*, but no jewel, no precious stone; it is made of no better matter then sand. Our life is *a drop*, but not of sweet and fresh water; it is salt and blackish as the sea-water is. *For all his dayes are sorrows, and his travell grief; yea his heart taketh no rest in the night:* So saith the *Preacher*. It is the counsel of S. *Augustine*; Recall to mind, saith he, the years that are past, from *Adam* to this present day; runne over all the Scripture: It is but almost yesterday since he fell, and was thrust out of *Paradise*. For where are those times that are past? Certainly, if thou hadst lived all the time since *Adam* was thrust out of *Paradise*, even unto this pre-

Eccles 2. 23.

August.

sent,

ſent, thou wouldſt perceive and confeſſe that thy life was not long, which is ſo ſoon fled away. For what is any mans life? Adde as many years as thou wilt, imagine the longeſt old age: What is it? Is it not as a morning blaſt? All this is moſt true. I pray you tell me, where is *Adam* now? where is *Cain*? where is long-liv'd *Methuſelah*? where is *Noah*? where is *Sem*? where is *Eber*? where is moſt obedient *Abraham*? where is *Jacob*? where is *Joſeph*? They are dead and gone, their time is paſt; we may ſay of them, *Vixerunt, fuerunt Troes, Once they were, now they are not.* Thus our life paſſeth away; thus the glory of the world paſſeth away. O morning dew! O mere vanity! What is it that we ſo deſire here? what ſo long as to be hoped or wiſhed for here? ſhort it is, a *Modicum* it is, it is vile and nothing worth, it is but a ſmall point whatſoever thine eye beholdeth here. It is a true ſaying of *Gregorie* the great, The longeſt meaſure of our life is but a point; or

Greg. magn.

or it is a short line that begins, continues, and ends in a point. *I a moment, in the twinkling of an eye* all things shall have an end: *I have seen an end of all perfection, but thy commandment is exceeding broad*, so saith the *Psalmist*. Why then do we account any time long? For that which is past, now is not; that which is to come, yet is not; and what is the present? The glasse is alwayes running, and the clock never stands still: The houre passeth away by flying minutes. What is flown by, is past and gone: what is yet behind, is still to come: But where is the time which we use to call long? *Bernard* makes often mention of that most true and excellent saying of S. *Hierome* (and, Reader, it is worth observing) *No labour ought to seem long unto us, no time long, in which we are seeking after Eternall glory.*

1. Cor. 15. 52. Psal. 119. 69

Nimus

And yet though the life of man be but very short in comparison of *Eternitie*, there is none of the damned that can justly accuse God for not granting him a longer life.

They

They must condemne themselves for not living better. *There is no inquisition in the grave* (saith *Siracides*) *whether thou hast lived ten, or an hundred, or a thousand years.* Eccles 41. 4.

In hell it is no time to complain of shortnes of life. Every man hath lived long enough, if he hath lived godly enough.

Here, Christian brother, I will deal more boldly and plainly with thee, and lay the matter so open that thou shalt see it clearly presented before thine eyes. Thou sayest that thou dost often think upon heaven, and that thou hast an earnest and longing desire after *Eternitie*. Sayest thou so? I heare thee, but I do not believe thee: neither would I have thee believe me if I should say so of my self. For how can it be, O good Christian brother, how can it be that thou or I should think so often and so seriously upon heaven, and have such a longing desire (as we say we have) after *Eternitie*, and yet be so lukewarm, yea stone-cold, in matters of religion; so slow and backward

backward to that which is good, so prone and forward to that which is evil, so ready and willing to all manner of wantonnesse, so querulous and complaining, so slothfull and negligent? Where we should be angry, there are we too patient; and where we should be patient and couragious, there are we too faint-hearted and pusillanimous. In the fire of every light affliction our patience melts & consumes away: nay we are often cast down with a word, we are blown down with the breath of a mans mouth. But never are we more impatient and desperate, then when our wills are crossed. I might speak here of the hot *Apostems* of lust wherewith our hearts are often inflamed and swoln, and likewise of the devouring *Cancer* of envie which often eats into our breasts, and makes our flesh consume away: But I passe them by. Notwithstanding what hath been said, we good and godly men, as we professe, our selves, and would have other think us to be, too timourous where

where we should be bold, and too bold where we should be timourous, glory in nothing more then in this, That we have often in our minds and hearty desires the joyes of *Eternitie*. Believe it, it is not credible that the thoughts of heaven and *Eternitie* should be so often in our minds as we speak of, and yet mean while that we should live no better then we doe. Did I say, It is not credible? Nay I say it is impossible. And thus I shall declare it.

The Patriarch *Jacob* served his uncle *Laban* for his daughter *Rachel* seven years, *And they seemed to him but a few dayes for the love that he had to her.* Gen. 29. 20. Heare'st thou this whosoever thou art that so complaine'st? Thou serv'est no impostour or deceiver as *Laban was*, but God thy maker, and him that will surely keep his covenant and promise. Thou serv'est not for a wife but for the kingdome of heaven: not for the beautie and sight of a wife, but for the beautifull vision and *Eternall* sight of God: not for the

the delight and pleasure of a wife, but for celestiall and *Eternall* delights and pleasures. And yet doth the trouble of one winters day oftentimes so cast thee down, that suddenly all thy love towards God and thy desire after heaven begins to wax cold in thee. Assoone as the storm of adversitie begins, thou breakest forth into most bitter complaints, thou callest heaven and earth to witnesse, thou breathest nothing but revenge; yea oftentimes, I believe, thou sparest not God himself, but callest his justice into question. At other times when pleasure with her fawning allurements hath once enticed thee, she doth so bewitch thee and take away thy memorie that thou quite forgettest to serve God, and so runnest headlong into the *Labyrinth* of sinne, which hath a fair entrance, at least seemingly, but leadeth thee the next way to destruction. Is this the vigilancy which thou so much talkest of? Is this thy heroicall fortitude and love of God? How wilt thou serve God

God seven years, as *Jacob* did *Laban*, when (alas!) thou canst not endure the labour and sorrow of one short day? O *Simon, Simon, sleepest thou? Couldst thou not watch one houre* with thy Lord and Master? But heare further concerning the Patriarch *Jacob*. He being beguiled by his uncle *Laban*, who gave him blear-eyed *Leah* instead of beautifull *Rachel*, served him yet seven years more for his daughter *Rachel*, whom he dearly loved: And no doubt but those seven years also seemed unto him but as a few dayes for the exceeding great love that he had unto her. And it is very likely that oftentimes when he was weary at his work he had an eye unto *Rachels* beauty, and said thus with himself, Surely for her beauty she is worthy for whom I should suffer seven years hard service; and, if need were, I would not stick to serve yet seven years more, Such was the affection that he bore unto *Rachel*, that it made him scarce sensible of any labour.

Mark 14. 37.

Hearest

Heareſt thou this, thou which goeſt for a Souldier of Chriſt? conceiveſt thou this? underſtandeſt thou this? How then canſt thou ſtill murmure againſt God? Thou art bid to ſerve God for Gods ſake, that ſo thou mayeſt at length enter into Gods *Eternall* reſt; Thou art exhorted to tolerance and patience here, that ſo thou mayeſt be made partaker of immortalitie with the bleſſed hereafter: And yet ſleepeſt thou, O ſluggard? Haſt thou not an eare to heare? Art thou ſtill complaining? Do but reckon up the years which thou haſt ſpent in the ſervice of God, and ſee whether thou haſt ſerved God faithfully and painfully twenty years, as *Jacob* did *Laban*. I am afraid thou wilt come ſhort in thy reckoning: Haſt thou ſerved God ſo many moneths? I tell thee, I make a queſtion of it. Number the nights that thou haſt ſpent in watching and praying, recount the dayes which thou haſt ſpent in holy exerciſes, and ſee if thou canſt truly ſay unto God as *Jacob* did to *Laban*,

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In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes: Thus have I been twenty years in thy house: I served thee foureteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattel. Tell me, Christian man, hast thou served God thus twenty years? Thou knowest thy wages if thou servest God: Not *Labans* daughters, nor flocks of sheep; God himself shall be the reward of thy service: Thou shalt be blessed both in soul and body; It shall be well with thee on every side; Thou shalt enjoy all manner of delights; great delights without either lacking or loathing, and without end. Thou shalt swimme in the bottomlesse *Ocean* of pleasures: And yet (behold!) thy hands are slack to every good work; Thy feet are slow to go to Church; Thy heart consumes away with envy, flames with anger and revenge, abounds with the vermine of filthy thoughts; and is quite dead through slothfulnesse and impatience. Is this thy serving of God? Gen 31. 40. 41.

God? Is this the way, thinkest thou, to heaven, to immortall life, to *Eternall* blessednesse? Surely it is not. Why dost thou not rather as *Jacob* did? when thou art weary with any labour which thou undergoest in the service of God, when the world goes ill with thee, when adversitie presseth thee, prosperitie seduceth thee, and labours burden thee, lift up thine eyes to heaven, behold *Rachel*, who is promised unto thee, and thus comfort up thy self, Be not troubled, O my soul: Behold thy *Rachel*, thy *Rachel* which is in heaven, fair *Rachel*, comely *Rachel*, *Rachel*, that is all beautifull, not having any one blemish about her! Behold heaven and the house of thy *Eternall* rest and pleasure! Be content to suffer for a while, a little sorrow, and some pains: For thou shalt shortly be where thy *Rachel* is, and there thou shalt be the more joyfull and blessed, by how much the more thou art here sorrowfull and afflicted: There shall thy rest be the more pleasant and joyfull by how much

much the more thy life here is heavy and painfull. Well then, be of good courage, shew Christian fortitude and patience. *Eternitie*, blessed *Eternitie*, is more worth, infinitely more worth then all that we can do or suffer. If thus, O Christian brother, thou wouldest animate and encourage thy self, if with such eyes thou wouldest oftner look up to heaven, if with such affection thou wouldest dayly think upon *Eternitie*; believe it, all thy dayes of service here on earth would seem but few, for the great love which thou wouldest have unto *Eternitie*: Thou wouldest count all labour easie, all troubles welcome, all losses gain. This I will say, and therewith I will conclude, The more a man thinks upon the *Eternitie* of the world to come, the more care he will take here to lead a godly life in this present world.

THE

THE

Thus saith the high and lofftie one, that inhabiteth ETERNITIE.

Adam lost ETERNITIE, Christ regaince it: to this the Angels invite us from this the devils withdraw us: have a care whether thou followest.

THE SEVENTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

How Christians use to paint Eternitie.

HE that is to go through an house in the dark must go warily and leisurely, step after step, and he must grope for the wall: If mans understanding will be prying into *Eternitie*, if he thinks here in this life to enter into it, he is much deceived: The way is dark and full of difficulties. He may hurt himself by the way, but he shall never be attain unto it. The way thither

ther is but short indeed: but when a man is once in, there is no coming out again. And yet though no mortall man can so conceive of *Eternitie*, that he can certainly say what it is, notwithstanding the infiniteneſſe thereof is shadowed out by certain pictures & reſemblances, in such manner that every man may have a glimpſe of it. Whatſoever we ſpeak or write concerning *Eternitie*, howſoever we ſet it out in colours; all is but a ſhadow, yea a ſhadow of ſhadows. No *Orator* in the world can with all his Rhetorick ſufficiently expreſſe it; No *Limner* with all his curious art and skill can ſet it forth to the life. If all times that ever were and ever ſhall be ſhould be put together, they would infinitely come ſhort of *Eternitie*: The Latitude thereof is not to be meaſured, neither by houres, nor dayes, nor weeks, nor moneths, nor years, nor *Luſtra's*, nor *Olympiads*, nor *Indictions*, nor *Jubilees*, nor ages, nor *Platos years*, nor by the moſt ſlow motions of the *Eighth ſphere*, though theſe

nitie were multiplyed by a thousand, or a million, or the greatest multiplier of *Number numbring* that can be imagined. Neither can it be measured by any *Number numbred*, as by the starres of heaven, the sands of the sea, the grasse of the field, the drops of the rivers, and such like. The number of *Eternity* is past finding out.

The Saylers use to sound the depth of the sea by a plummet and line. Let us also let down the plummet and line of our humble and reverent cogitations, to sound the depth of *Eternitie*, which yet is past finding out. But if we will sayl by this *Line*, if we will sayl by this *Chard*, if we will view well this *Picture*, we shall come much nearer finding it, then otherwise we should.

Christ as a Child, taken as it were from the manger, and the cradle, almost quite naked, and without clothes, *stands in the clouds: on his shoulders he bears a crosse: In the clouds* there is this inscription, ETERNITIE: *Beneath Christs*

feet, down upon the earth there is the *Scaleton* of a man, or nothing but the bones of a man without flesh or skinne, onely he hath a beard to be known by: *In his left hand* he holdeth a *piece of parchment*, in which these words are written, *Momentaneum quod delectat, That which delighteth is momentane:* *In his right hand* he holdeth up an *Apple*. Near unto him there standeth a *Raven* pecking a shelfish, with this subscription, *Cras, Cras. To morrow, To morrow. The Earth opens her mouth, and flames of fire break forth* and rend aloft, in which these words are written, *Æternum quod cruciat, That which tormenteth is Eternall.* Christ coming down from the clouds *Two adore* with bended knees of diverse sex, in the place of all mankind. *Behind them* there is a running *Houre glasse*, or a *Diall* measuring houres by the running of water, called a *Clepsydra*; and a *Book* lying wide open: On one page there is written, *They spend their dayes in mirth, and in a moment go down*

Greger.

Greger.

Job 21. 13.

down to the grave. On the other page, *Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* *Before* them stand *Two* heavenly *Angels*, which embrace them with their arms, and pointing at Christ bid them lift up their eyes unto him. This is the *Picture*: The meaning followeth. Rom. 7. 24.

CHAP. I.

Christ inviting.

CHrist the *Eternall* sonne of the *Eternall* God came into this world, clad with no other garment then we, that is, stark naked. The garment of immortalitie and innocency we lost by *Adams* disobedience. And now (alas!) how miserably arayed do we come into this world! Christ together with us, yea for us, suffereth punishment, & yet was not guilty of any sinne. But what meaneth this *Crosse upon the shoulders* of the Sonne of God? It is a bed on which he slept in death. *Golgotha* was his chamber;

The thorns his pillow; And the Crosse, his bed. Which many religious men of former times well considering with themselves, have voluntarily and freely chosen to lie hard, and take little rest, that at the day of resurrection they might rise joyfully to rest *Eternall*. Some, as we may reade, have made the earth their Matresse; Sackcloth, their Sheet; and a Stone, their Boulster. And many there are which do so still to this day. But I leave them and return to Christ. He suffered *death*, *even* that most bitter and shamefull *death of the crosse*: To what end? That he might save us from death *Eternall*. Die we must all of us; but our death is but short. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye the soul is snatched from the body, and this is all that which we call *Death*. But it is not so with them in Hell: Their torments farre exceed all the sorrows and pangs of death, not onely because they are more grievous for their qualitie, but also because they are of longer continuance beyond all com-

Phil. 2. 8.

comparison: for they are *Eternall*. So then their torments are, alwayes to be tormented; and their death, to die alwayes. And from this death hath Christ the Sonne of God delivered us; *the child* that we see described walking amidst the clouds Under his feet is a bare *Sceleton*, or the bare bones of a man, which by all signes we may gather to be our forefather *Adams*. Hearken ye children, and ye childrens children hearken unto the words of your forefather *Adam* thus speaking unto you.

CHAP. II.

Adam lamenting.

O My children, happy then indeed, if your forefather had known his own happinesse, but now miserable, and that even in this, because mine. By me were you destroyed before you were begotten; by me were you damned before you were brought forth. I

fain would be as God, and by that means I am left scarce a man. Before you could perish, you all perished in me. I my self do not know whether you may better call me a Father, or a Tyrant, and a murderer. I cannot wonder or complain justly that you are so vicious and so sinfull: for you learned it of me. I am sory that you are so disobedient: but this you learned also of me. I was first disobedient unto God that made me. The Angels in heaven blush and are ashamed to see your gluttony and intemperance: but this is your fathers fault. Your pride hath made you odious and detestable before God: but this monster first conquered and triumphed over me, and so pride became more proud then she was before. This is the inheritance you receive from me, nothing else but an heap of miseries. God indeed of his free good-will gave unto me by a sure promise Heaven for an inheritance, and intailed it upon you: But I have undone you all, cut off the intail, and prodigally made

away

way all for one bit. I valued my wife and an apple more then you, more then Heaven, more then God. A curſed and unhappy dinner, for which I deſerved to ſup in hell many thouſand years after. I lived in *Paradiſe*, a garden full of all delight and pleaſure beyond imagination; God gave me the free uſe of all things therein; onely the fruit of one tree was forbidden me. I was Lord of all the creatures, I was wiſe and beautifull, ſtrong and luſtie. I abounded with all manner of delights. The Air was then as temperate as could be deſired; the Clouds were clad in bright blew; the Heaven ſmiled upon us; the Sunne did ſhine ſo pure that nothing could be more. All things ſeemed to gratifie us at our new marriage. Our eyes could behold nothing but that which was flouriſhing and pleaſing to them; Our ears were continually filled with muſick, the birds thoſe nimble Choriſters of the Air ever warbling out their pleaſant duties. The earth of it

self brought forth odoriferous cinamon and saffron. I was compassed about with pleasures on every side. I lived free and remote from all care, sorrow, fear, labour, sickneſſe and death. I seemed to be a God upon earth. The Angels in Heaven rejoyced to see my happineſſe: there was none that did envie me but my self. But because I obeyed not the voyce of God, all theſe evils fell upon me. I was driven out of *Paradiſe*, banished from the ſight of God, and for ſhame I hid my face. Labour, ſorrow, mourning, fear, tears, calamities, a thouſand miſeries ſeiſed upon me, and quite wearied me out: you ſee it, as many as are of my family: and that which ſeemeth to be the end of all temporall miſery and ſorrow, is oftentimes the beginning of *Eternall*. O my children, learn by your own woefull experience, learn by your own loſſe and miſe, learn I ſay to be wiſe at length. I will give you but one leſſon, and it is but in three words, which you ſhall do well to learn

by

by heart, and that is, *To hate sinne.* Behold! Do you not see *a grievous flame* breaking out hard by me? It hath burnt ever since sinne first entred into the world, and shall never be put out. All other punishments are but light, and shall shortly have an end: But the damned shall be tormented in this flame for ever and ever. Now if we will, we may escape it. Heaven is set open to all; but there is no coming to it but by the way of repentance, and the gate of the crosse: He that walketh in this way, and entreth in at this gate, may be certain of his salvation, and eternall joy in the kingdome of heaven, where he shall have an everlasting habitation. This is the counsel of *Adam* to his children, I say it is *Adams* counsel,

Who falling once did make his children all Both guiltie of his punishment and fall.

CHAP. III.

The Raven croking.

NEat unto the *Skeleton* of the *Protoplast*, or the bare bones of the first man that God made, is the *Raven's* place in the picture, which maketh very much for the representation of *Eternitie* to the life. It is a well known saying of Saint *Augustine*; *Cras, cras*, that is, *To morrow, to morrow, is the voice of the Raven: Mourn therefore like a Dove, and beat thy breast.* The chiefest cause, that I conceive, why most men lose their part and portion of blessed *Eternitie*, is because they seek it not *To day*, but deferre the seeking of it till *To morrow*. For what is more frequent or ordinary, then putting off repentance till *To morrow, To morrow*, which God doth know we are uncertain whether we shall live to see or no: but that we may not seem to put it off without some fair pretence, we make many fair promises unto God.

August.

I will To Morrow, *that I will,*
I will be sure to do it:
To Morrow *comes* To Morrow *goes,*
And still thou art to do it.
Thus still repentance is defer'd
From one day to another:
Vntill the day of Death is come,
And Judgement is the other.

But the day of promise is so long a coming, that the day of death often preventeth it, and we are suddenly snatcht away, and swallowed up of *Eternitie*, and so plunged into the gulf, miserable men that we are, into the gulf of everlasting horror and despair. This is it that undoeth many, saith Saint *Augustine*, whilest they cry, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow*, the gate is suddenly shut against them: Therefore the sonne of *Sirach* often calleth upon us to this purpose, *Make no tarrying to turn unto the Lord, and put not off from day to day: For suddenly shall the wrath of God come forth, and in thy securitie thou shalt be destroyed, and* Eccles. 5. 7.

perish

per sh in the day of vengeance. It was truly said of *Seneca* that Romane Philosopher, A great part of our life we spend in doing ill; the greatest part in doing nothing; but all in doing another thing rather then that we should. Not unlike to *Archimedes*, who, when *Syracuse* was taken, was sitting secure at home, and drawing circles with his compasse in the dust. For do we not see most men, when the *Eternall* salvation of their soules is in question, handling their dust, and stretching themselves to their furthest compasse, set upon the tenter-hooks as it were, and distracted with law-suits, money-matters, worldly businesse, and labours that shall nothing profit them at the last? *Eternitie* is a thing they never once think of, or else very seldome, and then but slightly, for a snatch and away, as dogges are said to lappe at *Nilus*. *Martha, Martha, thou art carefull and troubled about many things: but one thing is needfull*, and that is, *Beatitude*, or blessednesse, not

Seneca.

Luke 10. 41.

that

that on earth which such as it is, is but short; but that in heaven, which is *Eternall*.

Before we take any businesse in hand, we commonly examine it at this well known rule, saying, *Is it worth my paines? Shall I get my living by it?* Should not a Christian man rather in the beginning of every work, sit down and say with himself, *Shall I gain heaven by it? will it any thing further me in the way to blessed Eternitie?* We do not love to trouble our heads with such *Quere's* as these, we put off the hearing of them till another time: we do adjourn it from one time to another, and another, and still another. And at the last day of Term, we will grant a hearing. Foolish men! when at last we are not able to labour, then we first begin to think of labour. When we must needs depart out of this world, then we begin to think upon another world. When we can live no longer here, then we begin to think of the life to come hereafter. When the houre-

houre-glasse of our short time is runne out, then we begin to think of *Eternitie*. When there is no time left for repentance, then presently we will repent. When the gate is shut, then we knock. But this is the fault of all sinners in generall, still to deferre their Repentance from day to day. Every sinner is ready to say, (saith Saint *Augustine*) *I cannot now, I will another time.* Alas! Alas! *If not now, why another time?*

Aug.

Dionysius King of *Sicilie* disrobing *Apollo* of his cloth of gold, said thus, *Nec aestati nec hyemi vestis haec convenit, It is a weare neither fit for Winter nor Summer.* In Summer it is too heavy, and in Winter it is too cold. So do many (saith Saint *Ambrose*) play with God, and deceive their own soules. They say, Let a young man live according to the fashion of the World; Let him drink and dance; let him go to the Horse-race, and to the Wrestlers; let him go a coursing in the fields with his companions. It is for old men to

Dionys.

to stay at home, and not to stirre abroad, unlesse it be to Church. This is too melancholick a life for a young man. But when they grow old, what do they then? Then are they old and sickly, weak and feeble; you must not look for these things of them at that age; their strength will not permit: it is not with them as formerly it hath been; you must give them leave to take their ease; let them have a care of their health: This is all they have to do. Thus we let the Summer and Winter of our age passe away and never once think of the *Eternall* Spring. But let us remember our selves, and *as we have opportunitie let us do good.* But let not our song be any more, with the black Raven, *Cras, Cras, To morrow, To morrow*, and so let *To day*, and *To morrow*, and the next, and so our whole life passe away, and *Eternitie* overtake us before we are aware. *To morrow* is not, *To day* onely is ours. So saith Saint *James*, *Go to now, ye that say, To day, or to morrow we will*

Gal. 6. 10.

James 4. 13.

go into such a citie, and continue there a yeare, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. It was a very good answer that *Messadamus* gave one inviting him to a feast the next day, (as it is reported by *Guido Bituricensis*) My friend, saith he, why dost thou invite me against *To morrow*? I durst not for these many years secure my self that I should live one day; for I have expected death every houre. No man is sufficiently armed against death, unlesse he be alwayes prepared to entertain it. What is it else but rashnesse and folly, folly and madnesse, and indeed mere contempt of *Eternitie*, for a man to lie down in ease upon a featherbed, to sleep secure snorting and snoring, and to lodge an enemy, a deadly enemy, all the while, sitting in his very bosome? Sudden deaths are very common and ordinary amongst us. How many have we heard

Messadamus.

dead of that went to bed well enough for ought any man could tell, and were found dead in the morning, I will not say carried away out of their beds and cast into Hell-fire; whether it be so or no God knoweth. Have we not seen and known some that have been suddenly struck, fallen sick, and died in the space of an houre? Within an houre? yea lesse then an houre, found and sick, quick and dead. And yet do we (rash and foolish men!) procrastinate it from day to day (that is nothing) from yeare to yeare do we deferre our Repentance, and the amendment of our lives, and death mean time unexpected setteth upon us, and delivereth us up unto *Eternitie*. Saint *Augustine*, correcting in himself such lingring and dangerous delay, such lentitude and backwardnesse of mind and will to repent, said thus, I felt and found how I was held intangled, and I uttered such lamentable complaints as these, *Quamdiu, quamdiu, Cras & Cras, quare non hac hora finis tur-* *August.*

turpitudinis meæ? How long shall I deferre, and still cry *To morrow, To morrow*? Why do I not now beginne, even this very present houre? why do I not break off my sinfull course, and beginne to live better? Thus I spake and fell a weeping for very contrition of heart.

Antonie the Great (as Saint *Hierome* witnesseth) when he used exhortations to the people to stirre them up to godlinesse and virtue, was wont to wish them alwayes to keep in mind, and often meditate upon that saying of the Apostle, *Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram, Let not the Sunne go down upon your wrath.* And this prohibition he did not restrain to wrath onely, but made it generall, Let not the Sunne go down upon your wrath, hatred, malice, envie, lust or any other sinne, lest it depart from you as a witnesse against you.

John Patriarch of Alexandria had a certain controversie with one *Nicetas*, a chief man of that citie.

The

The matter was to be tryed at law. *John* was for the poore, *Nicetas* for his money. But for peace sake there was a private meeting and hearing appointed, to see if they could come to some composition and agreement. They met, they fell to words, they were hot at it, a great deal of choler and stomach was shown on both parts, neither would yield a jot, neither would depart an inch from his right. A great conflict there was between them, many houres spent to little purpose: they were further off from agreement at length then before: for neither would yield to conditions propounded by either: well; it grew late, they departed more offended and displeased one with another then before, and so left the suit pendent. *Nicetas* thought it a hard case to part with his money, and the *Patriarch* seemed to be in the right, and to stand out in the cause of God and the poore. But yet when *Nicetas* was gone, the *good Bishop* weighed the matter better with himself,

and

And condemned himself for his pertinacie, and though he was in a good cause and knew it also, yet said, Can I think that God will be well pleased with this implacable wrath, and wilfull stubbornesse? The night draweth on: And shall I suffer the Sunne to go down upon my wrath? That is impious, and not according to the counsel of the Apostle. So the good Prelate could not be at rest till he had sent unto *Nicetas*: For he out of hand sent messengers of good esteem, and gave them this charge, that they should say no more to him but onely this, *Domine, Sol ad occasum est*, that is, *Sir, The sunne is going down*. Upon the hearing of which message there was such a sudden alteration wrought in *Nicetas*, that his high stomach came down presently, he began to melt, his eyes did stand full swoln with teares, and he had much ado to keep them in. Out of doores he ran presently after the messengers (for he made haste to speak with the *Patriarch*) and coming

coming to him in humble manner desired him thus, *Holy Father, I will be ruled by you in this or in any other matter.* Whereupon the *Patriarch* made him very welcome: So they embraced each other very lovingly, and became good friends. Great surely was the vertue, and speedie was the operation of these few words, *The Sunne is going down*: For presently upon the hearing thereof a peace was concluded betwixt them, which was sought for before with multitude of words, but could not be effected. So do thou, whosoever thou art that knowest thy self guiltie of any grievous sinne, if not before, towards the evening at least call to mind those operative words, *The Sunne is going down.* For what knowest thou whether thou shalt rise again with the Sunne or no? And if thou diest in the night without Repentance, it is a question in which *Eternitie* thou shalt have thy part, whether of the blessed, or of the cursed. Wherefore do what thou hast to do quickly,

ly, *The Sunne is going down.* But have a care it go not down upon thy luſt or luxury, envy or blaſphemy, detraction or theft, or upon any other grievous ſinne unrepented of. Good God! what a thing is this? If there be but a ſtain in a garment, a ſpot in the face, a blot in a cap, we preſently uſe ſome means to take it out, or waſh it off. Are theſe ſuch eye-ſores to us, and yet are we ſo blind within, that we cannot ſee our manifold corruptions and pollutions? or do we ſee and ſuffer them? can we ſuffer them and not be troubled at them? are we troubled, and yet ſeek no means to expiate and purge them out? When we are polluted at any time with the ſtain of ſinne, we ſhould labour preſently to take it out: The ſooner it is done, the better and the eaſier it is. Therefore ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, We ought to be carefull to repent: but that is not all; Our repentance muſt be alſo ſpeedy, for fear leſt the Heavenly husbandman in the Goſpel, that planted a fig-

Ambroſ.

fig-tree in his vineyard, come and seek for fruit, and finding none say unto the dresser of his vineyard, *Cut it down*. If the sentence be once past, there is no avoyding the fatall blow: Down it must. If therefore we find our selves once wounded with sinne, let us look for help in time. The brute beasts which have no understanding will teach us so much providence. The Harts of *Candie* or *Creet*, assoon as they are struck, runne presently to their *Dictamnum* or *Dittanie*; the Swallows, to cure the blindnesse of their young ones eyes, flie to fetch their *Chelidonium* or *Celandine*; The Dogge, when he is sick, maketh haste to his *Grasse* to give him a vomit; The Toad fighting with the Spider, assoon as she feeleth her self begin to swell, crawleth to her *Plantain*, and so is recovered. These by a naturall instinct know their own proper medicines, and upon all occasions presently make recourse unto them. But we poore miserable men, more unreasonable and without

out understanding then the beasts are wounded every day, and that many times deadly, and yet notwithstanding, we seek for no medicine to cure our spirituall diseases. We use the same diet we were wont to do, we talk as freely and merrily as ever we did, we go to bed at our accustomed houre, and sleep according to our old compasse. But *Repentance* is the Physick that goeth against our stomachs, *Contrition* cutteth us to the heart, *Confession* seemeth bitter in our mouths: we chuse rather to continue sick, then so be cured. This is our miserable condition: so foolish are we, and void of understanding, either not knowing, or at least not embracing that which would make for our *Eternall* good.

If we would give eare unto the counsel of the heavenly *Angels*, which seem in the Picture according to their description, to give direction unto us, and are indeed appointed by God as ministring spirits for our good: if we would,

I

say, give care unto their counsel, then certainly we should neither suffer our eyes to sleep nor our eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of our heads to take any rest, until our peace and reconciliation were made with God. They put us still in mind that our day is almost spent, that the night draws on, that our glasse is near running out, that death is at hand, and after death cometh judgement. But we securely walke on in our old way: Let the day spend, let the night draw on, let the glasse runne out, come death, follow judgement, we are not troubled at it, we care not, we regard not, no warning of the Angels will serve our turn.

We sweetly sleep, and never dream of this,
Unhappy man whosoever thou art!
Potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos?
And canst thou sleep in such a case as this?

Canst thou go to bed, with a conscience thus laden with sinne? Canst thou take any rest when thou

next in danger of *Eternall* death?
Canst thou lodge in the same bed
with the brother of Death, and en-
tertain sleep into thy bosome? I
can, I tell thee, that I can, and find
no harm at all by it. Be not too
confident: That may happen in
the space of one hour which hath
not happened in a thousand. Thou
art not past danger: For consider
with thy self how long thou hast
to live: There is no great distance
betwixt thy soul and death, hell
and *Eternitie*. It is gone in a
breath. Thou mayest most truely
say every houre, I am within one
degree of death, within one foot,
yea within one inch. Death need
not spend all his quiver upon thee:
One arrow, the head of one ar-
row shall wound thee to the heart,
and make such a large orifice, that
Bloud and spirits and life and all
shall suddenly run out together.
Either thou livest in a malignant
and corrupt aire, or else thou art
troubled with distillations falling
down from thy head upon the
lungs, or else there is some ob-
struction

struction in the veins or in the liver, or else the vitall spirits are suffocated, or else the pulsation of the Arteries is intercepted, or else the Animall spirits runne back to their head, and there are either frozen to death, or else drowned. One way or other thou posteſt to the end of thy short race; and presently thou art but a dead man, carried away to *Eternitie* in the turning of an hand, before thou couldſt imagine or think upon it. There are a thousand wayes to bring a man to his end; I do not speak of lingring deaths, before which there goes some warning, but of sudden deaths that summons us, arreſt us, and carry us away all in a moment. He dies suddenly that dies unpremeditedly. Death is not sudden if it be foreseen and alwaies expected. That is sudden death which was unpremeditate: and unpremeditate death is the worſt of all deaths: And from such sudden death good Lord deliver us. It is good counsel for every one, let him be of what age he will, for no age

is priviledged more then another: death hath a generall commission which extends to all places, persons, ages, there is none exempt: It is good counsel then, I say, for every one at all times, and in all places, and in all companies to expect death, and to think every day, yea every houre to be his last: Then let him die, when please God, he shall not die suddenly. How many men have we heard of, whose light hath suddenly been put out, and life taken away either by a fall, or the halter, or poylon, or sword, or fire, or water, or lions pawes, or Bores tusks, or Horse heels, and a thousand more wayes then these! As many senses as we have, (that number is nothing) As many parts and members as we have, (and yet that is nothing) As many pores as there be in all the parts of our body put together, so many windows are there for death to creep in at, to steal upon us, and suddenly cut our throats. *Thou must burn* (saith Saint *Augustine*) *that is sure: For thou shalt*

August.

shalt surely die. And in this that thy death is certain, the day also of thy death is uncertain. None of us knows how near he draws unto his end. *I know not,* saith *Job,* *how long I shall live, and how soon my maker may take me away,* or (as our translation hath it) *I know not to give flattering titles; in so doing my Maker would soon take me away.* In the midst of our life we are near [illegible] to death: For we alwayes can [illegible] it in our bosome: And who can tell whether he shall live till the evening or no? This murderer, and man-stealer (for so I call Death) hath a thousand wayes to hurt us, as by thunder and lightning, storms and tempest, fire and water, &c. Instruments of mischief he hath of all sorts; as Gunnes, Bowes, Arrows, Slings, Spears, Darts, Swords, and what not? We need not be beholding to former ages for examples of sudden deaths: Alack! we have too many in our own dayes. Have not we our selves known many that laying them-

Job 32. 12.

selves down to sleep, have fallen into such a dead sleep, that they are not to be awaked again till they shall heare the sound of the trumpet at the last day? Death doth not alwayes send his *Heralds* and *Summoners* before to tell us of his coming, but often steals upon us unexpected, and as he finds us so he takes us, whether prepared or unprepared. *Watch therefore. For ye know neither the day nor the houre.* There is a kind of Repentance indeed in Hell; but neither is it true, neither will it profit any thing at all: for it is joyned with everlasting and tormenting horrour and despair. *Now, now* is the acceptable time of Repentance, now *whilest it is called to day. Bring forth therefore fruits meet for Repentance. The night cometh when no man can work. Work therefore while it is day.* The Day, saith *Origen*, is the time of this life: which may seem long unto us, but indeed is very short if it be compared with *Eternitie*. And after this

Matth. 25. 13.

Heb. 3. 13.

Matth. 3. 8.

John 9. 4.

Origen.

this short day of this present life there follows the day of *Eternitie*, which is infinite long and hath no night to come after it. O man, whosoever thou art, think upon these things: but thou especially whosoever findest thy self guilty of any grievous sinne. Repent and amend, remember *Eternitie*, and think upon the day of Death. It is uncertain in what place Death will expect thee: Do thou therefore expect Death in every place. As the Lord shall find thee when he calls for thee, so shall he also passe sentence upon thee.

Whatsoever thou takest in hand
remember the end, and thou shalt
never do amisse. Eccles. 7. 36.
MOMENT ON WHICH DEPENDS
ETERNITIE
BOTH
OF LIFE
OF DEATH
CHUSE
To think upon ETERNITIE, & not
to amend ons manners, is to bid heav:
en farewell, & to joyn hands wth hell.

THE EIGHTH CONSIDERATION upon ETERNITIE.

How Christians ought not onely to look upon the Emblems *and Pictures of* Eternitie, *but come home and look within themselves and seriously meditate upon the thing it self.*

ORder requires now, that leaving the *Psalmist* and the rest, who have described unto us *Eternitie*, we should descend into our selves, keep at home, and stay within. He is a great way from home, from himself and from his own salvation, whosoever hath an eye to that onely which is *Transitorie*,

and forgetteth that which is Eternall.

The Lawyers know well enough that a man will not let go his right and title, though it be but in a matter of three halfpence, if it be a perpetuitie, and to be yearly paid for ever. Yea it is thought a great rent if a man be bound to pay though but three farthings yearly to his land-lord, as long as the world endures. In such esteem are perpetuities, though in things little worth, though but three Pepper-corns. If thou art so solicitous and eager in pursuing thy right of three halfpence, how comes it to passe, O man, that thou art so negligent and careleſſe in seeking after the inheritance of an Eternall kingdome, which may be had at a few years purchase? Thou fallest out with thy brother for three halfpence, thou goest to law with him, thou makest it a long suit: In the mean time thou suffereſt others to carry away the inheritance of the kingdome of heaven. What is the reason? is It so

little worth? is it not worth looking after? It seems, thou thinkest so, or else thou wouldest labour for it more then thou dost. Thou art much cumbred about other things, thou thinkest all pains little enough; thou art never weary of seeking after them: But as for *Eternitie*, that thou thinkest to be a great way off, and therefore thou art scarce ever at leisure so much as once to think upon it; or, if thou art any time at leisure then thou hast no mind to it. Oh! it is a grievous thing, and very wearisome to be alwayes looking after that which yet is not here ever throughly to be lookt into. Who would trouble his head, and weary his mind about it? We are all for the present; Give us present possession; that is the thing we desire, that is the thing we delight in; there is some content in that.

See our folly and want of discretion! What blindnesse is this, or rather is it not madnesse, to look for certaintie where none is, and where it is never to look for it?

In

In a businesse concerning our temporall and uncertain riches we love to be certain; we will have good securities, which yet at the best is very uncertain. But concerning *Eternall* and certain riches, we make our selves so certain, that we look for no assurance, we so secure, that we look for no securities, which yet if we would we might have as good as could be desired. Does any man lend money without a bill or a bond, or a pledge? Every man hath this presently in his mouth, I love to be certain; I desire good securitie; I will go safely to work; I will not put the matter to hazard. Things present and certain, when we hold the balance, alwayes weigh down things future and uncertain. *Better*, say we (as the proverb goes) *a one bird in the hand then two in the bush.* And, *I had rather see a wren in the cage, then an Eagle in the clouds.* We are of *Plautus* his mind; we carrie our eyes in our hands, and believe no more then we see. What fond and

foolish

foolish men are we, that seek for certaintie of such things as are most uncertain, which deceive us most when we make our selves most sure of them, which make themselves wings and flie away, whilest we think we have them fast enough in our hands! But, he is beloven unto all Christian people, what assurance and security Christ the King of Heaven will give; what assurance, I say, of *Eternall* life Christ will give unto all those that will enter bond for performance of covenants: *If thou wilt enter into life, keep thy Commandments. Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata.* The condition of this obligation is such, that if thou keepest the Commandments, thou shalt enter into life, life *Eternall*: But if thou breakest the Commandments, inasmuch as thou breakest them, then this obligation shall be void and of none effect. For whosoever breaketh one of these Commandments, and deserreth his repentance, and doth not the same

Matth. 19. 17.

houre

houre wherein he hath sinned, seek reconciliation and peace with God, whom he hath offended, he is in danger to loose himself and all that he hath, and manifestly hazardeth the *Eternall* salvation both of soul and body. There is but three fingers breadth, or rather but an inch between him and death. For he hath within himself the matter of a thousand diseases and causes of death: And yet rash and foolish man he persisteth and continueth still without fear or wit in the state of damnation; in which state if it shou'd please God to take him away suddenly, he is in danger to perish everlastingly. Is it not a bold and foolish part for a man to adventure all that he hath at a cast, and hazard the losse of *Eternall* riches when he may easily keep them?

If a man should suffer in Hell but so many torments as he hath lived houres, or but so many torments as he hath committed sinnes all his life, this might seem some-

what

what the more tolerable. If it were so that in hell there were any end of torments after the expiration of any certain number of years, men would make no end of sinning all the dayes of their life: The enemies of God would increase every day more and more. For albeit they know that the torments in Hell are so many in number, that they cannot be numbred; so long for continuance, that they cannot be measured; so grievous for qualitie, that they cannot be endured but with such infinite pain, that every minute of an houre shall seem a whole yeare: Notwithstanding all this men are nothing deterred from sinne, but walk on boldly, or rather run headlong to their own destruction.

If all the torments that can be inflicted or imagined, should be heaped together upon the head of a man for an hundred years together, they would not come near the punishments of Hell for one yeare, no not for a day, nor yet an houre. All the punishments that

Thieves, Robbers, Murderers, and such Malefactors suffer, though grievous for the time, yet they are quickly ended, in three or four dayes they are over, or in the compasse of a week at most: But the torments of the damned are not for a yeare, or an age, but for ever. God shall ever punish them because he can never punish them enough though he punish them to all *Eternitie*.

CHAP. I.

Eternitie doth not onely cut off all comfort and ease, but even all hope also.

IN this life we have *Hope* for our comforter in all calamities and distresses, which hath a soveraigne vertue to mitigate and allwage all pains and sorrows. And God of his great mercy for the most part in all adversities still leaveth us some. *Hope* of help and succour

To

The ſick man as long as he lives, he ſtill lives in *Hope*: as long as there is life there is *Hope*. But after this life ended there remaineth to the damned no more any *Hope* of comfort, *Hope* the laſt comforter of all taketh her flight, and *Eternall* deſperation ſeizeth upon them. The Prophet *Daniel* ſpeaketh of an Angel coming down from Heaven, and ſaying, *Hew the tree down and deſtroy it*, cut off her boughs, ſhake off her leaves, and ſcatter her fruit abroad, *yet leave the ſtump of the roots thereof in the earth.* Upon which words ſaith Saint *Ambroſe*, The leaves and the fruit are taken off, but the root is preſerved; that is, Delights here are taken from us, and puniſhments are inflicted upon us, but yet *Hope* is not taken away from us. Behold! The root is preſerved, *Hope* is left behind. In Hell it hath no growing. *Behold the day cometh*, ſaith the Prophet *Malachie*, *that ſhall burn them up*, ſaith the *Lord of Hoſts*, *that it ſhall leave them neither root nor branch.* Dan. 4. 23. Mal. 4. 1.

And

Job 19. 10. And *Job* lamenting, crieth out, *I am gone, and my Hope hath been removed like a tree.* The *Hope*, or *The expectation of the wicked shall perish*: So saith *Solomon*. Therefore whilest there is time and place for *Hope* let us have *Hope*; but let us *Hope* for such things as we ought. All humane things are vain and uncertain: The Heathen Poets tells us so much in these verses,

Prov. 10. 28.

Omnia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et subito casu quæ valuere ruunt.

All humane things hang by a slender thred.
What stands most strong is quickly ruined.

We must not therefore place our *Hope*, trust, and confidence in such things. S. *Bernard* sheweth us a better way in these words, *Faith* saith, God hath prepared for the faithfull great and unconceivable good things: And *Hope* saith, He hath reserved them and laid them up for me: And *Charitie* saith in the third place, I make haste, and think

Bernard.

think it long till I come to them. True *Hope*, as Saint *Gregorie* affirmeth, raiseth up the mind to the thought of *Eternitie*, and taketh away the sense of all outward crosses and troubles. True *Hope* makes us to understand that all worldly things are vain, but a *Modicum*, but for a moment: But oh that moment on which all *Eternitie* doth depend! The day of death, and the houre of the extreme and last agonie is properly that moment, and that precious jewel, for buying whereof the wise merchant selleth all that he hath. But few know the worth of this jewel. About *Eternall* salvation, saith Saint *Hierome*, every man is negligent. But what is the reason that men are so negligent in a thing of such great moment? Poore men! we are troubled with weak and ill eyes. We see well enough near at hand, but we can scarce perceive any thing afarre off. I do not speak of such as are come to mans estate, or such as are grown old, Boyes and girles when they are new taken from their

Greg.

Hierom.

their cradle, before they have all their teeth come forth, learn the first elements of vices; they smutch their fingers presently with the soil of covetousnesse; and after a while they have an unsatiable desire after getting riches, they learn to make good markets for themselves; if they meet with a good penieworth, they presently lay hold upon it; their hand is presently in the purse, either laying out for gain, or receiving in gain; they know how to make the best use and advantage of their money; they get an insight into the mysteries of divers trades; they will be talking of merchandise, they will learn good judgement of wines, they will tell you what fashion and cut is in use beyond seas: *Juvenal* the Poet in his Satyres gave these a lash long ago.

This old wives teach boyes in their infancy.
And girles do learn before their ABC.

Hence is the rise,
Of every vice.

Hence

Hence cometh our grosse ignorance, and forgetfulnesse of things to come. Young and old, all do overvalue their money: but as for Heaven and *Eternitie*, they know not, neither will they understand the true worth of them. But let us proceed.

CHAP. II.

Eternitie is a Sea, and a three headed Hydra: but it is also a Fountain of all joy.

I would fain ask thee, O Christian man, whosoever thou art that hearest Sermons often, but devoutly, it may be, with attention and devotion; thee especially fain would I ask one question. Suppose thou shouldest take in hand to draw out all the water in the sea in a small river near adjoyning, which runneth back again into the sea continually as fast as it is cast out. Suppose thou shouldest use no other ladle but a very small spoon to cast

caſt it out withall. Now tell me: How long doſt thou think thou ſhouldeſt be in draining of the ſea? Or again, Suppoſe thou ſhouldeſt draw it out with a bucket as big as an hogſhead, and as faſt as thou draweſt, poure it out into another chanel: Anſwer me, In how many years doſt thou think thou ſhouldeſt be able to draw the ſea drie? To ſit ſcorching and frying in the flames of Hell-fire ſo many years, I know thou wilt ſay, were a grievous and wicked torment. And yet the damned would think it well with them if it were ſo: they would like the condition well, and not think the time long, ſo that they had any aſſurance, that at length their torments ſhould have an end, and not extend to all *Eternitie*.

We reade in Heatheniſh Authours of old time, a thing more ſtrange then true, of a certain *Hydra*, or *Snake*, which (as they feigned) had three heads, and aſſoon as one was cut off, had two ſhoot up in the place thereof. But if this

Hydra

Hydra be any where to be found, it is in Hell; where there is a three-fold *Eternitie*, which like the *Hydra* ſtretcheth out her long neck with three heads, that is, *The pain of loſſe*, *the pain of ſenſe*, and *the worm of conſcience* that never dieth. What miſerable and improvident men are we, that having but a ſhort journey to go, but full of dangers all the way, go on notwithſtanding ſo merrily and ſportingly, as if we were walking all the while through a *Paradiſe* or a moſt pleaſant garden, free from all fear of enemies, and in the end of our walk preſently to be received and admitted as Citizens into our Heavenly Countrey, a place of all ſecuritie! For can we be ignorant? if we be, it is our own fault. But we cannot be ignorant that at length we ſhall come to the two gates of *Eternitie*, the one of the bleſſed, the other of the damned: And enter we muſt at one of them; that is certain: at which God knows; it is according as we ſhall behave and carry our ſelves by the way.

Lan-

Laur. Justin. *Laurentius Justinianus*, wondring at the merry madnesse of such travellers, breaks forth into this exclamation, Oh the lamentable condition of mortall men, which go on exulting all the way, whilest they are but exiles, or banished men from their own country! Let us not settle our minds upon any vain joyes & fond toyes by the way, whilest we are travelling towards our Country; but let us so runne our race, that at the end thereof we may obtein admittance in at the gate which is the entrance to *Eternall* blessednesse. God hath indeed created us rather unto joyes and pleasures then unto labours and sorrows, but we are much mistaken both of the time and place: It is not here, it shall be hereafter. Joyes are prepared in Heaven; but none but the good and faithfull servants shall enter into them. And by what means may a man obtein entrance? *Matth.* 11. 12. Knowest thou not what Christ said? *The Kingdome of Heaven suffereth violence: and the violent*

ment take it by force. Think now thus with thy self, Am I this violent man? Is this the violence here spoken of, To eat, to drink, to rise up to play, to lie down to take my ease? It is not certainly. Fight we must; but it must be the good fight, like Christian champions; Run we must, but so that we may obtain; Strive we must, but to enter in at the strait gate: Labour we must, and offer violence to the kingdome of heaven; but it must be in due time and place: Now whilest we have time; here, whilest we are on the way, whilest we have life and strength, that when we come to the point of death, and so passe the *Horizon* of this world, and depart into another never to return back again; when we shall be translated from time to *Eternity*; then at the last we may have joy for our life past, and hope for that which is to come. Let us labour therefore, let us labour, I say, and offer violence to our selves, fighting against our own froward wills and affections: so shall we ob-

tain by the mercy of God everlasting rest for short labours, and eternall glorie for a few dayes travel.

True and solid joy is not here to be found in vain delights and pleasures, but in heaven, where there is joy and pleasure for evermore. Jonah 4. 6. God prepared a Gourd, and made it come over Jonah, that it might be a shadow over his head, to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd. And what is all the pleasure, or rather vanitie of this present world? Is it not like *Jonahs gourd*, flourishing for a time, and yielding a comfortable shadow? Rich men have their *gourd* also, that is, their riches, under the shadow whereof they rejoyce with exceeding great joy. Drunkards and gluttons have their *gourds* also, that is, great tables and delicious fare, under the shadow whereof they are merry and joyfull. Voluptuous men also have their *gourds* too, that is, their unlawfull pleasures, under the shadow whereof they lie down and

and sport themselves. But (alas!) sorrow follows after such joy, and suddenly overtakes it. Their mirth is soon turned into mourning; and their delights and pleasures end in gall and bitternesse. For what became of *Jonahs gourd*? *God prepared a worm when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered.* Now tell me, *Jonah*, where is thy *gourd*? what is become of it? Where is now thy exceeding great joy? They are both gone together. Thy *gourd* is withered, and thy joy is ended. Such are our vain delights and pleasures, such is our joy, rather shadows of things then any thing indeed, they fade away suddenly, and become like *Jonahs gourd* that soon withered. The joy of this world is but for a moment, but the joy of the life to come is for all *Eternitie.* Jonah 4. 7.

CHAP. IVI.

Here is declared by a most memorable example, How sweet and precious the taste of Eternitie is.

THis knew *Theodorus* very well, one born of Christian Parents and as it seems he learned it betimes, when for years he was but a youth, but an old man for judgement and discretion. For on a great Festivall day kept throughout all Egypt, there being a great feast at his fathers house, and many invited thereunto, when some were eating and drinking, others laughing and playing, and others sporting and dancing, he amidst all these follies retired himself to his inward closet, finding himself wounded to the heart, but with a chast arrow. For thus he began to expostulate with himself, Unhappy *Theodore*! What would it profit thee, if thou shouldst gain the whole world? Many things thou hast indeed; but canst thou tell how

how long thou shalt enjoy them? Thou livest in abundance now; thou maist feast it and make merry, thou maist laugh and be sad, thou maist rejoice and skip for joy: But art thou sure how long this shall last? I should like it well if it would last alwayes. But what shall I do? Shall I for the enjoying of these short and transitorie pleasures and delights deprive my self of those joyes which are *Eternall*? Tell me, *Theodore*, is this according to Christian Religion, to frame unto our selves an heaven here on earth, and think to passe from delights to delights, from *Temporall* to *Eternall*? Either I am much deceived, or else Christ shewed unto us another way unto the kingdome of heaven, and that is through many tribulations. Therefore have no more to do with worldly vanities; but preferre *Eternall* joyes before *Temporall*. Thus he said, and fell a weeping. So then he retired himself into a withdrawing-room, and there prostrating himself upon the earth, he prayed after

this manner, Eternall God, my heart is naked and open before thee: I send up my sighs as humble *Orators* and *Petitioners* unto thee; I know not what to ask, nor how. Onely this one thing I beg at thy hands, that thou wilt not suffer me to die an *Eternall* death. Lord, thou knowest that I love thee, and that I desire to be with thee, that I may sing *Eternall* praises unto thee. Lord, have mercie upon me. Whilest he was thus praying in comes his mother on a sudden, and presently perceiveth by the rednesse and moistnesse of his eyes that he had been a weeping, and thereupon she saith, My Sonne, what is the matter with thee? Why weepest thou? Why mournest thou? Why keepest thou out of sight to day? Why dost thou not come to the table? The rest are all there: Thy companie is desired: Come away. But *Theodore* answered and said, I pray you, good mother, have me excused: I find my self somewhat ill at stomach, I pray you do not urge me to eat

or

er to drink against my stomach. So with a fair and colourable pretence he sent away his mother. Then being alone he conferred with God & himself about *Eternity*, and strictly examined all the course of his life, saying unto himself, What am I? or, What have I been? How hath it been with me heretofore? or, How shall it be with me hereafter, if I lose my part and fellowship in the kingdome of heaven and blessed *Eternitie*? There are divers wayes to heaven: Some go one way, some another: It is no matter which way we go, so we come thither. But because all wayes be not alike, neither are all natures alike, every man ought to choose that way which is most convenient. There is a short way, and a long; a safe way, and a dangerous: If then I be afraid to go a long and dangerous way, there is a shorter and a safer, which if I shall choose, without all doubt I shall have the Angels for my companions and comforters, and they will rejoyce with me. But my friends will

grieve at it: at the first, it may be, but after a while they will all rejoyce. Well, *Theodore*, deferre a while, but not too long, and do not yield too much. I hope I shall one day grow a strong man, and then I shall be better able to deal with mine enemies, for I shall find those that are strong: But what if they be rather flattering, fawning, and such as will even weep for me? The truth is, I am most afraid of such. But plucke up a good heart, man, and though by nature thou art flexible and easily moved, yet pray unto Christ and he will make thee strong and immoveable. But what if thy mother falls a weeping, beseeching thee with her tears trickling down her cheeks? What if she hangs about thy neck, and desires thee to spare thy self? What if she shews thee her breasts which gave thee suck? Will not all these move thee? Here remember what Saint *Hierome* saith, Notwithstanding all these importunities, run with speed unto the Standard

Hierom.

of

Christs Crosse: It is a vertue and praise-worthy to be cruel in such a case as this. It is the portion and inheritance of thy mother the Church to stand under the Crosse of Christ: So did *Mary* the mother of Christ: and so must thou, if thou wilt have God thy Father in heaven, and the Church thy mother on earth: And so thou wilt do, if thou beest a true Sonne and no bastard. But must I do it now in my youth, in the very flower of mine age? that's hard. So it is indeed to flesh and bloud. But experience teacheth it, that God is not well pleased with late service: for late services are seldome good. Therefore they do well that begin to serve God betimes, that seek him early, and that remember him in the daies of their youth, and learn to submit their tender necks unto the yoke of Christ. But I have been brought up tenderly, I have been fed with dainties: and shall I now enter upon a strict and rigid course of life, and bid adieu to all my pleasures? Shall I be able to endure it? I hope I

shall. But, how long? For a year or two? That's not enough: I must go further, and continue to the end, even as long as I live. Therefore weigh and consider the matter well with thy self, before thou resolvest; and either never begin, or else continue to the end. I will by Gods assistance; for I hope he will not leave me alone to strive with these difficulties, which of my self I shall not be able to overcome. But it is a hard matter to strive against custome. I have hitherto lived like a Noble-man and a Freeman: and shall I now live like a poore man, and a slave? or, if I do, how long shall I live so? If I put on the poore mans person, and act in the *Theatre* of this world, when shall I put it off? At the end of the last Act. And how farre is it thither? As long as it is to the last breath. Thy part is not ended till thou art to depart out of this life. If thou once comest forth in the poore mans dresse, there is no putting it off again: Thou must not once think of thy silks, fatten-

and

and velvets: Purple and fine linen thou must not wear, untill thou be clothed with the robe of immortalitie and glory. *Treasure*, what thinkest thou? shalt thou be able to hold out to the last Act? I will strive what I can, and comfort my self by the example of other good *Actours* that have gone before me. And whom should I choose rather to follow and imitate then Christ the Sonne of God, who voluntarily became poore, and made himself of no reputation, humbling himself above nature, to do and suffer like a servant, being Lord of all? And shall not I do and suffer anything after his example? Shall not I take up the Crosse and follow him? Am I better then he? Why should I be afraid to follow, when I have such a Leader? For who is it? Who bids me follow him? It is the voice of man that speaks; but it is the will of God, whom I ought to obey, because he commands. But this is too high a point of Philosophie, for a man to

to forsake his riches, and to embrace poverty. And what will thou do, *Theodore*? Resolve with thy self what to do.

Why do I thus long doubt and dispute within my self? Why do I waver thus between hope and fear? Have I not the example of my Lord before mine eyes? Did not he suffer many things, not to be uttered? Was not he nailed to the Crosse, and despitefully used? He forsook his heavenly treasures, and came poore into this world. His *birth* and *death* shew it. At his *birth* he wanted a cradle, in his *life* he had not where to hide his head: and at his *death* he had not wherewithall to cover his body. Naked came he into this world, and naked he went out. How was it with him in *life*? He was fain to flee from one place to another. He was often wearied with travel, scorched with heat, and dry for thirst. He was as indefatigable in doing, as he was patient in suffering: and both in an high degree. Was ever any one

not so well bent to poverty, so patient in labours, and so gentle and mild whenche was reproched? And should I be ashamed of such a Leader? Should I blush to be called one of his followers? Shall not I be content to be such as my Lord and Saviour will have me to be? I am ready for love of him to suffer hunger, thirst, cold, nakednesse, poverty, and such like. I am willing for his sake to be bound, burnt, and cut in pieces. These sufferings are but short, they cannot continue long. But the joyes or torments of *Eternitie* are long indeed: for they shall never have end. Therefore farewell all the world, and the things that are in it, I care not for you, I regard you not; Farewell, I say, But welcome, *Eternitie*, whensoever thou comest: Thou art the onely thing that I seek after; my soul longeth after thee, there is nothing that I desire in comparison of thee.

With the heat of such cogitations his soul was so set on fire, that

that it was inflamed with the love of *Eternitie*, which the blessed shall enjoy in heaven. Therefore he resolved to take leave of his parents, to forsake his riches, and bid adieu to his delights for ever. He did not resolve hastily, but continued in his resolution constantly. He was not soon hot, and soon cold: He was not altered all on the sudden: He did not passe from one extream to another? He did not strive for the highest pitch at the first, but rose up by degrees and became one of *Pachomius* his Scholars. You have heard the *Prologue*; But there follows no *Tragedie* after it: For, contrary to the law of a *Tragedie*, we have a sorrowfull beginning but a joyfull ending. He came forth with a *Lacrymæ*, but went off with a *Plaudite*: At his *Intrat* there was weeping for grief, but at his *Exit* there was clapping of hands for joy. Thus have ye heard the life and death of *Theodorus*, whose soul fed as it were upon thoughts of *Eternitie*, and was delighted

there-

therewith as with marrow and fatnesse. He was not of the worlds mind, which counteth *Eternitie* but a fable; but refused not himself to become a fable and a byword in the world, being perswaded fully of a blessed *Eternitie*, and earnestly desiring and thirsting to have a part in it.

Christian brethren, shall I speak a free word but a true? or, not I but *Theodorus*? Most men live so, as if there were no such thing as *Eternitie*, as if it were but a mere fable and feigned thing. But what do I tell you of *Theodorus*? Will you heare what Saint *Peter* saith? *The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night, in the which the heavens shall passe away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burnt up. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of men ought we to be in all holy conversation and godlinesse?* But where are those men now adayes by whose

2. Pet. 3. 10.

11.

whose holy conversation and godlinesse a man may judge that they believe Saint *Peter* that the day of the Lord is coming, and that *Eternitie* shall follow after? But if you will not believe Saint Peter, heare what truth it self saith. *Wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.* Certainly men would not go in at the broad gate of destruction, if they did think they should come out no more, if they did once dream of *Eternitie*. But, as I said before, most men make *Eternitie* but a feigned thing, a witty invention to keep men in aw, and a good honest fable. And yet how many are apt to say, We believe that there is a blessed *Eternitie* after this life, we hope to have part in it, we have a desire and longing after it. But (alas!) how little is their faith! how vain is their hope! how cold is their desire! Present pleasures, money in the hand, the allurements of the flesh steal away the hearts of many,

Matth. 7. 13.

ay, and by little and little make the desire and love of *Eternitie* grow quite cold in them, as if they had drowned and buried it in the grave of oblivion. We heare it often read and preached, *Thus saith the Lord, This is the commandment of the Lord*: And as often as we heare it, we still neglect it. Say the Lord what he will, command what he will, our old way pleaseth us best, *We will walk after our own devices, and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart. Therefore thus saith the Lord, Ask ye now amongst the heathen, who hath heard such horrible things?* Had the people which knew no God but known these secrets of *Eternitie*, certainly they never would have contemned and neglected them. Go to now, O ye sonnes of men, *because I have called, and ye refused, I have stretched out my hands, and no man regarded; I will also laugh at your calamitie, I will mock when your fear cometh: when your fear cometh as desolation,*

Jerem. 18.12.

13.

Prov. 1.24.

26.

27.

tion, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind, when distresse and anguish cometh upon you, when eternitie shall suddenly overtake you. If Death seize upon you in this miserable state and condition, there is then no hope of mercy. The gate is presently shut, there is no opening of it. The sentence of condemnation is past, there is no repealing of it. *Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

Matth. 25. 41.

Watch therefore, good Christians, watch, I say; The Judge stands at the gate. That may happen in a minute, that you may be sorry for for all *Eternitie*. *Antonie* the great in a certain Sermon which he made to his people, spake thus unto them, Deatly beloved brethren, in matters of this life we have a care to make good bargains, we will be sure to have a penyworth for a peny. I lay out, for instance, so much money, and I have the worth of it in wares; I give so many crowes, and I have so many bushels of wheat;

heat; So many pounds, and I have so many quarters of Malt. But we are not so wise in heavenly matters, we will not give things *Temporall* in exchange for things *Eternall*. *Eternall* life is a thing not worth looking after, we much undervalue it, we will scarce give any thing for it, we will not take any pains or labour to obtain it. And yet what is our labour, suppose the greatest we can undergo? If it be compared unto *Eternall* the reward of it, it will not amount to so much as a halfpeny in respect and reference to a *Million* of Gold. For what saith the *Psalmist*? *The dayes of our life are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourescore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow.* But suppose a man should live an hundred years, to speak with the most, and all that while serve God zealously and faithfully, were it any time well spent to gain *Eternall*? were not the labour well bestowed to purchase a kingdome?

Psal. 90.10.

I do not mean a kingdome to continue for an hundred yeares onely, but throughout all ages; not an earthly kingdome, but the kingdome of heaven. Therefore, Christian brethren, be not puffed up with vain glory, be not ambitious after worldly honour, be not wearied out with well-doing, be not cast down with afflictions, do not sink under the burden of the Crosse, but bear it patiently and cheerfully, rejoycing with the Apostles *that ye are counted worthy to suffer: For I reckon*, saith S. *Paul*, *that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.* Let no man when he hath forsaken the world think that he hath forsaken any great matter. For what is earth in comparison of heaven? It is but a *Centre* to the *Circle*, a *Minute* to *Eternitie*, a *Drop* to the *Sea*, and a *Grain* of dust to the *Drie land*. What are our riches? Fading, and uncertain moveables. We are soone taken from them, or they from us. Though with much adoe we keep them

Rom. 5. 3.

Rom. 8. 18.

as long as we live, yet whe-
we will or no, we must part
them when we die, we cannot
y them to our graves. Why do
not then make a vertue of a ne-
ide? why do we not willingly
with them whileſt they are
, ſeeing that ſhortly we muſt
with them whether we will or
when death attacheth us for a
due to Nature, and then they
be no longer ours? Why do we
lay them out like good Mer-
nts for the *Margarite* or pre-
s pearl of *Eternall* life? Thus
ctly goes on *Athanaſius*: But
muſt leave him, and draw to a
cluſion.

Pachomius was wont, whenſo-
he felt any unlawfull thoughts
deſires ariſe in his mind, to
th m away with the remem-
nce of *Eternitie*: and if at any
he perceived them to rebell
, he ſtill repelled them by
itating ſeriouſly upon *Eter-*
, the *Eternall* puniſhments of
damned, the torments with-
end, the fire that never goes out,

and

and the worm that never dieth. And here I will conclude this consideration with the exhortation of the same *Pachomius*: Before all things, saith he, let us every day think upon the last day; Let us at all time remember *Eternitie*; Let us in every minute we have to live, so live as if we lived in fear of everlasting torments, that so by the mercy of God in Jesus Christ we may for ever escape them.

Pachom.

THE

to him be glory both now and
for ever Amen. 2 Pet: 3. 18.

Because man shall go to his ETERNALL
habitation, Eccl: 12.
Alas! how vnlike are the houses of
ETERNITIE! One of them we must
inhabit: we must either for ever rejoyce
in heaven, or for ever burne in hell.

THE NINTH CONSIDERATION

upon HELL.

The first Conclusion.

NO man living is able in word to expresse or in thought conceive the infinite Space of *Eternitie*. Between a true man and a painted man, true fire and painted fire, there is a great deal of difference: and yet these are in some kind one like unto another. But between our common fire and the fire of Hell, between the sorrows of this life and the pains of Hell, there is no comparison, no proportion at all. For this life and the sorrows of this

this life are measured by space of *Time*; but the life to come, and the sorrows thereof cannot be measured by any thing but only *Eternitie*, which also is without measure. This doth our Saviour most elegantly expresse in the Gospel of S. *John* by the Parable of the Vine branch. *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.* In these words is *Eternitie* briefly and plainly described; for mark the words well, they runne not in the *future*, *He shall be cast forth, and shall wither, and men shall gather them, and shall cast them into the fire, and they shall be burned*; I say they runne not in the *future*, but all in the *present* tense, *He is cast forth and withered, and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, & they are burned. They are burned.* This is the state and condition of the damned, *They are burned*, that is, *alwayes burning*. When a thousand years are past and gone, As it was in the beginning,

John 15. 6.

ginning, so it is still, *They are burned:* And when a thousand and a thousand more yet are gone, the case was, so it is, *They are burned.* And after certain millions of yeares the question be asked, What is now the state and condition of the damned? What do they? What suffer they? How fares it with them? There can be no other answer made but this, *They are burned,* still burning, *continually, instantly, eternally,* from one age to another, even for ever and ever. Upon this place excellently saith Saint Augustine, One of these two must of necessitie be the condition of the vine-branch, either it must abide in the vine, or else be cast into the fire: if it be in the vine, then certainly in no fire. But that it may not be cast into the fire, let it still abide in the vine. Augustin.

The second Conclusion.

Those men which do still continue in their sinnes, did but

know how near they are unto e-
eternitie, and everlasting torment
if they did consider well wit
themselves, how that God in
moment, in a breath, in the twink-
ling of an eye (as we speak) ma
suddenly take them away in the
sinnes, and deliver them up unt
death; Then surely, if they had
they would give all *Spain*, all th
treasures of *Asia*, all the gold o
India, yea all the world to obtai
but one houre to confesse thei
sinnes, to repent them of the same
and to ask God pardon and for-
giveneſſe: They would not, cer-
tainly they would not still hug and
embrace their sinnes, they would
not every day multiply them a
they do, they would not lodge them
every night in their bosome, and lie
Matth. 16.27. snorting in them. *For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and loſe his own soul?* Though thou loſeſt every thing else in the world, yet, O man, have a care to keep thy soul. It were needleſſe here to recko up a *Catalogue* of the Martyrs o
Chriſt

Christ in all ages. There are whole books of them in great volumes: they are recorded to all posteritie, and their names shall be had in everlasting remembrance. But the greatest honour that we can do them is to follow their good example, to learn of them Christian fortitude and magnanimity, to

God more then man, *God is able to destroy both body and soul in Hell, rather then man who can onely kill the body, but not able to kill the soul*; to love God more then all the world, to be willing to part with all for Christ, to lay down our lives for Christ, to lose all to save our soule, and gain *Eternitie*. I will conclude here with that excellent exhortation of Saint *Augustine*, *What then shall we do, brethren? What? What else but whilest we have time amend our lives: where we have done amisse do so no more; become new men? That which is threatned and shall certainly come upon wicked and ungodly men, may not fall upon us;*

Matth. 10.28.

August.

us; not because we shall not be, but because we shall not be like unto them. Whatsoever is written in the Scripture, is written for our learning, it is the voice of God. Observe and make good use of what you reade: Whatsoever we suffer in this life is but the gentle rod of our most merciful Father, who correcteth us here as his deare children, that we be not tormented with the damned hereafter. Why then do the light afflictions of this life seem so grievous unto us? Why do we even tremble, and quake for fear when we do but heare of them? The most grievous sufferings of this life, if we judge aright of them, in comparison of everlasting life are very small, yea indeed none at all.

The third Conclusion.

AMongst Christians, God knoweth, there are a great many that either believe there is neither Heaven

Heaven nor Hell, or else if they did truly believe it, would certainly live otherwise then they do. As concerning such men, the question may be very fitly asked, *when the Sonne of man cometh, shall he find faith upon the earth?* Some there are that would fain be thought to be true believers; They confesse it indeed with their mouthes, but dissemble with their double hearts: If their words may be believed, they may go for true believers; but if their lives be examined, they will be thought to be no better then Infidels. They never think upon *Eternitie*, or very seldome; and when they do, they do but think upon it, and there is all; it is but in a thought, they never weigh with themselves what it is, they never seriously meditate upon it, they never rouze their understanding to be intent upon it, they never bend their wills and affections to seek after it, they never exercise it in their deep cogitations, so as they may remember it. They never begin to think upon it, but Luke 18. 8.

their minds are presently some-
where else, their thoughts go a
wandering, their imagination is
working upon somewhat else.
And if at any time some sparks of
devotion and godly desires arise in
their hearts, they are presently
quenched and choked with cares
of this world, with multitude of
businesse, with profits or pleasures,
and such like. And thus miserable
men they stop their ears and close
their eyes, and without fear or
understanding they run hudwinke
in the way that leadeth to *Eternall*
death. It is observed by the holy
Fathers of the Glutton in the Gos-
pel, that he never lifted up his
eyes till he was in torments. All his
life long they were shut against
the poore and against all godli-
nesse. He opened them not till he
was in Hell, when it was too late.
And it is no marvel that so many
men runne blind-fold to the house
of slaughter, and *Eternall* sorrow.
For the way is very broad and
pleasant, smooth and plain, a man
can hardly go out of it, there is no

fear

fear of losing himself till he comes to the end thereof. Then he shall perceive that all the while he was travelling, he was quite out of the right way; then I say when there is no returning back again. Many would like this way well, if there were no end thereof: For though it ends merrily, it ends miserably; and therefore they do wisely, that leave the great rode, and travell on in the rough way; that choose rather to go through briers and thorns unto an *Eternall Paradise*, then through a pleasant *Paradise* to an *Eternall prison*; that resolve with themselves to break through all difficulties, counting it better to go on weeping and mourning in the narrow way of salvation, rather then laughing and rejoycing in the broad way of destruction. Most true it is which *Job* saith, *As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away: so he that goeth down to the grave, shall come up no more: He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more.* Job 7.9.

The fourth Conclusion.

WHosoever useth to descend into a deep and serious consideration of *Eternitie*, he will be so farre from living licentiously and wantonly, that you shall hardly ever see him laughing heartily. It hath been observed of as many as have been raised from the dead, and turned again unto life, that they were scarce ever seen to laugh at all. In particular it hath been observed of *Lazarus* of *Bethanie*, whom Christ loved. He and they, as many as have been raised from the dead might truly say with the *Preacher*, *I said of laughter, It is mad: and of mirth, what doth it?* Not without cause in this doth *Cyrill* of *Alexandria* confesse himself to be fearfull; For he saith thus, I am afraid of Hell and the punishments thereof, because they have no end: I am afraid of the devouring worm, because it never dieth. *Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would*

Eccles. 2. 2.

Deut. 32. 29.

consider their latter end? Whosoever is not bettered by the consideration of *Eternitie* (I dare boldly say, and truly I may say truely) either he hath no faith at all, or if he hath any faith, he hath either the ill, or at the best it is but an heart that is dead and without all sense. It was the witty saying of a learned man, That marriage was a short and a sweet song, but that it had a long and sorrowfull close: So we may most truly say of all the pleasures that we take in sinne, that it is a short and a merrie song, but it ends in mourning and lamentations; or rather it is a song *short* for *time*, and *sweet* for *tune* as long as it lasteth; for it runnes much upon *quavers* and *semiquavers* of *mirth* and *jubilie*. But the *time* suddenly changeth, and the *tune* is altered; for there follows without any *rest* the *long* and *large* of *sorrow* and *lamentation*, which cannot be measured by any *time*. For the torments of Hell are *Eternall*.

Oh Eternitie, Eternitie, Eternitie.

The fifth conclusion.

WHensoever we speak of *Eternitie*, we speak always with the least, but we can never speak too much of it. Whatsoever is said comes short of it. No words can utter it, no figures number it, nor time can measure it. For *Eternitie* is of this nature, take from it what you will, it is still the same. It is neither increased by addition, nor diminished by subtraction. Suppose there were subtracted from it so many years as there are starres in the firmament, drops in the sea, sand on the shore, leaves on the trees, grasse in the field, motes in the Sunne, dust on the earth. What remaines? As much as there was before the *Subtraction*. Suppose there were so many yeares added to it. What then is the *Result*? The same that it was before the *addition*.

The

The *totall summe* is neither more nor leſſe, then what it was, that is, *Eternitie.*

As long as God is, ſo long ſhall the damned be tormented. This we have ſhadowed out before by ſome ſimilitudes and reſemblances unto which we will adde one more out of *Bonaventure.* If one of the damned, ſaith he, ſhould weep after this manner, That he ſhould let fall but one tear in an hundred years, and thoſe tears ſhould be kept together ſo many hundred years till they would equall the drops of the ſea: Alas! Alas! (Not to ſpeak of the ſea) How many millions of years muſt needs paſſe before they can make one little river! or if they ſhould at length make a whole ſea of waters, yet even then it might truly be ſaid, *Now Eternitie beginneth.* And if he ſhould weep again after the ſame manner till he made another ſea; yet then alſo it might be ſaid again as truly as before, *Now eternitie beginneth*: and ſo forwards for ever. Let no man

once

once doubt of the truth hereof; for between that which is finite, and that which is infinite there is no proportion. But this seems wonderfull and strange unto us, because our imagination cannot conceive it: It cannot reach unto that which is so farre remote: It cannot penetrate into that which is infinite, for that is impenetrable. And this is the reason that our understanding is so hardly drawn to the consideration of *Eternitie*; because it blusheth in a sort, and is ashamed, or else for indignation cannot endure to tire it self in the search of that which cannot be found out. But let us put away this foolish and shamefull modesty, and let us force our understanding to the due and serious contemplation of *Eternitie*, and let it be our dayly exercise to be still meditating upon such similitudes as may in some sort shadow it out, and represent it unto us: And so shall we never do amisse. Say what we can, think what we will, imagine so many millions of millions of

years

years as it is possible for the mind of man to conceive, we shall still come short of the measure and length of *Eternitie*. The years of *Eternitie* are more, farre more, yea infinitely more. This is certain, and without all controversie.

The Prophet *Daniel* signifieth the incomprehensible dimension and length of *Eternitie* in these words, *They that be wise shall shine as the brightnesse of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousnesse as the starres for ever and ever.* Mark these words, *For ever and ever.* As if he should have said, No words are sufficient to expresse the nature of *Eternitie*. It is *for ever and ever*: Here is all that I can say of it: Though more might be said in respect of its own nature, yet I am not able to say more. Observe his *Anxiesis*, or his *augmentation* of it by *multiplication*; *for ever*, that is, for *Eternitie*: but he thinketh that not sufficient, and therefore he doubles it *and ever*. And yet in the Latine

Dan. 12.3.

it

it is expressed more fully in those words, *In perpetuum Æternitatis*, *To perpetuall Eternities*: Mark here, he saith not, *In Æternitatem*, *To Eternitie* barely in the *singular number*; but *In Æternitates*, *To Eternities* in the *plurall*, as if one were not enough: neither doth he rest here, indefinitely saying *To Eternities*, nor yet doth he adde any finite term, because none can expresse it, but an infinite, *Perpetuæ*, *Perpetuall*, *In perpetuas Æternitates*, *To perpetuall* or *Infinite Eternities*. Now if one *Eternitie* is without end, what are two? what are ten? what are an hundred? what are infinite? If we should multiply the greatest years or years a thousand times, it would not amount to the least fraction of the numberlesse number of *Eternitie*. They say that the eighth celestiall *Orb* or *Sphere* is moved wonderfull leisurely beyond all comparison: For though it be dayly wheeled about by the rapid motion of the *Primum mobile*, yet it finisheth not its own

own proper circuit but once in thirty six thousand years; and this space of time they call *The great yeare* or *Plato's yeare*. But compare this with *Eternitie*, and it will appear to be but a moment, but an instant, but a minute, indeed nothing at all. It is a true saying of *Boetius*, that an instant or point of time, and ten thousand years, compared together keep better proportion, then ten thousand years and *Eternitie*. But heare what Saint *John* saith, *Little children, it is the last time*, or *the last houre*. And this he said one thousand six hundred years ago. It is most true therefore what Saint *Augustine* saith, Whatsoever hath an end, that thing is but short. *Eternitie* is a *word* consisting but of foure syllables, but it is a *thing* without end. Therefore set thy love upon *Eternitie*. Let Christ be thy end, and thou shalt reigne with Christ without end.

John 18.

August.

The

The sixth Conclusion.

It is not to be believed, that any man that hath but the least smack of true religion, can be so farre carried away by his impotent and unruly passions (if he be not as bad as a beast ruled meerly by sense and serving only his sensuall appetite.) For the wicked and ungodly man, even then when he is almost swallowed up in the deep pit, wherein to his sinnes have plunged him headlong, even then, I say, (who but laugh at it, regards it not, is not a jot troubled at it.) It is not to be believed, I say, that any man that hath any Religion at all in him, can be so farre carried away by his headstrong and unbridled passions, but if he will spend a part of an houre every day in meditating upon *Eternitie*, yea if he will but once in a moneth seriously think upon it, he will mend his manners, he will change the course of his life to better, he will certainly become a new man; Of

a

a proud man he will become humble and lowly; of an angrie man, he will become mild and gentle; of an unclean man, he will become chaft and continent; of a drunken man he will become sober and temperate. He will put on, not the outward but the inward habit of a true religious and godly man. He will become such a one, not in clothes and outward expression, but in heart and inward affection. Neither will he rashly and unadvisedly, sleightly and negligently, upon a spurt all at once on the sodden passe from one extreme to another: (such alterations are not good, neither will they continue long) But he will again and again weigh the matter well with himself, he will consider well upon it, he will fasten his serious thoughts upon it, he will often revolve in mind *Eternitie Eternitie Eternitie*, that shall never have end, end never, never end; which shall last throughout innumerable, incomprehensible, infinite

nite ages. This will he do with consideration and attention, and often ruminate upon it, as beasts chew the cud. Meat though never so good and wholesome, if it be not chewed in the teeth, prepared in the mouth, digested in the stomach, turned into bloud, and distributed by the veins into all the parts of the body, turns to poison rather then to nourishment, begets all manner of diseases, is retained perhaps sometime in the body, but doth more harm then good, were a great deal better out then in. Even so the thoughts of Death, Judgement, Heaven and Hell are good and wholesome, godly and holy, but none more then the thought of *Eternitie*, which may worthily be called the *Quintessence*. But as it is with meat, not the taking of it merely into the mouth, but the good digesting of it in the stomach, the turning of it into good bloud in the liver, and the distributing of it into all the parts by the veins, nourisheth the body: So it is with these precious thoughts of *Death*, *Judge-*

Judgement, *Heaven*, *Hell* and *Eternitie*. Not the bare thinking upon them, but serious thinking upon them with our selves, setting apart all cares and worldly distractions, the pondering of them well in our hearts, and the often ruminating upon them, this is it that feedeth and nourisheth the soul. If this be not done, the rest is to little purpose: without this even the reading of the holy Scripture is fruitlesse, the hearing of the word preached is unprofitable. Many heare Sermons often, reade the Scripture over and over again, and yet are little bettered by it, because they do not meditate upon what they have both read and heard. When they heare, what comes in at one eare goes out at the other: when they reade, the eye is no sooner off from the book, but what was read is soon slipt out of memorie. Before they can practise what they have heard or read, they have quite forgotten what they should do. Therefore if we will reade or heare with profit, we must

spend

spend some time in meditating and pondering with our selves what we have read and heard. This lesson we may learn of the blessed Virgin the mother of our Lord, *But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart.*

Luke 2.19.

The seventh Conclusion.

FEw or none believe, or else do not well understand and weigh with themselves these words of Christ, *Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* This again our Saviour repeats by the mouth of S. Luke, *Strive to enter in at the strait gate: For many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.* Whosoever laughs at this saith, and therefore will not believe because he doth not see;

Matth. 7.13.

14

Luke 13.24.

August.

when

when that shall come to passe, which he did not believe, he shall husband be confounded, he shall be confounded and separated from the blessed, he shall be separated from the blessed, and have his portion with the damned.

Hieronymus Plarus reports of a certain woman, that hearing *Bertoldus* a powerfull man in the pulpit, inveigh very vehemently and bitterly against a sinne, that she knew her self guilty of, fell down dead in the Church; and after a while by the blessing of God upon the prayers of the Congregation coming again unto her self, related unto them what she had seen in this trance, saying thus, Me thought I stood before Gods tribunall, and threescore thousand souls more with me, called together from all the parts of the world, to receive their finall sentence: And they were all condemned, and adjudged to *Eternall* torments, but onely three. Oh! what a fearfull thing was this! I should hardly believe this womans relation, but that I believe

lieve Christs asseveration in the Gospel, *wide is the gate and broad*
Matth. 7. 13. *is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go*
14. *in thereat:* And again, *Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.* It may seem strange to flesh and bloud, that God the Father of mercies should passe the sentence of condemnation upon so many, I do not say threescore thousand, but threescore thousand thousand; and what man would believe it, were he not perswaded of the truth thereof, upon the consideration of the sovereigne and infinite majesty of God which is offended, the unutterable malice of sinne which is committed, and many evident testimonies of Scripture by which it is plainly proved? *Job*
Job 10. 22. trembles at it, saying, *A land of darknesse, as darknesse it self, and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darknesse*, or according to the Latine, *where there is no order, and where everlasting horrour dwelleth.*

Saint

Saint *Matthew* affirms as much in the words of our Saviour, *Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire.* Let us consider these things well with our selves, and whilest we have time let us wash away our sinnes with the tears of repentance, for fear lest God suddenly snatch us away, and give us our portion to drink with hypocrites in the bottomlesse pit of Hell, where there is nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth, where the worm never dieth, and the fire never goes out, from whence there is no redemption, no redemption I say, and again I say, no redemption; No, not any comfort at all, not so much as a little drop of cold water. If the godly themselves, who are in the state of grace and in the favour of God, whose minds and wills be good, if they I say could sufficiently conceive from what grievous torments they shall be delivered at the day of judgement, and into what unutterable and unconceivable joyes they shall enter, without doubt they would use no

Matth. 25. 41.

delay,

delay, they would not let an hour passe, but out of hand they would take their leave of all vanities, forsake the world, and leave the dead to look after the dead: But as for themselves, they would be daily and hourely well employed about their Masters businesse, always studying to please God, ever lauding and praising him for his goodnesse and mercy towards them, in blessing them in part here in this world, and giving them an assured promise of everlasting blessednesse in the world to come, for delivering them from the torments of Hell, and giving them entrance into the joyes of heaven. It is the saying of Saint *Gregory*, The evils of this present life seem the more hard unto us, the lesse we think upon the good which shall follow hereafter; And because we consider not the exceeding great rewards which are laid up for us, therefore we count the afflictions of this world grievous to be born: whereas if we did lift up our minds, and raise our

Greg.

our thoughts to the contemplation of those things which are *Eternall*, and not subject to any changes; if we would have an eye unto them and our hearts upon them, we would certainly count the sufferings of this life, and whatsoever hath an end, to be as nothing; and again, *joy in tribulation* is a song in the night: For though we are outwardly afflicted with the sense of sorrows *Temporall*, yet we are inwardly comforted with the hope of joyes *Eternall*.

Much after the same manner reasoneth S. *Augustine*: If thou wouldest but attend, saith he, unto that thou shalt hereafter receive, thou wouldest count all the sufferings of this present life to be but light, and altogether unworthy of the glory which shall be revealed. My brethren (to speak of the worth of things) for *Eternall* rest a man should be content to undergo *Eternall labour*, and for *Eternall joy* willingly suffer *Eternall woe*: But if the labour and sorrow were *Eternall*, when could a man come to rest and

August.

O joy

joy *Eternall*? Therefore upon ne-
cessitie thy *tribulation* must be but
Temporall, that so at length thou
maist receive a *reward* which shall
be *Eternall*. For hang up the scales,
and put *Eternitie* in one, and a
thousand years in the other: what
do I say, a thousand years? yea
ten thousand, yea an hundred thou-
sand, and yet more, a thousand
thousand, they are all too light to
weigh with *Eternitie*; there is no
comparison between them. And
yet further, to make them more
light, As they are but *Temporall*,
so likewise they are but *short*, and
of no continuance, they last but
for a few winter-dayes when
they are at the shortest, or rather
but for one day, and that a short
one; the day of this life which is
soon past, and they are gone.
Though a man therefore should
suffer all his life long even to the
last breath, though he should suf-
fer, I say, labours, griefs, sor-
rows, imprisonment, scourges, hun-
ger, thirst all his life long, even to
the last breath, yet his sufferings

are

are but short, because his life is but short. For *the dayes of our pilgrimage are* but *few*, though *evil*, as *Jacob* told *Pharaoh*. And *Man that is born of a woman is of few dayes*: though as *Job* complaineth, *full of trouble*. And *Behold*, saith *David*, *thou hast made my dayes as an hand breadth* (and that is but a short measure, and yet he goeth further) *and mine age is as nothing before thee*. And as our *life* is *short*, so is our *Affliction light*, but it *worketh for us a farre more exceeding and eternall weight of glory*: when this *short life* and *light labour* is ended, we shall inherit *everlasting life*, an *Eternall kingdome*, and felicity without end: we shall be made equall to the Angels, *heirs of God*, *and joynt heirs with Christ*. Oh! For how little labour how great a reward! And again, *Augustine* in another place, *The thoughts of God are very deep*. Where is the thought of God? and what is his purpose? He letteth the reins loose for the present, but afterwards

Gen. 47. 9.
Job 14. 1.
Psal. 39. 5.
2. Cor. 4.
Rom. 8. 17.

wards he will draw them in. Do not rejoyce and sport thy self, like the fish in the water, which having got the bait in her mouth playeth up and down, but being struck with the hook in the jaws may be pulled up at the fishers pleasure. The time which seems long unto thee is indeed but short, very short. For what is the life of man compared with *Eternitie*? Wouldest thou be patient and long-suffering? Consider Gods *Eternitie*: Dost thou onely consider thine own dayes, which are but few and short, and dost thou think that in them all things shall be fulfilled? That the wicked should be condemned and the godly crowned? Wouldest thou have all these things fulfilled in thy few and shore dayes? God shall fulfill them in his own time. God is *Eternall*, God is patient and long-suffering: And thou sayest, But I cannot be patient and long-suffering, because I am not *Eternall*. But thou mayest be if thou wilt. For do but joyn thy heart to Gods

Eter-

Eternitie, and thou shalt be Eternall with him. If thou beest a good Christian, and well instructed in the feat of the Lord, thou wilt certainly conclude, God hath reserved all unto his own judgement. The good and godly men are troubled and afflicted; For God chastiseth them as his own children. But the wicked and ungodly men come into no such trouble and affliction: For God casteth them off, and condemneth them as aliens. A certain man hath two sonnes; He chastiseth the one, and letteth the other go without any chastisement. The one, if he goes never so little awry, is presently buffeted, whipped and scourged; the other, let him do never so ill, he never heares of it, he is not so much as once rebuked for it. What is the reason? He that is punished, is the fathers heire; and he that goes unpunished, is disinherited. For what should the father do? He sees there is no hope of him, and that he is past grace, and therefore he lets him alone to do what he

liſteth. But yet notwithſtanding, the ſonne which is ever and anon puniſhed for the leaſt offence, will be ready to bemone and deplore his own caſe, and count his brother happy which goeth unpuniſhed. He will, I ſay, unleſſe God hath given him a wiſe and underſtanding heart, to know what maketh for his own good. He will be apt to ſay in his heart, My brother followeth all ill courſes, taketh his pleaſure, waſteth his means, doth what ſeemeth good in his own eyes, is ever breaking my fathers commandments, and hath never an ill word for it. But the caſe is otherwiſe with me: If I be but out of ſight never ſo little while, if I go but to the next doore, if I do but ſtep aſide, ſtirre but a foot, but an inch beyond my bounds, preſently I am called in queſtion, Sirrah where have you been? there is no hope of pardon, I am ſure to ſmart for it. This is my caſe. And I ſay, Thou art in a farre better caſe then thy brother; and if thou beeſt not a fool, thou wilt think

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sooo. For in that thou art corrected, it is a signe that thou art still beloved. If thou thinkest onely upon thy present state, it cannot but seem grievous unto thee: but if thou hast an eye to the inheritance which is reserved for thee, again it cannot but seem joyfull unto thee. For the assurance of thy future reward will quite take away the sense of the present smart.

Hither may be added out of the same holy Father that which followeth, as the summe of all that hitherto hath been said. How great and wonderfull is the mercy of God! He saith not, Labour thou fortie hundred thousand years together; nor yet, one thousand years; nor yet five hundred yeats. But what? Labour whilest thou livest: it is but for a few years; after that thou shalt have rest, such rest as shall have no end. Consider this well with thy self, Thou art appointed to labour but for a few years, and amidst thy labour art not without some joy, not a day

pulleth in which thou mayst not receive comfort and consolation. But rejoyce not thou after the manner of the world, but as the Apostle exhorteth, *Rejoyce in the Lord alwayes: and again I say, Rejoice*: Rejoyce in Christ, Rejoyce in his word, Rejoyce in his law. For it is true which the Apostle saith, *Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a farre more exceeding and Eternall weight of glory*. Consider what a small price thou art to give, but the husk of an Akorn, for everlasting treasures. The husk of thy short labour for rest *Eternall*. Hast thou joy for a time? Do not trust too much to it. Art thou sad and sorrowfull for a time? Do not despair of joy and comfort. Neither let prosperity puffe thee up, nor adversitie cast thee down. God hath promised unto thee *Eternall life*: Therefore contemne *Temporall felicitie*. He hath threatned *Eternall fire*: Therefore contemne all *Temporall sorrows*.

Phil. 4. 4.

2. Cor. 4. 17.

To

To conclude then with the same divine authour, Let us therefore be in love with *Eternall life*; and thereby we shall come to know how much we ought to labour for the obtaining of it: For we see that those men which are lovers of this present life, which is but temporall, and shall shortly have an end, labour with might and main to preserve and prolong it as long as they can. And yet they cannot escape death: For that at one time or other will seise upon them. All that they can hope for, is but to put it off for a little time. When death approcheth, then every one is labouring and seeking to hide himself, ready to give and part with any thing that he hath to redeem his life. He sends for the Physician, he will be ruled by him in any thing, he will take any thing at his hands, he will suffer any thing, purging, bleeding, lopping, scarifying, and what not? You see what charge a man will be at, and what pains he will voluntarily endure, to live here

though but for a short time: And yet he will scarce be at any charge, or take any paines, after this life ended to live for ever. Brethren, it should not be so. If there be such labouring and watching, such sending and going, such running and riding, such spending and praying, such doing and suffering, to live here a while longer: What should we not willingly do and suffer to live for ever? And if they be accounted wise, which labour by all means they can to put off death a while longer, being loth to lose a few dayes: What fools are they which live so, that finally they lose the day of *Eternitie*!

Think upon those things well with your selves, O morrall men, and foresee the day of *Eternitie*, whether of joy or of torment, before it cometh. For although all other things passe away, yet *Eternitie* still remaineth and shall never passe away.

CHAP.

CHAP. I.

The Punishment of Eternall death.

THe *Messenians* had a certain prison or dungeon under earth void of aire and light, and full of hellish horrour: which as it was a most dismall place, so had it also a glorious title; for it was called the *Treasure-house*. This prison or dungeon had no doores at all to it, only one mouth, at which the prisoners were let down by a rope, and so it was stopped up again with a great stone. Into this *Treasure-house* was *Philopœmen* that great Emperour of *Greece* cast, and there in poison he ended his life. God also hath his *Treasure-house* under ground, if I may so speak; But, I pray you, what a one is it? It is of most wicked and ungodly, desperate and damned men.

Ezzelinus a Tyrant of *Padua* (as *Jovius* reporteth) had many prisons so infamous for all kind of miseries and torments, that who-

whosoever were cast thereinto counted their life miserie, and their death happinesse. Death might come in there without knocking, he was so welcome unto them, and so long looked for. For this was their hard usage, They were laden with irons, starved with hunger, poisoned with stench, eaten up with vermine, and so in a most miserable manner they lived, and died at length a long and a lingring death. There every one was judged most miserable but he that was dead and could feel no misery. Whilst they lived it was a punishment worse then death to have their habitation amongst the dead. For the dead bodies lay on heaps rotting amongst the living in such manner that it might be truly said there, That the dead killed the living.

But the very worst of these prisons is a *Paradise*, and a most pleasant place, if it be compared with the infernall prison of Hell. Whatsoever misery was suffered in *Affrica* his prison, in this regard it

was

tolerable, because it was of no long continuance, being to last no longer then a short life, and quite nothing away at the minute of death. But the Treasure-house of the damned, which is Gods prison, void of all comfort: The torments thereof are intolerable, because they are *Eternall*. Death can enter in there, neither can those that are entred get out again: But they shall be tormented for *evermore*. For *evermore*? What a fearfull thing is this! They shall be tormented for *evermore*. It was a most true saying of *Cassiodorus*, As no mortall man can apprehend or understand what the *Eternall reward* is, so neither can any man conceive or imagine what that *Eternall torment* is.

The *Persians* had a prison into which a man might enter easily, but being once in, could get out no more; or if he did, yet very hardly. And therefore it was called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. It is an easie matter to descend down into Hell; but to ascend up again it is altogether im-

impossible. Was ever any heard to return from Hell? This prison of Hell is not without just cause called *Lethe*, or *Oblivion*. For God is so unmindfull of the damned, that he will *never* remember them to have mercy upon them. Hell is called the *Land of Oblivion* or *Forgetfulnesse*, and that for two reasons (as a godly and learned Writer observeth) First, Because, saith he, they remember God no more for their good, neither have they any memory at all of things past, but such as doth afflict and torment them. All their pomp and glory, pleasures and delights, are quite forgotten, or else not remembred without grief and sorrow. Secondly, To those that are in this horrid Region, and lake of fire, God hath forgotten to be gracious, and mercifull, neither will he send his Angels at any time to minister unto them the least comfort. If once in, there is no coming out again. For what said *Abraham* unto the rich Glutton frying in Hell, and desiring him

to

send *Lazarus* to cool his tongue with a drop of water? *Between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, that they which would passe from hence to you, cannot; neither can they passe to us, that would come from thence.* Oh gulf full of horrour and despair! Oh Eternitie of torments, the very thought whereof is able to make a stout man quake and tremble! The wicked and ungodly men dig their own graves, and dwell therein for evermore: But what manner of graves do they dig? They dig as deep as Hell, where the rich Glutton was buried, from whence *he lifted up his eyes in torments, and saw Abraham afarre off, and Lazarus in his bosome,* to his greater torment. Oh what a terrible deep is this! Oh what a fearfull grave is this! Who lieth here? He that suffered *Lazarus* to lie at his gate, having no compassion on him. How is it with him now? He lodgeth in flames of fire in stead of a soft bed: he is scalded with thirst, and his sweet cups are taken from

Luke 16. 26.

Luke 16. 23.

from his mouth; his table is removed, and he hath no other food but fire and brimstone; He is not now dancing and exulting for joy, but gnashing his teeth for hellish desperation. They that are shut up in prison here in this world, have hope for their comfort; it may be they shall be delivered, and redeemed out of prison: But from Hell there is no deliverance, no redemption, no not so much as any hope at all, but *Eternall* desperation.

It is a short, but a terrible Sermon that God preacheth by the Prophet *Ezekiel* in those words, Ezek. 20. 47. *Say to the Forrest of the South, Heare the word of the Lord, Behold, I will kindle a fire in thee, and it shall devoure every green tree in thee, and every dry tree: The flaming flame shall not be quenched.* How many tall Cedars, how many wicked and ungodly men flourish and wax green in this life for prosperous successe in all outward things, and yet are dry and withered for want of vertue! Heare this therefore every green

and

yet dry and withered tree. *I will kindle a fire, saith the Lord, and the flaming flame shall not be quenched.* In Hell, whither you make such great haft, there are no holy-dayes, no Festivals, no set times in which the fire shall cease burning. There is *Eternall* grief, *Eternall* death, *Eternall* sorrow, without the mixture of the least comfort. Night and day there is no rest, no sleep at all, but continuall watching and waking for grief and anguish, and intolerable torments in everlasting fire. There shall you alwayes have your beings, that you may alwayes be tormented. There shall you alwayes live, that you may alwayes die. If you will not believe me, believe Saint Augustine, whose words are these, *Aug.* The ungodly, saith he, shall live in torments: but they which live in tormentes shall desire, if it were possible, that their life were ended. But death heares them not, there is none to take away their life: their life shall never end, because their torments shall never end.

But

But what saith the Scripture? The Scripture doth not so much as call it life. For life is a name of comfort; but what comfort can there be imagined in tortures and torments, frying and broyling in everlasting fire? But what doth the Scripture call it? *The second death*, that is, a death which followeth after the first and naturall death which is common to all men. But how can the second death be called a death, seeing that he that hath part therein never dieth? We may better indeed expresse what it is not, rather then what it is. As it cannot properly be called a death, so it may be truly said that it is no life. And as concerning them that have part therein, as they cannot properly be said ever to die, so again it may be most truly said that they never live. For so to live, that a man shall alwayes live in sorrows and torments, is not to live. Therefore that life is no life. But the onely life indeed is that life which is blessed, and that life onely is blessed, which is *Eternall*. Again,

we have another place in the same Father to this purpose: If the soul breeth in *Eternall* torments, tormented with the unclean spirits, this is rather to be called *Eternall* death, then *Eternall* life. For there is no greater or worse death, then that death which never dieth. Augus.

Saint *Gregory* also giveth the like testimony. In Hell, saith he, there shall be death without death, and without end, because death ever liveth, and the end ever beginneth: there death shall never die. Oh death, how much sweeter wert thou, if thou wouldst take away life, and not compell those to live, who would fain die! But so it is: the number of the years in Hell are without number. It passeth the skill of the best *Arithmetician* to find out the number thereof. God himself knoweth no end thereof. After a thousand thousand millions of years past, there are still as many more to come; and when those also are past, there are yet as many more to come; and still they are as far from the Gregor.

the last as they were at the first. It is now above five thousand years since *Cain* that slew his brother *Abel*, was cast into the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone: and yet the number of the years throughout which still he is to be tormented, is as great still as it was the first day of his torment; and after certain millions of years, the years of his torments for their number shall be nothing diminished. It shall be all one as if he were cast into the fire but this present houre. And though the rich glutton mentioned in the Gospel, be tormented two thousand years together, yet still he doth burn, and shall burn for ever; neither shall he obtain so much as a little drop of water, though he use never so much intreatie, not so much as a little drop of water to cool his inflamed tongue.

These things we often heare of, and when we heare them, we do but laugh at them. Certainly we count it but a light matter to burn

in

Eternall fire. Here a man might well ask the question, *Where are your teares, O mortall man, ye that are given so much to laughing?* This is our condition: A small losse if it be but a matter of three halfe pence, will wring great store of teares from us: But as for an infinite and irrecoverable losse, that we can brook easily, we can digest that with laughter. When we are cited to appear at the barre of an earthly Judge, then we quake and tremble: But as we are going to Gods tribunall, (for every day we rid some of our way, we walk on step after step, will we, nill we; and yet as we are going) we sport by the way. When we go to sea, we are afraid of shipwrack: But without either fear or wit we launch into the deep sea of *Eternitie*, and make but a laughing matter of it.

It is the wish of Saint *Bernard*, Oh that men were wise! that they were wise! Oh that they were wise! What then, holy *Bernard*? Oh, then would the image of *Eternitie*

nitie begin to be reformed in the
Then would they order things pre
sent wisely, judge of things past un
derstandingly, and foresee things
to come providently.

Here we have Saint *Pauls* com
mand to the *Ephesians*, and not a
wish onely, for his words runne
in the *Imperative Mood*, and not
in the *Optative*: Brethren, *see that*
Ephes. 5. 15. *ye walk circumspectly, not as fools*
16. *but as wise, Redeeming the time*
because the dayes are evil. The
great businesse of our salvation
ought circumspectly, diligently, and
carefully, to be regarded of us. It
is the most foolish thing in the
world for a man having but little
time allotted him, to spend it pro
digally in vain delights, where as
he should like a thriftie merchant
imploy it rather for his best ad
vantage, to purchase a portion in
blessed *Eternitie*. If we think to
gain heaven by sporting, playing,
and idling, we are much deceived.
To be telling of tales, or giving
care unto them when they are told,
to be given to our ease, and spend

our

time in idleneſſe, to be calling
our cups, and ſit ſo long at
them till we cannot ſtand. This is
to redeem the time. But this
truly to redeem the time, To
give our ſelves to labour and ſtu-
dy, prayer and meditation; not
by a ſpurt and away, but to hold
on in this courſe conſtantly un-
to the end. This, I ſay, is truly
to redeem the time. It is the
counſel of Saint *Auguſtine*, to *Auguſt.*
withdraw ſometime from our world-
ly buſineſſe. Will any man ſue
you at the Common law? Be con-
tent, ſaith he, to loſe ſomething,
that thou mayeſt be at leiſure to
serve God, and not follow ſuits:
for that which thou loſeſt, is the
gaining of time. For as thou gi-
veſt thy money and buyeſt bread;
so be content to loſe thy money,
that thou mayeſt buy reſt, and op-
portunitie to ſerve God: for this
is indeed truly to redeem the
time.

So ought we to ſpare for no coſt,
but willingly part with any thing
to gain an oppertunitie of doing
good,

good seeing that the dayes are
Anselm. evill. The dayes of this life are full
of sorrowes, griefes, dangers, and
vexations which ever and anon
take from us the opportunity of
doing good; So saith *Anselm*. But
if we let slip the opportunity of
doing good when it is offered, and
let our dayes consume away in
mere purposes of amendment of
life, without bringing them to
good effect: From thenceforth it
is in vain to look for any oppor-
tunitie of doing good; we shall not
obtain one minute of time; our
losse is altogether irrecoverable.
Naz. Our life, saith *Nazianzen*, is like
a *Mart*, or a *Fair*: When the day
appointed is once over, there is no
more buying any commodities. If
then we will buy any thing, we
must do it quickly, whilest the
Fair lasts: We must live godly,
whilest we have time to live: We
must serve God, whilest we are
strong and able. The *Preacher*
Eccl. often beates upon this, *Whatsoever*
9. 10. *thy hand findeth to do, do it with*
thy might. The *Apostle* often
spurs

spurs us on to lay hold upon opportunitie, and make good use of our time. *As we have therefore opportunitie, let us do good to all men: For now it is high time to awake out of sleep.* Thou sleepest, saith Saint Ambrose, but thy time sleepeth not, it runneth apace, yea it flies with wings. Happie he, happy they that think upon these things, to do thereafter; that live so, as at the price of death they will desire to have lived; to do such things as they will rejoyce to have done when they are translated to *Eternitie*. *A light neglect now will prove an Eternall losse.* Whatsoever we think, speak, or do, once thought, spoke, or done, it is *Eternall*, it abideth for ever.

Gal. 6. 10.

Rom. 13. 11.

CHAP. II.

The reward of Eternall life.

The life in heaven is life indeed, and the most perfect and abso-

lute life of all others, in that it is *animall*, in that it is *humane*, in that it is *angelicall*, yea in that it is *divine*. There lives the *Memory* by the perfect remembrance of all things that are past: There lives the *Understanding*, by the knowledge and vision of God: There lives the *will*, and enjoyeth all manner of good, without fear of losing it. In like manner liveth there the *Appetite*, both that which is called *Concupiscible*, and that which is called *Irascible*. There live all the *Senses*, and are filled with delights. There is heard no sighing, no lamentation, no grief or sorrow, nor so much as the least signe thereof. There is the most sincere and pure song of joy, without the mixture of the least drop of the gall of bitternesse and sorrow. Let the *eyes* be silent, they never saw the like; let the *eares* be silent, they never heard the like; let the *heart* be silent, it could never conceive the like to this life. This life includes within it self all pleasures, riches, honours, and all the delights of all lives

lives senses, and faculties. S. *Augustine* as it were set on fire with the fervent desire of this life, breaketh forth into these words, How great happinesse shall be there, where there is the presence of no evil, and the absence of no good? where we shall be continually praising God, who is all in all? *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.* All the faculties of our souls, and members of our bodies being made incorruptible, shall be ever setting forth the praise of God. There shall be true glory and praise indeed, where neither he that doth give praise and glory can be deceived, nor he to whom it is given can be flattered. There shall be true honour indeed, which shall be denied to none that is worthy, nor bestowed upon any that is unworthy; yea which none that is unworthy shall desire or seek after; where none that is unworthy shall be permitted to abide. There he which is the giver of virtue, shall be the reward thereof: for he hath promi-

August. de Civitate Dei, cap. 30.

Psal. 84. 4.

led himself; and what could he promise greater and better then himself? The Prophet Jeremie is witnesse of this his promise, in these words, *I will be their God, and they shall be my people.* I will be unto them whatsoever with honestie can be desired, I will be unto them life, and health, and food, and plentie, and glory, and honour, and peace, and every good thing: For this is the meaning of these words, *God shall be all in all*; He shall be the end of all our desires. And one great good there is to be found in that blessed Citie of God, which is not elsewhere to be found, and that is this, That no inferiour there shall envy his Superiour, but they shall be like members of the naturall body compacted together in a friendly and peaceable manner, where the finger desireth not to be the eye, nor the foot the head, but every member is content with his own place. And a little after saith the same Father, There shall we keep an *Eternall Sabbath* of rest, and there shall

Jere. 31.33.

shall we taste and see how sweet the Lord is, we shall be filled with his goodnesse, when he shall be all in all. O God my God! Thou art Love and Charitie, Truth and Veritie, true *Eternitie*, and *Eternall* Felicitie.

August. de civitate Dei.

Another speaketh unto this life, by way of *Apostrophe*; after this manner, In thee there is no corruption, nor defect, nor old age, nor anger; but perpetuall peace, and solemne glorie, and everlasting joy, and continuall solemnitie. There is joy and exultation, there is an *Eternall* spring. There is alwayes the flower and grace of youth and perfect health.

Auter libr. de pir. & anima.

Non est in te Heri nec Hesternum;
Sed est idem Hodiernum:
Tibi salus, tibi vita,
Tibi pax est infinita:
Tibi Deus omnia. That is,
Yesterday was with thee never;
Yet to day is present ever:
Thou hast peace that ever lasteth,
Youth and life that never wasteth:
God is all in all.

Psal. 87. 3. *Glorious things are spoken of thee O Citie of God.* In thee have their habitation all those that rejoyce: In thee there is no fear; in thee no sorrow. All desires are turned to joyes. Whatsoever a man can wish for is present with thee: Whatsoever can be desired, is in thee in abundance. Psal. 36. 8. 9. *They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatnesse of thy house: and thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures. For with thee is the fountain of life: in thy light shall we see light,* when we shall see thee in thy self, and thee in us, and our selves in thee, living in everlasting felicitie, and enjoying the beatificall vision of thee for ever.

And though this felicitie be everlasting; yet a man may obtain it in a short time, and with little labour. Mark 8. 2. *I have compassion on the multitude,* saith our Saviour, *because they have now been with me three dayes, and have nothing to eat.* Sweet Saviour dost thou count it such a matter for us to abide with thee three dayes, and eat nothing?

thing? And why, sweet Jesus, dost thou not rather tell us of the dayes of *Eternitie* and the everlasting joyes wherewith we shall be abundantly satisfied in the kingdome of heaven? God taketh notice of the least service that we perform, and it is precious in his sight: He telleth the very hairs of our heads; and much more then will he tell the drops of bloud that are spilt for his sake, and put them up in the bottle of his remembrance.

We may therefore very well cry out with Saint *Hierom* Oh! How great a blessednesse is this, To receive great things for small, and *Eternall* things for *Temporall*; and further to have the Lord our debtour! But thou wilt be ready to say, It goes hard to be in sufferings every day, and though all other things might easily be endured, yet death is terrible. Christian brother, I am ashamed to heare thee say so: it is foolishly spoken, and like a child. Knowest thou not thus much? I know that I said; *Hierom.*

ascend to descend, flourish to wither, and young to grow old, live to die, and die to live blessed *Eternally*. *Trust* therefore *in the Lord for ever: For in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.* Isai. 26. 4.

Again S. *Augustine* comes unto my mind, who upon the words of our Lord saith thus, Our Lord and Saviour concluded with these words, saying, *These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life Eternall.* It is life *Eternall* that is here promised. Because men love to live here upon earth, therefore life is promised unto them: And because they are much afraid to die, therefore life *Eternall* is promised unto them. What wouldest thou have, Life? Well, thou shalt have it. What art thou afraid of? Is it Death? Well, thou shalt not suffer it. But they which shall be tormented in Hell fire, shall have a desire to die, and death shall flie from them. *To live long* therefore, is no great matter; yea more, *To live always*, is no great matter; but *To live blessed*, that is a thing Matth. 25. 46.

thing to be desired, that is a great matter indeed.

Therefore thou shalt live in heaven, and shalt never die; There shalt thou live blessed for evermore: for neither shalt thou suffer any evil, neither shalt thou be in fear of suffering; for there is impossible to suffer any evil. There shalt thou possesse whatsoever thou canst desire; and what thou possessest, thou shalt desire still to possesse. Thou canst not be cast out of possession: And this shall satisfie thee. It was there, that *David* did expect to have his thirst quenched, and his hunger satisfied. *In thy presence is fulnesse of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore*: and again, *My soul thirsteth after thee*, and yet again, *As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousnesse: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likenesse.* This is a new and a strange voice for a King; He hath his table well furnished with all kinds of dishes; and yet as if he were hunger-starved he hopes to be be filled

Psal. 16. 11.
Psal. 141. 6.
Psal. 17. 15.

filled at anothers table: His own bread and his own wine would not serve his turn, to appease his hunger, or to quench his thirst. There was other bread that he had a mind to, and other liquour that he so thirsted after, the bread of heaven, and the water of life. For what is the plenty and abundance of all the Kings of the earth? It is nothing else but mere want. And what is the daintie fare at their great tables? It is but like the beggers pitcher, if it be compared with the fatnesse of Gods house, and his heavenly table. Come eat and drink, and be filled my beloved, shall the King of heaven say. This feast of mine shall never be ended; there shall come no sorrow after it: As it is *To day* so shall it be *For ever* and *ever*. Neither can Saint *Augustine* here contain himself: but he breaks forth again into this exclamation, Oh life of lives surpassing all life! Oh everlasting life! Oh life blessed for ever? where there is joy without sorrow, rest without labour,

bour, riches without losse, health without sickneſſe (there is no such matter in this life) abundance without defect, life without death, perpetuitie without corruptibilitie, beatitude without calamitie; where all good things are in perfect charitie, where all knowledge is in all things, and through all things, where the Majestie of God is seen in presence; where the mind of the beholders is filled with the bread of life: They always behold Gods presence, and still they desire to behold it; they desire to behold it, and yet without anxietie; they are satisfied with it, and yet without satietie.

And that thou maist understand and know, good Christian brother, that this superexcellent glory, these celestiall riches, this heavenly kingdome is to be bought, heare what the same Saint *Augustine* saith; I have to sell, saith God, I have to sell; come and buy it. Lord what is it that thou hast to sell? I have rest: Come and buy it.

it. What is the price of it? The price is labour. And how much labour is *Eternall* rest worth? If thou wilt speak the truth and judge aright, *Eternall* rest is worth *Eternall* labour. It is true indeed; but do not fear: For God is mercifull. For should thy labour be *Eternall*, thou shouldst never attain to rest *Eternall*: But that thou maist attain at length to rest *Eternall*, therefore thy labour shall not be *Eternall*; not but that it is worth so much, but that thou maist at length get the possession of it. Indeed it is worth the price, though it be labour *Eternall*; But that it may be purchased and possessed, it is necessarie that the price thereof be but labour Temporall. Therefore Christian brethren, let us rouze up our selves, and stirre up one another with this exhortation of Saint *Augustine* which here followeth.

August.

Let us set before our eyes the life which is *Eternall*, and let us well consider the nature of it, which we shall come the better

to

understand, by removing from whatsoever we account trouble-some in this life. For it is easier to find what it is not, rather then what it is. And yet it is set to sale. Thou maist buy it, if thou wilt. Thou shalt not need to be much troubled or turmoiled about it, for the greatnesse of the price. The price is whatsoever thou hast, and no more. Never examine what thou hast, but consider what thou art. It is worth thy buying, though thou giveſt thy self for it. Give thy self, and thou shalt have it. What? Art thou to seek thy self? Art thou to buy thy self? Behold, such as thou art, if thou canst be content to give thy self, thou shalt have it. But thou wilt be ready to say it may be, Alack! I am a wicked man; And such a man perhaps will not be received for good payment. If thou beest not already good, do but give thy self, and by so doing thou shalt become good, and go for currant. Do but make a faithfull promise to give thy self, and this shall make thee

good:

good: And being made good thou art a price of thy self good enough: And thou shalt have, as I said, not onely health, safety, life, and such like as shall have an end; but also thou shalt be freed from many miseries; Thou shalt neither be wearied nor stand in need of rest, thou shalt neither hunger nor thirst, neither increase nor decrease, neither grow young nor wax old, because there is no being born there; For there is full growth and stature, and the entire and perfect number of years. There is no number like unto it; For as it hath no need of being augmented, so is there no fear of being diminished: Behold what excellent things are spoken of it! And yet I cannot come neare telling thee what it is, or what good things are treasured up in it: For, as it is written, *Eye* 1. Cor. 2. 9. *hath not seen, nor eare heard, neither hath it entred into the heart of man.* And how should my mouth be able to utter what the heart of man is not able to conceive?

And because we have gone along through

through S. *Augustines* books as it were through so many pleasant gardens, and are now brought at length to the Celestiall *Paradise*, Let us seal and confirm what hitherto hath been spoken, by the testimonie of the same Father. If we were every day, saith he, to suffer all torments, yea the torments of Hell it self, and that for a long time together, to the end that we might behold Christ in his glory, and have communion and fellowship with the Saints: were it not worth our pains and sufferings? Who would not suffer any sorrow, to be made partaker of so much good, and so great glory? Let the Devils then lie in wait for me, let them assault with tentations; let my body be brought down with fasting, let my flesh be kept under with pressure; let me be wearied with labours, let my moisture be dried up with watching; let one man clamour against me, let another disquiet me: let me be bowed together with cold, let me be set on fire

with

with heat; let my conscience murmure like my head ake, let my breast be inflamed; let my stomack be troubled with vexations; let my countenance was pale and bleak, let me be full of infirmities; let my life consume away with grief, and my yeares with mourning; let rottennesse enter into my bones, and let it spring up like a fountain under my feet; Let all these miseries come upon me, so that I may have rest and consolation in the day of tribulation, and ascend up unto the people of the Lord. For, What shall be the glory of the just, and how great shall the joy of the Saints be, when every face shall shine as the Sunne! When the Lord shall begin to reckon up his people in their distinct orders, in his Fathers kingdome, and when he shall render unto every man according to his works, the rewards which he hath promised, that is *Heavenly* for *Earthly*, and *Eternall* for *Temporall*.

Think therefore upon the dayes of old, and call to mind the yeares which

which are yet for to come. Think upon *Eternitie*, O man, think upon *Eternitie*; Think upon the *Eternitie* of Torment, and the *Eternitie* of Joy, which is to follow after this short life ended, and I dare warrant thee, thou wilt never complain of any adversitie, thou wilt never let slip out of thy mouth such a word as this, *This is too grievous*, or, *This is intolerable*, or *This is too hard*: Thou wilt, I dare say, count all things easie and tolerable whatsoever can happen in this life, and thou wilt never be better pleased then when thou art most afflicted.

It is reported by *John Moschus* of one *Olympius*, an old man of singular patience, who lived cloystered up in a Monasterie near unto *Jordan*, that he had his mind so bent and fixt continually upon *Eternitie*, that he had scarce any sense or feeling at all of any temporall sorrow or miserie. For (as he goes on with his storie) upon a time, as it happened, a certain religious man passed out of his way to visit him,

and

and finding him in a dark Cell, a place, as he thought, inhabitable by reason of heat and swarms of gnats and other flies, not without much admiration spake thus unto him, And canst thou, *Olympius*, endure to live in such a close room, so exceeding hot, and so much pressed with gnats and swarms of flies? But what did *Olympius* answer? And dost thou wonder at this? I tell thee, my sonne, all these are but light matters; I count them tolerable, that so I may escape *Eternall* torments, which are intolerable. I can endure to be stung by gnats, that so I may not feel the sting of Conscience, and the gnawing of the worm that never dieth. This heat which thou so complainest of I can suffer easily, when I think upon the *Eternall fire* of Hell, which is unsufferable. These troubles, if I may so call them, are but short, and shall have an end: But the torments in Hell are without end. Whereupon said the other, Certainly, *Olympius*, thou art led by the spirit of wisedome and truth;

truth; so wisely and truely hast thou answered. I would there were more of thy mind, that would think thus seriously upon these things! Then certainly there would be more then there are now adayes, that would after thy example patiently suffer and endure all things.

CHAP. III.

The Conclusion of all.

Zeuxis the most famous for his skill amongst all the ancient Painters that we have heard of, was observed to be very slow at his work, and to let no piece of his go abroad into the world to be seen of men, till he had turned it over and over, this side and that side, again and again, to see if he could spie any fault in it: And being upon a time asked the reason why he was so curious, why so long in drawing his lines, and so slow in the use of his pencill, he made this

this answer, I am long a doing whatsoever I take in hand, because what I paint, I paint for *Eternitie*. And thus stands the case with all, we paint also *for Eternitie*. Whatsoever we do, it so belongs unto *Eternitie*, that a man may truely say of it thus, I write, I reade, I sing, I pray, I labour, whatsoever I do, whatsoever I say, whatsoever I think, all is *for Eternitie*. Now if this be the nature of our thoughts, words and deeds, if they shall remain *for all Eternitie*, we had need have a care what we think, speak or do; it concerns us to look about us, to mind our business, not to go negligently and sleepily about our work, not to let any thing go out of our hands rude and imperfect, but to polish and perfect it with all the care, skill and industrie that we can use. We paint with *Cloath for Eternitie*. When we have done our works, they are presently transmitted to *Eternitie*, to be viewed by a most judicious and all-seeing eye, that no fault can escape; and being viewed and censured

sured they are to be commanded either to be *Eternally* punished or *Eternally* rewarded. What I have said before I here say again, because it cannot be said too often, though I should say it a thousand times; Whatsoever we think, speak or do, once thought, spoke or done, it is *Eternall*, it abideth for ever.

Will you heare what S. *Gregorie* saith? In all our actions we must use great care and circumspection, we must well weigh and consider with our selves what it is that we take in hand, and to what end we do it, that our minds be not set upon any thing that is *Temporall*, but upon those things which are *Eternall*. Therefore in all thy actions labour to be perfect. Pray for *Eternitie*, study for *Eternitie*, suffer for *Eternitie*, contend for *Eternitie*, labour for *Eternitie*. So live to God, that thou maist live with God; So live on Earth, that thou maist live in Heaven; So live for *Eternitie*, that thou maist live to *Eternitie*. Greg.

Heare also what S. *Bernard* saith, Our works do not passe away assoon Bernard.

soon as they are done (as they may seem to do) but as seeds sown in time they rise up to all *Eternitie*. The foolish man which hath no understanding will wonder to see such a plentifull increase rise up of such little seeds, be it good or be it evil, according to the nature of the seed which is sown. But he that is wise will ponder these things, and count no sinne little: For he hath an eye still not to that which is present, but to that which is to come; not to that which is sown, but to that which is reaped; not to that which is done in time, but to that which remains to all *Eternitie*.

Oh the dangerous and miserable madnesse of the sonnes of *Adam*, God created us unto the possession of infinite and *Eternall* goods: And why are we carried then with the whole bent of our affections to those things which are flitting and vanishing? God made us heirs of Heaven and *Eternall* possessions: And why do we so miserably entangle our selves in our vanities,

tice, and run headlong to destruction? Let us be wise in time, let us look well to our steps, let us make speed on the way of *Eternitie*: Let us so live that we may live to *Eternitie*. The way thither is short and narrow, but the Term thereof is very large.

But O miserable and foolish men that we are! We fain would obtain *Eternall* life; but we are loth to tread in the way that leads to it: we fain would be there; but we will not take pains to go thither. Every man desires to be blessed. There is no man, saith Saint *Augustine*, of what condition or degree soever he be, but hath a desire after that life which is blessed for ever: Therefore that life is the common haven at which all men desire to arrive; but all men know not how to steere their course aright: It is a thing which all men without controversie would fain possesse; but how to compasse it, what course to take, which way to go, that is the point they cannot agree upon. We may seek it long

Augustine.

long enough upon earth; and it is a question, whether we shall ever find it or no: Not that I condemne the seeking of it, but the not seeking it in the right place. One is of opinion that the Souldiers life is most blessed: but another denies that, and sayes, The life of the Husbandman is most blessed. And again, this another denies, and sayes that the Lawyers life is most blessed; and he gives his reason for it: For the Lawyer is worshipped by the people, and is much sought unto, he is ever taking of fees and pleading causes.

And again, this another denies, and sayes, The Judges life is most blessed: For he hath power of hearing causes and deciding them. And yet again, another denies this, and sayes, The Merchants life is most blessed: For he sees divers countreys, learns many fashions, gathers together much wealth. You see, dearly beloved, in so many severall kinds of lives there is not any one to be found that will

please

leaſe all. But the life bleſſed for ever, that is it which pleaſeth all.

Bleſſednesſe therefore is not to be expected here, but is to be ſought for elſewhere, and never to be found out but by a good & godly death. Ungodly men themſelves deſire to die the death of the godly, but they will not live the life of the godly: For to die well is the way to felicitie; but to live well is matter of labour: And yet that is not to be obtained without this. *Eternitie* depends upon death: and there is no dying well without living well. Chooſe which you will, life or death. If thou liveſt well, thou canſt not but die well; and it ſhall be well with thee for ever: If thou liveſt not well, thou canſt not hope to die well; but it will be ill with thee for ever.

Not many years ago a man of good houſe, having more wit in his head then religion in his heart, being asked what he thought of the ſtrict lives of the religious, and the looſe lives of the licentious,

which he esteemed best, answered thus, I could wish to live like the licentious, but to die like the religious. Some wit there might be in his answer, but I am sure there was little religion in it. He had spoke like a Christian man if he had said thus, I desire to live the life of the religious, that my end may be like his. *Balaam* could say, *Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.* Num. 23. 10. But he had said a great deal better, if he had said thus, *Let me live the life of the righteous, that I may die the death of the righteous, and that my last end may be like his.* For whosoever liveth the life of the godly shall be sure to die the death of the godly: And whosoever liveth the life of the ungodly shall be sure to die the death of the ungodly; once he shall die, but that once shall be alwayes, and that alwayes for ever and ever.

A certain Souldier being called in question by *Lamachus* a Centurion, for some misdemeanour

nour or other committed in the camp, earneſtly deſired pardon for that once, and promiſed never to offend in the like kind again: But the Centurion made him this anſwer, *In bello, bone vir, non licebit bis peccare; Oh Sir, know you thus much, There is no offending in warre twice.* But in death (alas!) there is no offending once: There is no hope of pardon. Once dead, and alwayes dead. He that dies once ill is damned for ever. There is no returning again to life, to amend what is done amiſſe. There is no appealing from the ſentence of condemnation, if it be once paſſed. As death leaves a man, ſo judgement findeth him; and as judgement leaves him, ſo *Eternitie* findeth him.

It is the ſaying of *Iphicrates*, That it is a ſhame for an Emperour at any time to ſay with the fool, *Non putaram*, *I did not think it*: But it is a greater ſhame for a Chriſtian man to ſay, *Non putaram*, *I did not think* there had been ſuch a difference be-

tween a chaste life and a voluptuous life. *I did not think* that *Eternitie* was to follow after this life. *I did not think* that I should have died so suddenly. Alas! alas! how sleepily do we go about the businesse of *Eternitie*: whereas the nature of this mortall life of ours is such, that we cannot be certain at any time that we shall live for any time, no not so much as for one minute; when as we know for certain that we must depart from hence, and yet are most uncertain at what houre we shall depart; and when that houre shall come, then also we shall seem not so much to have lived as to have posted unto death in a moment. Here we are but as sojourners in a strange land, and not as Citizens in our own countrey; we are but Tenants at will, and not Free-holders: Will we, nill we, we must depart. *For here we have no continuing Citie, but we seek one to come.*

Hebr. 13. 14

Baruch 3. 16.

The holy Prophet *Baruch* asketh this question, *Where are the*

Princes

Princes of the heathen become, and such as ruled the beasts upon the earth, that hoarded up silver and gold, and made no end of their getting? Do they retain and keep their kingdomes and their glory still? Not so: For thus saith the Prophet answering his own question, *They are vanished and gone down to the grave, and others are come up in their steads. They are vanished,* saith the Prophet; For they were but sojourners and no Citizens: *they are gone, and others are come up in their steads:* their houses are let out to others, and they are cast out themselves, and gone down to the grave. But if the question be asked again, *where are the Princes of heaven,* whose dwelling is above the seventh Sphere, where are they? It may be answered likewise, that *They are also vanished, and others are come in their steads*; but they are translated to the kingdome of Heaven, there to abide for ever, without all fear of being dispossessed. 17. 19.

wisd. 2. 8. *Let us crown our selves with Rose-buds*, sing those men of most loose and deplorate lives. Why with Rose-buds? Because the beauty and smell of them is gone in one day, and they are withered: and such fading crowns do best become those which shall shortly perish. But as for the Blessed, it is not so with them, but they are crowned with jewels. and precious stones whose beautie never fadeth. The woman mentioned in the *Revelation* had *upon her head a crown*, not of Rose buds of the garden, nor of jewels of the sea, but *of* the *Starres* of Heaven. As then the heavenly orbs are incorruptible, so likewise they that inhabit them are incorruptible, they are not subject to any change, they are immortall. wisd. 5. 15. *The righteous live for evermore.* All worldly things are transitorie, but heavenly things are everlasting. Here are we wearied with labour, but there shall we be refreshed with *Eternall* rest. Why do we seek for rest before our labour is ended?

We

We are yet upon the *Stage*; Therefore we must *act* our parts: We have to deal with potent *enemies*; Therefore we must be alwayes prepared *to fight*: We are still in our race; Therefore we must *hold out* to the last. Let us then so *act* our parts, that the *Angels* may rejoyce to be *Spectatours*; let us so *fight*, that we may *winne* the *Crown*; let us so *runne*, that we may *obtain*.

Well saith S. *Gregorie*, If we well consider with our selves what and how great things are promised unto us in heaven, all things on earth will seem vile unto us: For what tongue can sufficiently expresse, or what heart conceive, how great the joyes be in that Citie which is above? Where we shall bear a part in the Heavenly *Quire* with Angels evermore lauding and praysing God; where we shall be in Gods presence, and see him face to face; where we shall behold light incomprehensible; where we shall be in no fear of death where we shall have Gregor.

the priviledge of heavenly Saints and Citizens, to be for ever incorruptible. Me thinks I find my mind inflamed and set on fire whileſt I am ſpeaking of theſe joyes; and me thinks it ſhould ſet on fire all that heare it. Me thinks it ſhould ſo work upon us all, that even now we ſhould moſt earneſtly and ardently deſire to be there, where we hope to be for ever hereafter. But thus much we muſt know, That there is no coming there without much labour. It is not I, but *Paul* the Preacher that ſaith it, *A man is not crowned except he ſtrive lawfully.* Let then the greatneſſe of the reward encourage us and prick us forward; and let not the labour and pains, the ſhort labour and the little pains, hinder us or keep us back. We muſt go on, and we muſt go on with perſeverance. we muſt not ſo much conſider the roughneſſe of the way, as the bleſſed *Eternitie* which is the end thereof. And this, the ſame holy Father declares moſt excellently, ſaying, This is a ſpeciall

2. *Tim.* 2. 5.

ciall badge and cognizance of the elect, that they know how to carry themselves in the way of this present life in such manner, that by the certainty of hope they are assured that they have attained unto a great pitch, inasmuch as they see all transitorie things far beneath them, and for the love of *Eternitie* trample all sublunarie things under their feet. And this is it which the Lord speaketh by the mouth of his holy Prophet, saying unto every soul that followeth him, *I will lift thee up above the high places of the earth.* For as for losses, reproches, povertie, disgrace, and such like, these are, as I may so call them, the lower places of the earth, which the lovers of this world, as they walk through the plain of the broad way, do not love to come near, but keep off as farre as is possible. But as for gain and profit, the fawning and flattering of inferiours, abundance of riches, honours, and places of dignitie, these are the high places of the

earth, which whosoever is worldly-minded, and hath settled his affections on things here below, he, I say, esteemeth highly; because to him they seem great: But whosoever is heavenly-minded, and hath settled his affections on things above, he, I say, esteemeth them not; because to him they seem what they are, that is vile and base. For as it is with a man going up an high mountain, still the higher he goes the lower he sees the earth beneath him: So is it with him whose conversation is in Heaven; The higher he mounts from the earth with the wings of pious cogitations, the farther he flies from the earth with the wing of his affections. He knows that all the glory of this world is nothing, and therefore his thoughts and affections are altogether upon another world. This is the man that is *lifted up above the high places of the earth*.

You have heard what S. *Gregorie* saith: It will not be amisse in the next place to heare likewise what Saint

Saint *Auguſtine* ſaith. What is that? It is a leſſon worth our learning. That which we muſt loſe, ſaith he, one time or other upon neceſſitie, it is wiſdome to diſtribute abroad in time, that we may purchaſe thereby the reward of *Eternitie*. *Moſes* lived long indeed, he lived in health; but at length *he died*: *Methuſelah* lived longer then he; but it follows, *And he died*. This is, or ſhall be every mans Epitaph, *Et mortuus eſt, And he died*. *For we muſt needs die, and are as water ſpilt on the ground*. But the ſoul is immortall, it is *Eternall*, it ſhall live for ever, either in *Eternall glory*, or elſe in *Eternall torments*. Here our lot is caſt, in which *Eternitie* we ſhall have part, and there is no revoking it. Oh bleſſed *Eternitie*, oh *Eternall* bleſſedneſſe! How comes it to paſſe that ſeldome or never we think upon thee; or, if we do at any time, we do it but upon the by? How comes it to paſſe, that we do not labour more for thee, that we do not ſeek for thee, that we are not

Auguſt.

Deut. 34. 5.

Gen. 5. 27.

2. Sam. 14. 14.

not solicitous for thee. O Lord God, open thou our eyes, that we may see and know what *Eternitie* is, both that of glory, and that other of torment, and how infinite both? how blessed the one, and how miserable the other. Thou hast created us unto thee, thou hast created us unto *Eternitie*: For thou art *Eternitie*. Thou wouldst have us be partakers of thy *Eternitie*; Lord, let it be according to thy will. Thou hast said it; Lord, let it be according to thy Word. Thou hast promised; Lord, make good thy promise; Make us partakers of thy *Eternitie*. Grant that we may spend the short moment of time granted unto us here in this life, grant, we beseech thee, that we may spend it in such a religious and godly manner, as men that labour for *Eternitie*, contend for *Eternitie*, suffer for *Eternitie*. To this end cause thy ministers often to call upon us to think still upon *Eternitie*; make us call one upon another in every place to think upon *Eternitie*, that so by thy mercy

mercy we may reigne with thee, O *Eternitie*, and as many as it is possible may be kept from perishing everlastingly. Heare this ye *Christians* all, heare it ye *Pagans*, heare it ye *Kings* and *Princes*, heare it ye *Germanes*, heare it ye *French*, heare it ye *English*, yea let all the world heare it. *There can be no sufficient securitie where there is danger of losing Eternitie.*

Oh long, Oh profound, Oh bottomlesse, Oh *Eternall Eternitie!* *Blessed are they, O Lord, that dwell in thy house: they shall be still praising thee.* They shall praise thee throughout infinite *myriads* of ages. Psal. 84. 4.

Moses being near unto his death, commending unto God in his prayers his people Israel, and blessing them, thus took his leave of the tribe of *Asher* and said, *Let Asher be blessed with children; let him be acceptable to his brethren, and let him dip his foot in oyl. Thy shoes shall be iron and brasse; and as thy dayes, so shall thy strength be. There is none like unto the God of* Deut. 33. 24. 25. 26.

Jesurun,

Jesurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellencie on the skie. The Eternall God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Thus God stretcheth forth the arms of his power throughout heaven infinitely: and by his arms all the world, all time, and all things in the world are directed, guided and governed. So God from the beginning, yea from the *Eternitie* of his predestination, hath carried in his breast all the godly, and doth protect them daily and hourely, and as it were embraceth them with his arms. Ascend therefore, O my soul, and have no more to do with earth and clay. Stretch forth thy self, and ascend up unto him that rideth upon the heavens, ascend up unto thy God, whose dwelling is in the highest mountains, those mountains of *Eternitie:* There shalt thou sit in safetie, and behold the earth beneath: and so shalt thou plainly perceive how little and of none esteem all things are here below, which now either

either ſolicit thee with love, or terrifie thee with fear; thou ſhalt plainly perceive what a ſmall thing it is, whatſoever is conteined within the *Centre* of the world, that little *globe* or *point* of earth; thou ſhalt plainly perceive how that all things created are vain, weak, ſhort, vile, yea vanitie it ſelf, yea rather mere nothing in reſpect of God and of *Eternitie*. Therefore ſeek thou after the onely true and ſovereigne good, and regard not other things. Truſt in God, relie on him, open thy heart wide to entertain him; tread under the feet of thy affections whatſoever is under the Sunne and Moon, whatſoever allureth thee with ſmiles, or terrifieth thee with frowns; think upon *Eternitie*, and alwayes keep in mind that excellent ſaying of Saint *Hierome*, No labour muſt ſeem hard, no time muſt ſeem long, all the while we are ſeeking after *Eternall* glory.

It is reported by Saint *Hierome*, that there was upon a time a certain

tain Camel haunted by an evil spirit, which being brought before *Hilarion* a devout and godly man, began to rage in such a strange and terrible manner as if it would presently have devoured him: But the Holy man nothing afraid spake thus unto the evil spirit, Do not think to fright me, thou evil spirit, although that thou hast got a Camel on thy back; it is all one to me whether thou comest in a Camels skinne or in a Foxes skinne: And presently the fierce Camel fell down before him, and became very tame and gentle, to the great laughter of all those that stood by. Such are all flatteries, fawnings, allurements, and tentations of this world; such are all fears, frowns, frights and terrours. What dost thou hope for? what dost thou fear? what dost thou love? He that rideth upon the Heavens is thy helper; he shall embrace thee with his everlasting arms. With those arms of his he is able to fetter all thine enemies, whether they

fawn

frown or frown upon thee, he is able at a beck to squeeze them in pieces like so many flies, and break them in pieces like a potters vessel. Doth the pleasure then of lust, or gluttonie, or intemperance solicit thee? That is nothing: Be not moved at it, passe it by, regard it not; think rather upon the pleasures which are *Eternall*. Art thou terrified with threats, oppressed with sorrowes, passed by with contempt, afflicted with sickneſſe, tired out with povertie? All theſe are a matter of nothing. The more violent theſe are the shorter while they will last: Despise them, lift up thine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh thy help, look up to Heaven, *think upon Eternitie. There shall no evil happen unto the just.* Prov. 12. 21.

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ,
The just man shall not be afraid,
Though heaven fall upon his head.

Horat. Carm. lib. 3. Od. 3.

Therefore the just man is never sorrow-

sorrowfull: no tribulation doth ever assault him. But are not the tribulations of the just many? Yea: but yet they make nothing of them. That onely they count evil, which is *Eternall*, which seperateth a man from God, as sinne doth, and *Eternall* death which is the wages of sinne. The Preacher of the Gentiles bids us *Look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.* Why so? For, saith he, *The things which are seen are temporall, but the things which are not seen are Eternall.* The things which are not seen, the things which are *Eternall*, those are the things which are great indeed, whether they be good, or whether they be evil.

2. Cor. 4. 8.

But whilest we look onely at the things which are seen, and seldome or never at the things which are not seen, what do we make of our selves but great and foolish boyes? great, but yet foolish; at the best but boyes. If the ice fall out of our hands, we presently fall a crying, and yet that is such a thing

that

that we cannot hold long: We are frighted at ſhadows, and dream of great matters: We ſpend our ſelves on ſuch things as not onely ſhall ſhortly paſſe away for certain, but are already paſſing away: For it is not ſaid, *The figure*, or *the faſhion of this world ſhall paſſe away*, in the *Future*: But, *The faſhion of this world paſſeth away*, in the *Preſent*. It is paſſing away already. As all the goods which we enjoy here are but tranſitory, ſo all the evils which we ſuffer here are but tranſitorie; they cannot continue long. Thoſe things which are not ſeen, and thoſe onely have a permanent ſtate; they know no end, they have no term, they are not ſubject to any change, they are firm, they are immoveable, they are *Eternall*. I repeat it again, what I ſaid a little before; for it deſerves to be repeated a thouſand and a thouſand times; No labour muſt ſeem hard, no time muſt ſeem long, all the while we are ſeeking after *Eternall* glory.

1. Cor. 7. 31.

Hieron.

Symphorianus a Chriſtian young man

man after that he was almost scourged to death, as he was dragged to execution at *Augustodunum*, met his mother upon the way; But how? Not tearing the hair from her head, or rending her clothes, or laying open her breasts, or making grievous lamentation, as the manner of foolish women is to do: But carrying her self like an Heroicall And Christian Lady. For she cryed out and called unto her sonne and said, *Sonne, my sonne, I say, remember life Eternall, look up to Heaven, lift up thine eyes to him that reigneth there. Life is not taken from thee, but is exchanged for a better.* At which words of his mother the young man was so exceedingly animated, that he went willingly to execution, and chearfully like a stout champion laid down his head upon the block, and exposed his throat to the fatall ax.

Heare this, O Christians all, and remember your selves. This is the case of every man living; We are on our way to death; we go not so

last, it may be, as *Sympherianus* did; but yet we are all going, and we have not farre to go. The noble armies of Martyrs which are gone before us, they call unto us from Heaven, and say as the Christian and couragious mother said unto her sonne as he was going to execution, *Remember life Eternall, look up to Heaven, and lift up your eyes to him that reigneth there.* Carrie thy self therefore like a *Sympherian*, whosoever professeth thy self to be a *Christian*. Do not hang back, be not loth to go, withdraw not thy neck from the yoke, nor thy shoulders from the trosse; be not afraid to suffer for Christ, be not afraid to die for Christ, be not afraid to eat fire, or to devoure the sword for the name of Christ. Here shew thy self a man, take good courage, pull up a good heart. And when thou art at any time tempted, when thou art grieved, when thou art made sorrowfull, when thou art vexed, when thou art despised, when thou art made a laughing stock, when

thou

thou art disgraced, when thou art spoiled of thy goods, when it is with thee as it was with *Job* upon the dunghill, or, if it can be worse, then call to minde *Symphorian*, and a thousand more stout Christians such as he was, and learn of them Christian courage and magnanimitie, and boldly and freely break forth into these words, and repeat them often; Whatsoever I suffer here, it is but a *Modicum*, it is but short. Farewell then all the world, and all the things that are therein: And welcome to me, thou art welcome *Eternitie*.

Of *Eternitie* there is no

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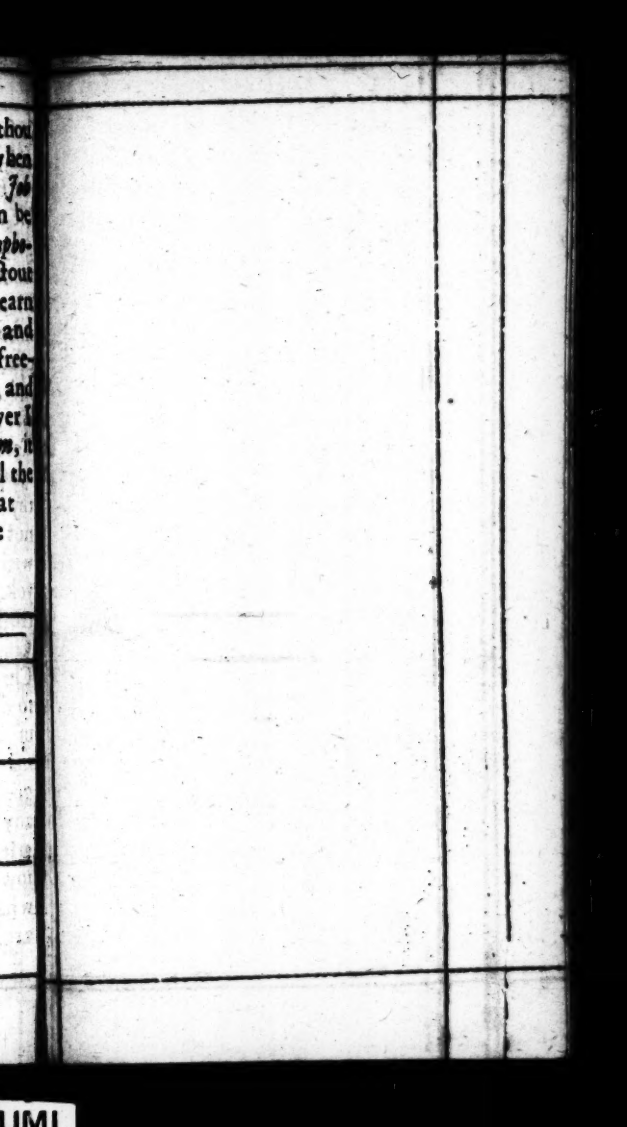
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